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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

November 16, 1940

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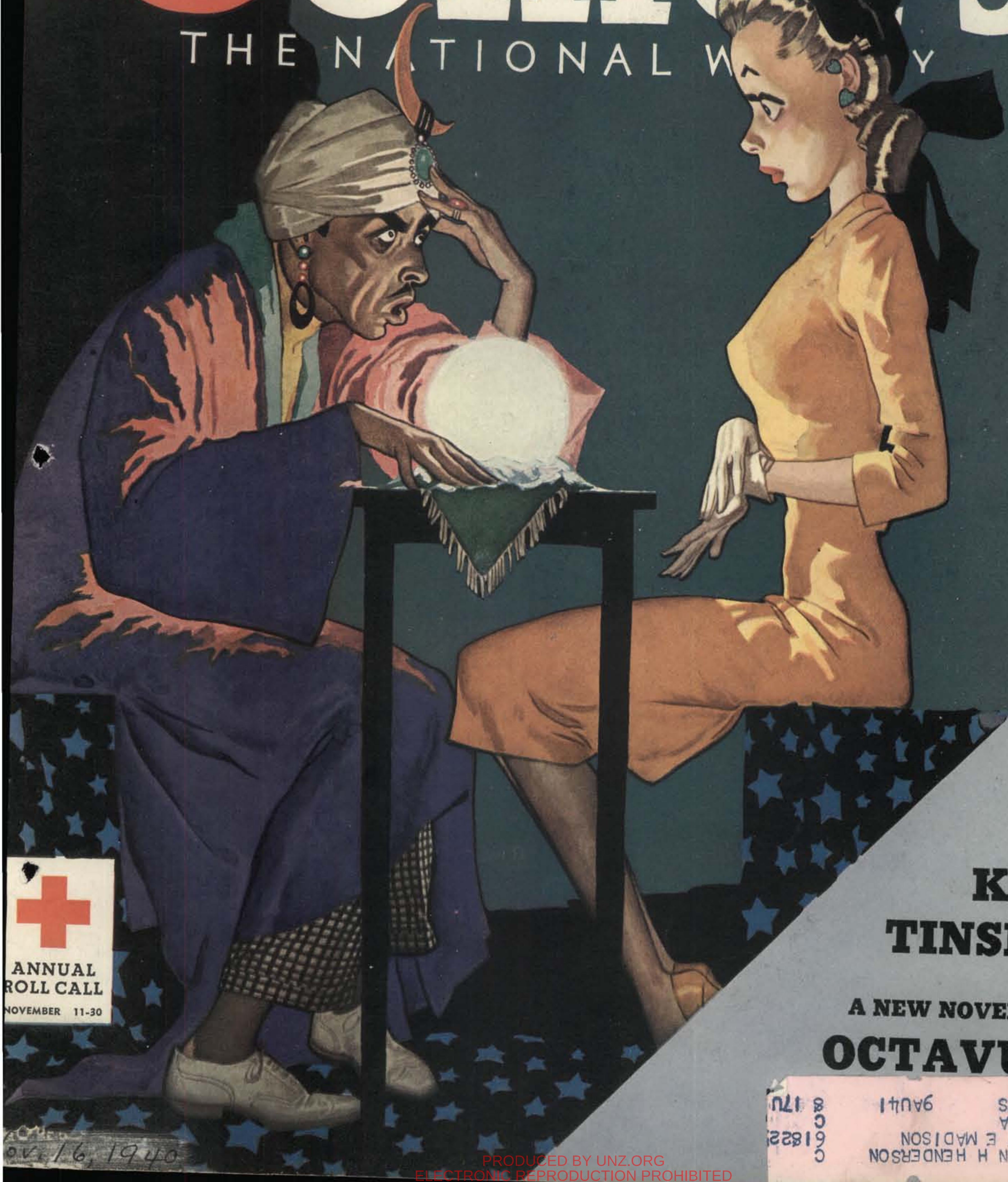

ANNUAL ROLL CALL
NOVEMBER 11-30

KID TINSEL

A NEW NOVEL BY

OCTAVUS

JOHN H HENDERSON
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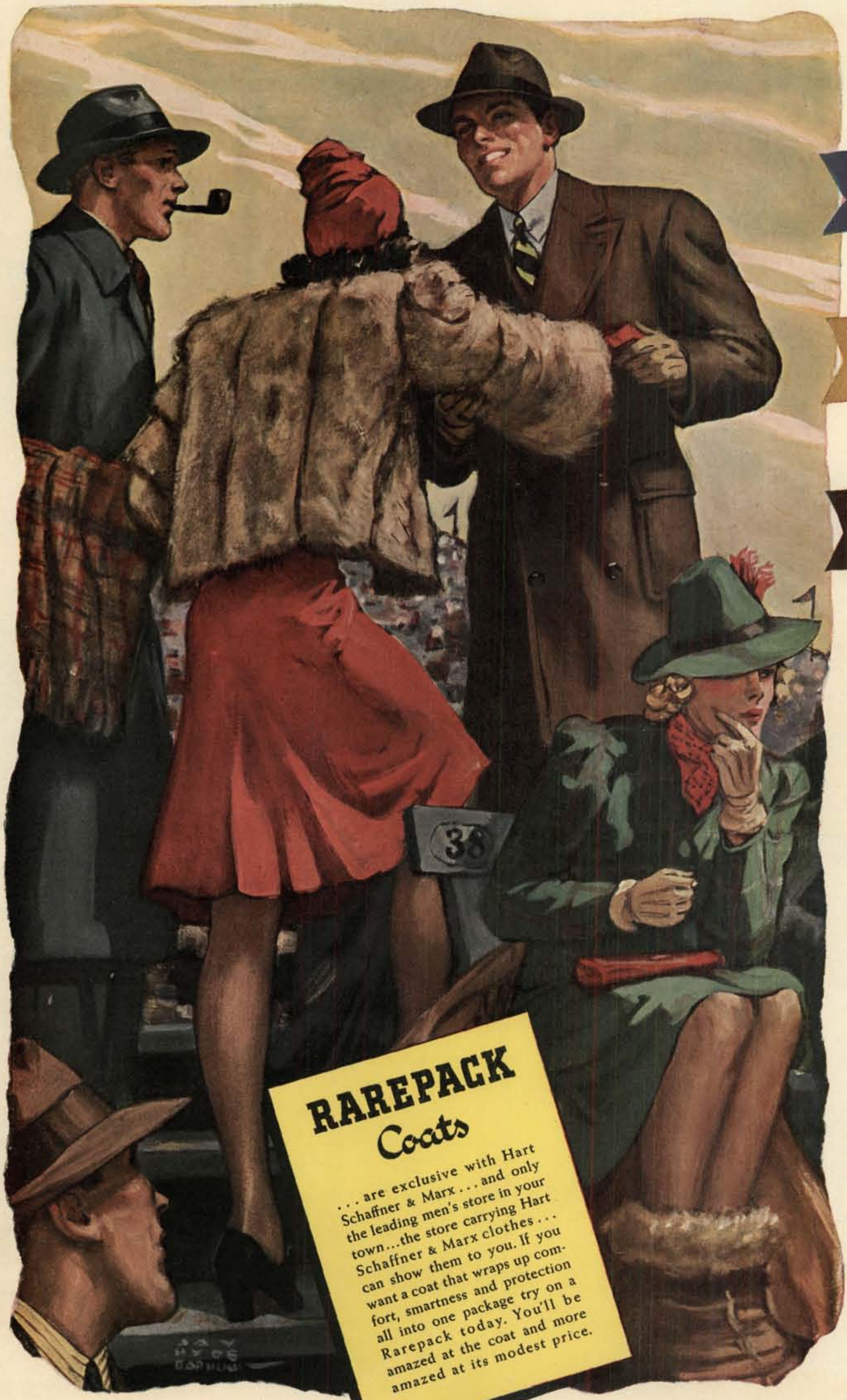
Nov. 16, 1940



RAREPACK
Coats

. . . are exclusive with Hart Schaffner & Marx . . . and only the leading men's store in your town . . . the store carrying Hart Schaffner & Marx clothes . . . can show them to you. If you want a coat that wraps up comfort, smartness and protection all into one package try on a Rarepack today. You'll be amazed at the coat and more amazed at its modest price.

SCENE AT ALL THE BEST STADIUMS THIS FALL

JACK: "As usual, darling . . . late again."

JILL: *"So sorry, Jack. Did I miss anything?"*

JACK: "I'll say you missed something! How d'ya like my new coat?"

JILL: *"Haven't had time to notice it—What a crowd! They sure have 'em packed in!"*

JACK: "You said it, sister...25,184 guanaco, alpaca, mohair and wool hair fibers are packed into every square inch of fabric in this new Rarepack coat of mine."

JILL: *"Buy me a guanaco, darling!"*

JACK: "Can't you ever be serious? After all, a fellow doesn't get a new coat like this every day...you know that, don't you?"

JILL: *"And you're pretty tiresome . . . you know that, don't you?"*

JACK: "But darling, the salesman said a Rarepack *never* tires you..."

...and that's a fact, the Rarepack Coat won't tire you because it's shoulder light and easy to wear.

Rarepack was planned as a composite coat that would embody the maximum of luxury, warmth, wear and tailoring qualities with the minimum of weight. A study of all available fibers resulted in a blend of rare guanaco and sturdy wool with silky, insulating alpaca and smooth, rich mohair—and such a combination complements and strengthens the value of each individual fiber used. All in all, Rarepack is a lively material that is unusually resilient—and that will give extraordinary, long wear!

The Trumpeter Label

A SMALL THING TO LOOK FOR . . . A BIG THING TO FIND

HART SCHAFFNER & MARX

"People who can type seem to get ahead faster"

says Miss Hazel Brooks,
Chief Instructress of Stewardesses
for the American Airlines, Inc.

L C SMITH *and* CORONA *typewriters aid thousands in school . . . in business . . . at home.*

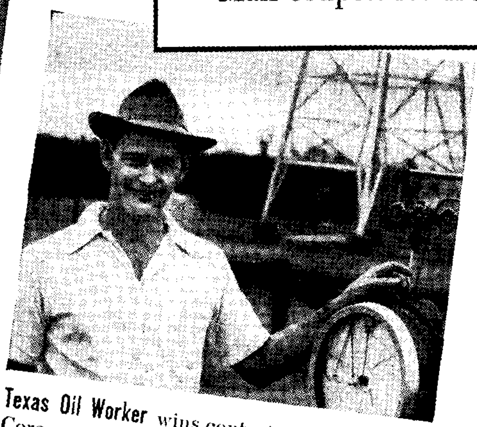
Miss Brooks speaks from experience. She has employed and trained hundreds of girls each year . . . and has seen how typing helped them get ahead faster.

It's easy to type . . . an 8-year-old can soon operate a Corona Portable. In fact, typing is part of today's educational program in many schools. It helps you think faster . . . express your thoughts more clearly . . . develops talent . . . rewards ambition. Start typing today . . . take advantage of this profitable aid to self-expression.

There are several sturdily built and reasonably priced Corona portables for the student . . . the traveller . . . the occasional typist. Also fast new standard and silent L C Smith typewriters for the secretary and business office. Mail coupon for free descriptive booklets.

Many pilots, executives and other employees of American Airlines, Inc., own Corona portables. Perhaps typing can help you, too!

There's an L C SMITH *or* CORONA *typewriter for everybody . . beginner to expert!*



Texas Oil Worker wins contests. "I bought my Corona to make my daily reports on, and for contest pastime," says L. G. Rambin, Overton, Texas, "and have won enough to pay for it. It writes so crisp and clear that entries leap out to greet the judges!"

World's Professional Typing Champion, Norman Saksvig of Chicago, won his title on a stock model L C Smith office typewriter . . . averaged 11½ strokes per second *for one solid hour!* If you want high speed, easy action, and low upkeep costs, don't fail to make an office test of the new *Super-Speed* L C Smith.

CORONA ZEPHYR . . . "the 9-pound wonder of the typewriter world." Lower in cost, a genuine sensation among modern portables . . . yet has 4-row 84-character standard keyboard, back-spacer, high-speed escapement! Two models, Regular and DeLuxe. List prices. $29.75 and $34.75 (or 75c a week, plus small down payment).*

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Take a *good* look at the latest word in office typewriters . . . modern, complete, and incredibly fast. Automatic Margin Set, Touch Selector, Floating Shift . . . standard or silent, choice of many type faces and carriage widths. Free demonstration in your office.
List prices from $115.50.*

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Standard, Sterling, and Silent . . . each with Floating Shift, each "tops" among portables in its price class. Easy to operate, fast, sturdy, and dependable. Touch-typing chart and smart carrying case included with each Corona. List prices, $49.50, $59.50, $64.50 (or $1.00 a week, plus small down payment).*

*All prices subject to revision

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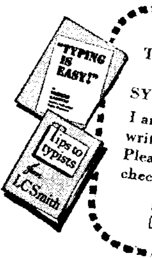

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THIS WEEK

NOVEMBER 16, 1940

SHORT STORIES

EDWIN OLMSTEAD
No Jingo. Hilarious episode in the life of a patriot's husband. Page 12

THOMAS WALSH
Night Alarm. Cops in love are better cops. Page 14

FREDERICK NEBEL
The Girl with the Blonde. The surprising results of speaking to strangers. Page 17

PETER B. KYNE
A Troubled Sea. Two men serve their countries, each in his own way. Page 18

THE SHORT SHORT STORY
Big Winner, by Meyer Levin. Page 20

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ERNEST HAYCOX
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●

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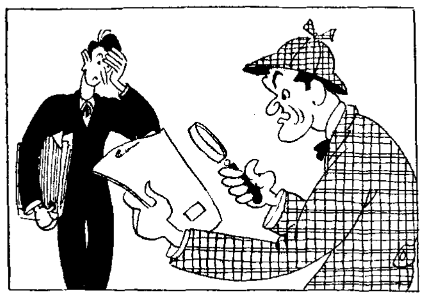
COVER ROBERT O. REID

ANY WEEK

A PLEASANT gentleman has just left our office. He is one of Mr. J. Edgar Hoover's FBI young men and, although he begged us not to be too disturbed, his visit left us a trifle shaky. As far as we could remember we'd done nothing more criminal than this column and an occasional article. But we pulled ourselves together and asked him to name it. From his pocket he produced a page from our issue of September 28th and pointed to a cartoon. It was a spot by Artist A. John Kaunus—a telegram to the Acme Nuts and Bolts Company, No. 4 West Street, New York City, signed by Anxious. In it Anxious (no address) ordered one thousand cases of nuts and bolts, number 16A. "Don't you think," we asked doubtfully, "that it's kind of funny—amusing, anyway?" He didn't seem to think so. "It's the address," he explained. "Several citizens have telephoned us asking us to inquire. Number 4 West Street is the back door of the German consulate. Some folks think maybe it's code and that Collier's—" Just then Mr. Kaunus came in. He, too, paled a bit. But Mr. Hoover's young man, sensing our fears, reassured us. Mr. Kaunus hadn't known that there was any such address. Neither had we. So, cleared of suspicion of subversive activities, we were left alone to ponder the difficulties of life, although neither Mr. Kaunus nor we can agree which is the least humorous—his cartoon or this paragraph. Anyway, we both are still out of jail.



WE'VE had several inquiries lately about our singing photographer, Mr. Ifor Thomas. Mr. Thomas is still with us. But we had some trouble locating him. He tells us that he's been sticking close to his laboratory lately working on a camera that may, he hopes, be fast enough to catch the Italian navy scurrying back to safety.

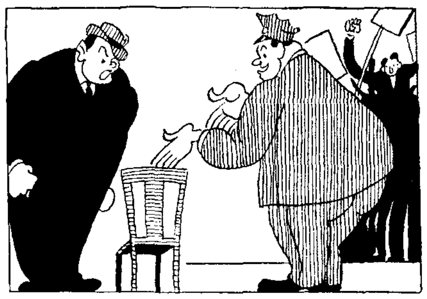
ALSO we have just written to Mr. Harold T. Wilkins of Bexleyheath, England, declining his offer to write for us "a feature on a romantic and, in my personal experience, a very eerie personal adventure connected with the hidden life of the famous Captain William Kidd, the privateer and pirate of Old New York. I believe," writes Mr. Wilkins, "that readers would welcome a relief from the war, if only for a few hours." We think so, too. But we seem to see Mr. Wilkins, the writer, dodging German bombs, ducking English shrapnel, struggling for breath in an overcrowded dugout and thinking only of the mental comfort of readers. And if we were Mr. Hitler, a letter like that would set us to thinking hard along new lines.

WE'RE glad to know that Mr. Arnold Arnold of New Orleans, Louisiana, has decided to "speak a good word for Elliott (Call Me Cap) Roosevelt." In fact, Mr. Arnold is now busy gathering together the wreckage of the late Huey Pierce Long's Every Man a King movement to revive it as Every Man a Captain. "I am asking Mr. Roosevelt to head this organization," writes Mr. Arnold. "What this country needs is more self-effacing men like Mr. Roosevelt who are willing to start in a lowly position like a captaincy, majorate or colonelcy. A few months of rigorous work like that and they'd be ready for the comparative ease of life in the ranks. After all, Mr. Roosevelt is probably very grateful to the Air Corps for not forcing him to start in as a general. I have no patience with those who abuse Mr. Roosevelt for seeking military distinction the hard way."

AND Mr. M. F. George of Hollywood, California, wants to know why this magazine sent Quentin Reynolds all the way to England, to find (Collier's, September 14th) that "England is a country that produces a great many old fools who somehow find their way into high places." Mr. George thinks that Mr. Reynolds "could just as well have written that right here in this country without hanging an expense account for a trip to England around your neck." Mr. George goes further: He offers to give us, free, a list of "American old fools in high places." But we think we'll let it go at that. Some of them would surely resent being called old.

HOWEVER, if any of you would like to do us a real service you'll work out some scheme for preserving peace and quiet in this office. It's a very small office, befitting its importance, but for some reason it is almost always filled with men and women who are unable to talk below a scream. The moment they cross our threshold they begin to yell. For the past half-hour we've been the unwilling host to John T. Flynn, Mr. Roosevelt's latest biographer; W. B. Courtney, globe-trotter; a couple of Army officers; an English propagandist; a couple of French globe-trotters named Jules; a Japanese lawyer; a little man named Beamish who was looking for the complaint department; a secretary who wanted to know how to spell Czechoslovakia, and four or five more globe-trotters. They were all yelling except Mr. Beamish, who seemed a little confused, and no two were yelling about the same thing. It lasted until the Japanese lawyer offered to buy a drink. They all left in a body, including Mr. Beamish. If you have any ideas we'll appreciate them. We've tried locking the door. That was just silly.

WE WERE able, however, to open a letter from Mr. Joseph B. Silk of Washington, D. C. Mr. Silk rises to defend the Honorable Harold L. Ickes. "Say what you will about Mr. Ickes," writes Mr. Silk, "his attacks upon his boss' enemies are frequently heated but he never becomes impersonal. I have listened to Mr. Ickes for minutes on end and have never heard him stoop to a cowardly tolerance of an opponent's opinion."



THE election gone, we have turned over to Mr. Donap Zapfelwitz a large bale of campaign literature including many impassioned exhortations by Mr. Willkie, Mr. Robert H. Jackson, Mr. Ickes, Mr. Martin, Senators Taft, Vandenburg, LaFollette, Wagner, Bridges, Barkley, Norris and twenty-seven other orators. They all begin by assuring their audiences that they are grateful for the privilege of talking to them—as well they might be. Mr. Zapfelwitz took them away in three loads. By now they are safely cremated, although Mr. Zapfelwitz had his doubts about the combustibility of some of them. Mr. Zapfelwitz is Polish born, now a valuable American citizen. "It is a great thing," said Mr. Zapfelwitz, "to live in a country where all this talk is going on free." Mr. Zapfelwitz told us about his friend, Mr. Zymbella. Mr. Zymbella is a cop. One evening Mr. Zymbella was assigned to preserve order at a street-corner political meeting. The orator on that occasion was being heckled by a very tough and persistent fellow and was having some trouble making himself heard. So Mr. Zymbella got a kitchen chair, placed it on the opposite corner and told the heckler to mount it. "Now," said Policeman Zymbella, "you both talk and see who wins the crowd. I'm seeing to it nobody interferes with either of you." And Mr. Zapfelwitz, wheeling away the last batch of campaign literature repeated that this was indeed a swell place to live and that anybody desiring to make anything out of it can call on him.

AND here too. . . . W. D.

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A true story for those who want to save money on car insurance

A CAR drew up at the curb at the right hand side of the street and the driver opened the door. A bicycle rider crashed into the door and fell to the pavement.

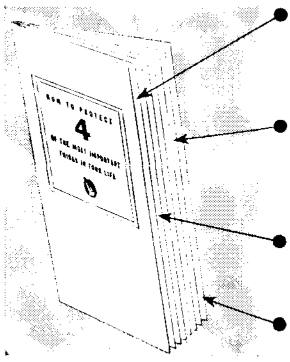
Fortunately the car owner was insured with Liberty Mutual. We talked with the injured boy, interviewed his doctor, and investigated the accident thoroughly. As the evidence indicated that the injuries were serious and that our policyholder might be held legally liable, we settled the claim promptly for $2,000.

Hundreds of cases in our files prove that one tiny slip, one second of inattention, is enough to result in an accident and a sizable damage suit. Every time you drive, you risk your savings, the loss of your home and part of your income for years to come—unless you are completely protected with car insurance.

It is not expensive to achieve security and peace of mind under the Liberty Mutual plan. In most states basic rates are lower and may be further reduced through rate credits based on your driving record and the use made of your car. In addition, Liberty Mutual has consistently returned to policyholders annual cash dividends amounting to at least 20% of initial premiums. And you can pay for your protection in convenient monthly payments.

HOW YOU BENEFIT: Liberty Mutual was organized by and for insurance buyers. It is managed by and for ***the benefit of its policyholders.*** Thus our service is unusually prompt and reliable. If you should have an accident, skilled investigators and adjusters are available from coast to coast to guard your interests and relieve you of worry. Our friendly service is now enjoyed by more than 185,000 responsible car owners, and the number is growing every year.

FREE BOOKLET. This important new booklet is filled with facts every car owner should know. For example:



- Even though an accident is ***not*** your fault, under what two circumstances can a damage suit be dangerous? See pages 2 and 3.
- What does Liberty Mutual do to help policyholders avoid accidents caused by the reckless driving of others? See page 12.
- What four serious losses must you guard against when you drive your car? See pages 4 and 5.
- What two major kinds of automobile insurance are there and how can they be easily and inexpensively bought? See page 15.

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Hair hard to manage? Try this simple treatment! Once a week give your scalp a good massage with 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic... Then shampoo... Smooth on a few drops of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic... set your wave... and see how stunning your hair will look!

AVOID THAT DRY SCALP LOOK
ENJOY LUSTROUS LOVELY HAIR!

WHEN hair is dull, straggly or lifeless-looking, be on your guard against Dry Scalp. Before this condition gets a head start, check it with regular treatments of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic. This famous product contains no ingredient that can possibly dry the scalp or hair. Instead it actually supplements the natural oils of the scalp, which are necessary to keep your hair lustrous and lovely-looking.

Get a bottle of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic today . . . and see the flattering gloss and softness it gives to your hair—even the first time you use it!

40c and 70c

A few drops supplement the natural scalp oils, keep your hair good-looking.

BEFORE EVERY SHAMPOO—massage the scalp well with plenty of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic.

AFTER EVERY SHAMPOO—rub on a few drops to replenish the scalp oils; add lustre.

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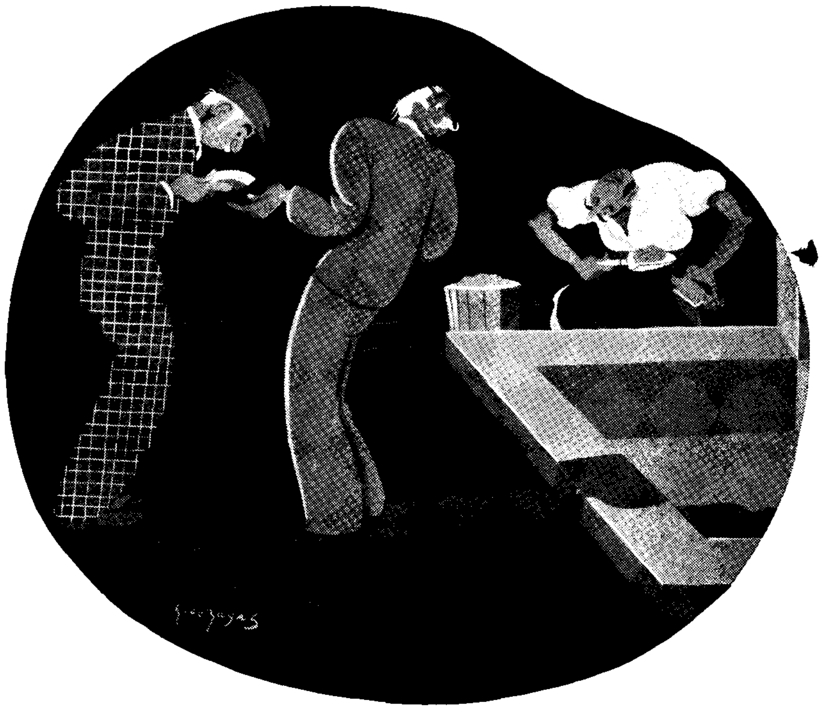

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

Up to a short time ago in the backward sections of southeastern Europe, many men made a business of allowing their shadows to be sealed up in building foundations. Builders paid well for these "projections of the soul" in the belief that they added strength, spirit and individuality to the structures.

When the Great Sanhedrin, the ancient supreme tribunal of the Jews consisting of 71 judges, considered a criminal case and rendered a quick and unanimous verdict of guilty, the defendant was usually acquitted on the ground that such a decision showed either conspiracy or lack of calm deliberation.—*By Cora L. Jefferson, New York, New York.*

Cancer of the bladder, when caused by working with certain dyes, has been known to delay the onset of its growth for as long as ten years after the person has retired.

Out of some 500,000 farms in Texas, about 75,000 have no chickens and 120,000 have no cows.—*By John Hamilton, Dallas, Texas.*

With various modifications, the German Mauser rifle, invented in 1863, is used today by the armies of twenty-one countries, including the United States, where it is called the "Springfield Model 1903" and Japan, where it is known as the "Ariska."—*By Lloyd Z. Purvin, Rochester, New York.*

Extremely minute quantities of vitamins are required to maintain a balanced diet. Illustrative of this fact is that if Vitamin A were concentrated in pure crystalline form one ounce would be an adequate supply for a human being for at least seventy-five years.—*By Adolph Brez, Berkeley, California.*

If an electron and an orange could be magnified equally until the orange was as large as the earth, the electron would still be too small to be visible to the unaided eye.—*By Bruce Cole, Clarinda, Iowa.*

A defendant in a criminal case may make a plea of *nolo contendere*, which means that he, while not admitting guilt, will accept a conviction and the resultant punishment. Moreover, such a plea does not debar him from pleading Not Guilty of the charges in further proceedings.—*By James L. Blish, Fond du Lac, Wisconsin.*

Japanese musical show programs usually contain the name, address and telephone number of every girl in the chorus.

The Muse Historique of Paris was the only newspaper that was ever published for poets and poetically inclined readers. During its fifteen years' existence, which ended a short time ago, it printed 325,000 news stories, or an average of more than four hundred a week, all written in verse.

Between 1841 and 1852, the Cherokee Indians living in and around Tahlequah, Indian Territory, now a part of Oklahoma, established a national newspaper, a Masonic lodge, male and female seminaries that taught French, Greek and Latin, and three temperance organizations, one of which was called the Cherokee Cold Water Army.—*By George Wendell Cox, Seminole, Oklahoma.*

The Russian army has become so proficient in the use of air trains that they now tow as many as 27 gliders behind a single plane.

The skin of one person cannot be grafted successfully upon another individual. But skin that has been transplanted from one part of the body to another almost invariably adheres and remains viable.—*By Richard Eberhart, Southboro, Massachusetts.*

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher

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Again CHEVROLET'S the LEADER

Courtesy

We want your telephone service to be good and quick and cheap. But there's more to it than that. We want it to be courteous too.

No matter what the occasion, there's always time for a cheery "please" and a pleasant word of thanks. That is the Bell System way. It is one of the fine traditions of the telephone business.

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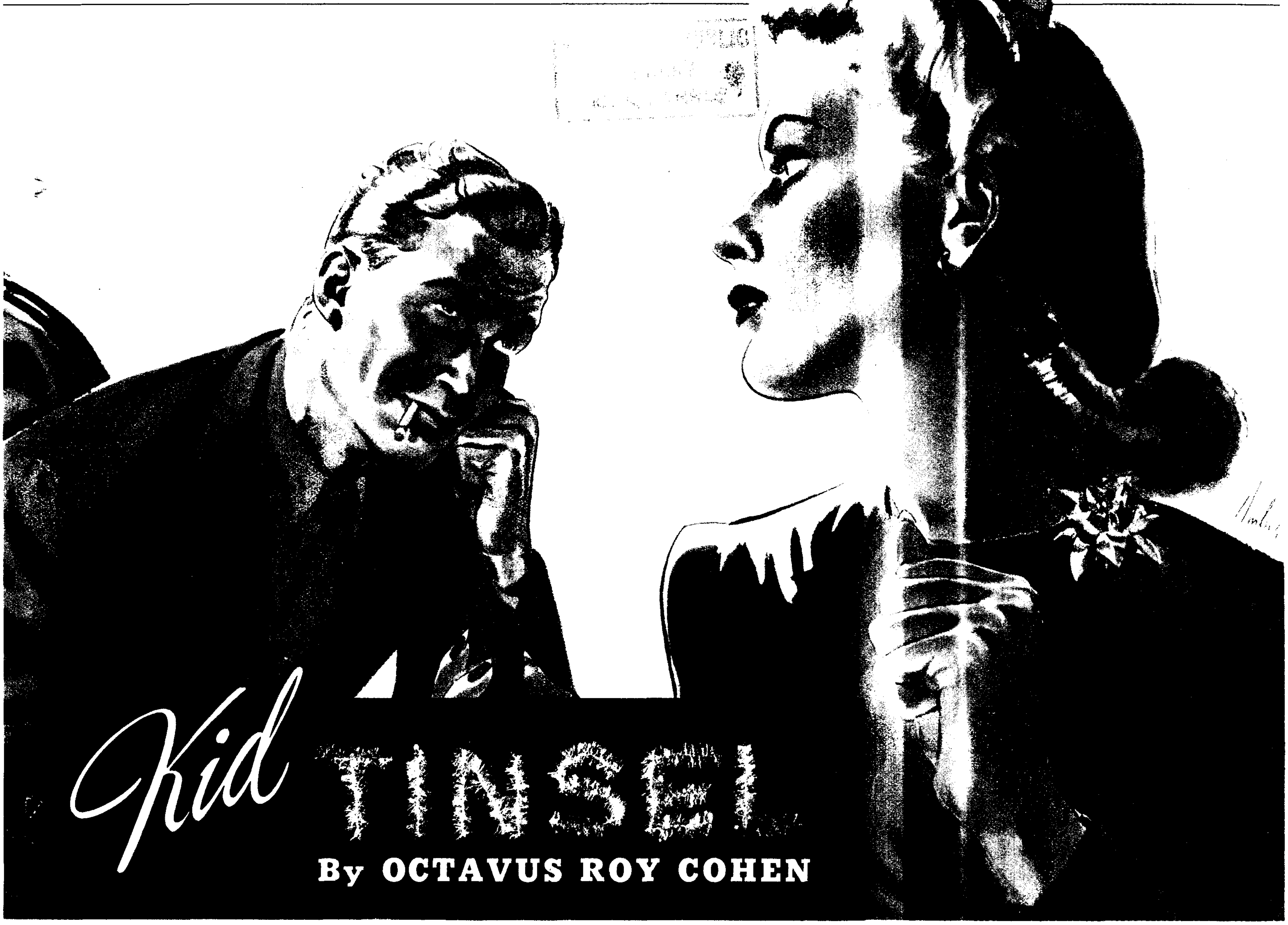


Kid TINSEL

By OCTAVUS ROY COHEN

Beginning a drama of the prize ring in the shadow of intrigue and corruption—and the romance of a girl who had to struggle against the bitter hatred and suspicion of the man she loved

ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT DARLING

The shadow of a smile crossed his lips. "You talk wise, sister," he said. "Pop must have taught you something"

EDDIE drove slowly and carefully through the thin, wintry rain. It wasn't like Eddie to drive that way, but this afternoon he was trying to be considerate of the girl who sat beside him in the battered old jallopy. He was too choked up himself to know what to say, and so he kept silent, his eyes intent on the rain-washed ribbon of concrete. He was awfully glad that the funeral was over.

It hadn't been much of a funeral, really. Just Eddie, who had been hit pretty hard by Pop's death; and Pat Mallory, Pop's daughter, who stood straight and brave in the rain and wouldn't even cry. There was Feets Johnson, too, the big colored man who tried to follow the Spartan example of the young folks, but whose tears were not to be denied. And, too, there was Mrs. Clara Ross, who owned the boardinghouse, and two youngsters from the Boys' Club who remembered how kind Pop had been to them. Otherwise there was no one, unless you chose to count the professionally mournful men who worked for the undertaker.

And now it was all over. Feets had driven away with Mrs. Ross, the two youngsters had plodded down the road. Eddie Gordon and Pat Mallory had remained by the grave, silent and dry-eyed, until the flowers were arranged as seemed best; until the mortician, by a lift of the eyebrows, had indicated that he'd finished his job and was eager to be off. Then Eddie took the girl's arm and led her to the car. He started toward the little boardinghouse where they'd been living for several months, and he wanted to say something, but he didn't know what words to use.

It wasn't easy to grasp the fact that Pop had gone and that he wasn't coming back. Eddie wished it hadn't been raining; he wished that it hadn't been so cold. Perhaps then the funeral wouldn't have been so bad. Pop had deserved a better break. Pop always had deserved the breaks he'd never got.

Eddie looked at the girl. She was taking it without a whimper. Well, that was no more than he expected. Young as she was, and as pretty, she was that sort of person. In this hour of overwhelming sympathy and mutual grief, Eddie Gordon was almost fond of her. Almost, but not quite.

Odd about that. They'd both been so crazy about Pop: Patricia, his daughter, and Eddie Gordon, who had been almost a son. Yet, between themselves, they didn't click. They had gotten off on the wrong foot at the very beginning when Pat had abandoned her studies in New York to join Pop because his health was failing.

The silence was getting on Eddie's nerves. He figured he'd better say something—anything to break the tension, to relieve that hurt, strained look on Pat's face. So he said the only thing he could think of. He said, "I'm awful sorry, Pat . . . honest, I am."

She glanced at him quickly, touched by the tenderness behind the words. He wasn't usually gentle with her. He didn't even look gentle. He was big and his face was homely—though it was a virile, masculine homeliness that was oddly attractive.

Pat's eyes filled with tears and she said, "Thanks, Eddie . . ." and the conversation lay there for a while.

THEY came to West End, which was a suburb of small cottages and modest bungalows. Snug and average and comfortably middle class. They turned into their street, a modest thoroughfare lined with trees which dripped rain water, deserted save for an occasional car parked mournfully at the curb. Eddie looked at the girl again and said impulsively, "Try not to think too hard, Pat. There's no use taking more punishment than you've got to."

She nodded, just to show that she understood. There wasn't any use explaining that she couldn't help thinking.

Pop had been pretty grand, any way

you looked at it. Tall and gaunt, with a gravity constantly given the lie by a chronic twinkle in his gray eyes; a man who had seen life and loved it; a man who had reached the end of his road enriched only by the warmth of countless friendships and the love of a daughter and of the boy who had been almost a son.

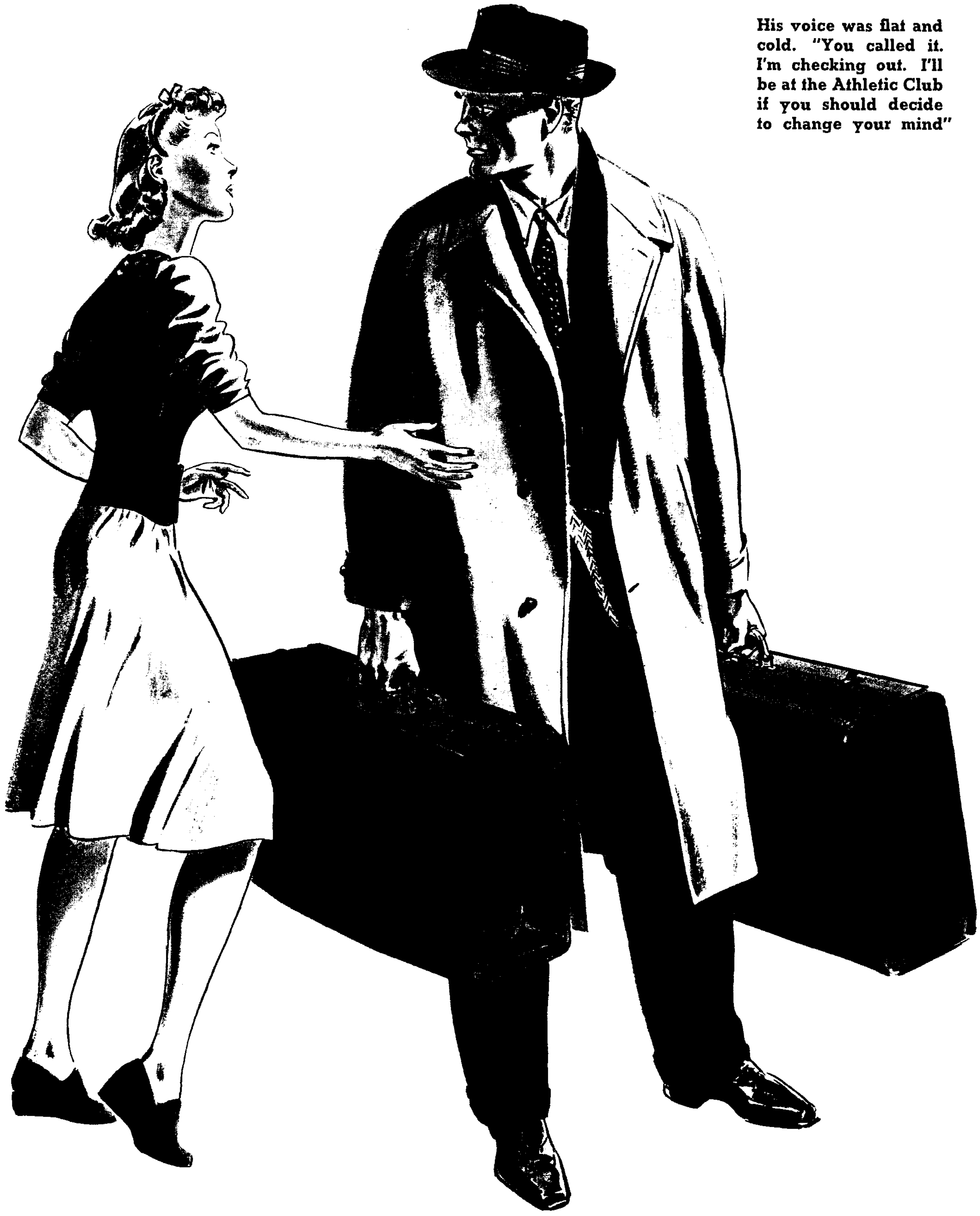
Pop had been strong and Pop had been weak. His weakness—coupled with his zest for life—had put him where he was now. The doctor had warned him long ago about alcohol, but that hadn't changed Pop. He was too friendly ever to say No to a friend. A magnificent drinker, with a grand capacity for enjoyment: that had been Pop—too carefree for his own good, too inconsiderate of a constitution that had never been strong.

He'd been that way ever since Patricia could remember; since her earliest childhood when he'd been sports editor of a paper in New Orleans. He'd been that way as he drifted around the country with her, from job to job. There was always a sports desk open for him because he knew sports as no other man knew them, and he could write like an angel. So she'd been brought up that way, and educated that way, although there had been a succession of schools and of separations from Pop. She'd hear from him during those interludes: gay, cheerful letters overflowing with vitality and keen, tolerant humor.

Now he was working in Denver, now in Des Moines, now in Shreveport. Usually, however, he had some young fighter under his wing, teaching him, directing him, making the pugilistic road less difficult. Sometimes up, sometimes down—but always Pop. And that was the man she had lost this day; she who was twenty-three years old and unaccustomed to being alone.

Eddie parked at the curb in front of a tiny little cottage. He helped her up the walkway. His solicitude made her want to cry, because he'd never been that way with her, and she'd always wanted him to be. He was usually gruff and sarcastic and even, at times, openly resentful; and, of course, she had been compelled to defend herself by matching sharpness with sharpness, though it was the last thing in the world she wanted to do. But if you're in love with a man and he dislikes you . . . why, you haven't any choice except to be just a little more caustic than he is. You can't throw pride away. But kindness—even momentary kindness—under circumstances like these . . . well, that can come dangerously close to wrecking those defenses you've so carefully erected.

SUPPER wasn't very successful. Mrs. Ross had fixed dishes that she hoped would tempt Pat, and the girl made a heroic, though rather futile, effort to show her appreciation. There was a man named Steve who was on the night shift at the Ensley Steel Mills, and who stared grimly at his plate and said nothing. The rain pattered on the roof and splashed against the windows of the dining room, and so Eddie and Mrs. Ross talked about the weather. And after supper the man named Steve fled and Pat insisted on helping Mrs. Ross with the dishes while Eddie walked up and down the room trying to piece things together, and finally Feets Johnson appeared and inquired hesitantly whether there was anything he could do.



His voice was flat and cold. "You called it. I'm checking out. I'll be at the Athletic Club if you should decide to change your mind"

"Not a thing." It was Pat speaking. "Just try to get a good night's sleep."

"Yassum. I sho will, Miss Patricia. But if they's somethin' you need . . ."

Eddie said, "I'll call you if there's anything, Feets. Now you run along."

So Feets said, "Good night, you-all," and went out the back door and once outside he shook his head and wiped a big, knotty hand across his eyes.

Mrs. Ross disappeared after the dishes were done, and Eddie put two additional chunks of soft coal on the fire in the little iron grate. He sat in a big chair and Pat sat opposite him. He looked compassionately at the lines of suffering that were still on her face, and he felt a desire to erase them, but he didn't know how to start. He knew what she was thinking. No matter how bitterly they had disagreed about other things, they'd felt the same way toward Pop. The loss was theirs, not hers alone.

He wished he might smoke. Being a boxer, he never had, but he remembered now how much satisfaction it seemed to bring to men whose nerves were jangled. He didn't know what to say but the silence seemed worse than any words, and so he asked, "Have you had time to think yet, Pat?"

She nodded slowly. "I haven't done much else."

He hesitated for a brief moment. "I know it isn't any of my business . . . but how are you fixed?"

"All right. There's about seven thousand dollars in the bank."

Silence again. The firelight did things to her hair, bringing out the golden tints. And it did things to him, too. It accentuated the lines of his face, the squareness of his jaw, the firmness of his broad mouth. He looked awkward now—it was difficult to remember how catlike and graceful he could be in the ring, and how dangerous.

Again the silence seemed to weigh him down, and he asked, "Got any plans?"

She shook her head. "I don't know yet. I could pick up where I left off."

"With your art work?"

"It isn't art work, really. Fashion designing."

"You can pick up where you left off, can't you?"

"Two years is a long time. And fashion designing and the fight game are pretty far apart."

"Yeh, sure. But now . . . You'll be heading back for New York, won't you?"

She didn't answer immediately, and, when she did, it was without meeting his eyes. She said, "It all depends."

"On what?"

"Oh, several things." She stared into the fire and he said quickly, "Maybe I shouldn't have talked about it now."

"Why not? We may as well."

The happenings of the immediate past had hit them both hard. He knew she had something on her mind, so he said, "Let's have it, Pat."

She said, "Maybe it *is* best to talk it over tonight. Maybe we'll see things more clearly."

"What things?"

She hesitated again and her eyes reminded him poignantly of Pop. She said, "What do *you* expect to do, Eddie?"

He shrugged. "What would I do? Keep on fighting. That's what Pop wanted. He figured I was just about ripe for my big chance."

She nodded. Pop *had* figured that way, and Pop was right. It seemed such a pity that Pop couldn't see the fruition of his dreams. She knew everything that Pop had hoped for this boy. He'd picked

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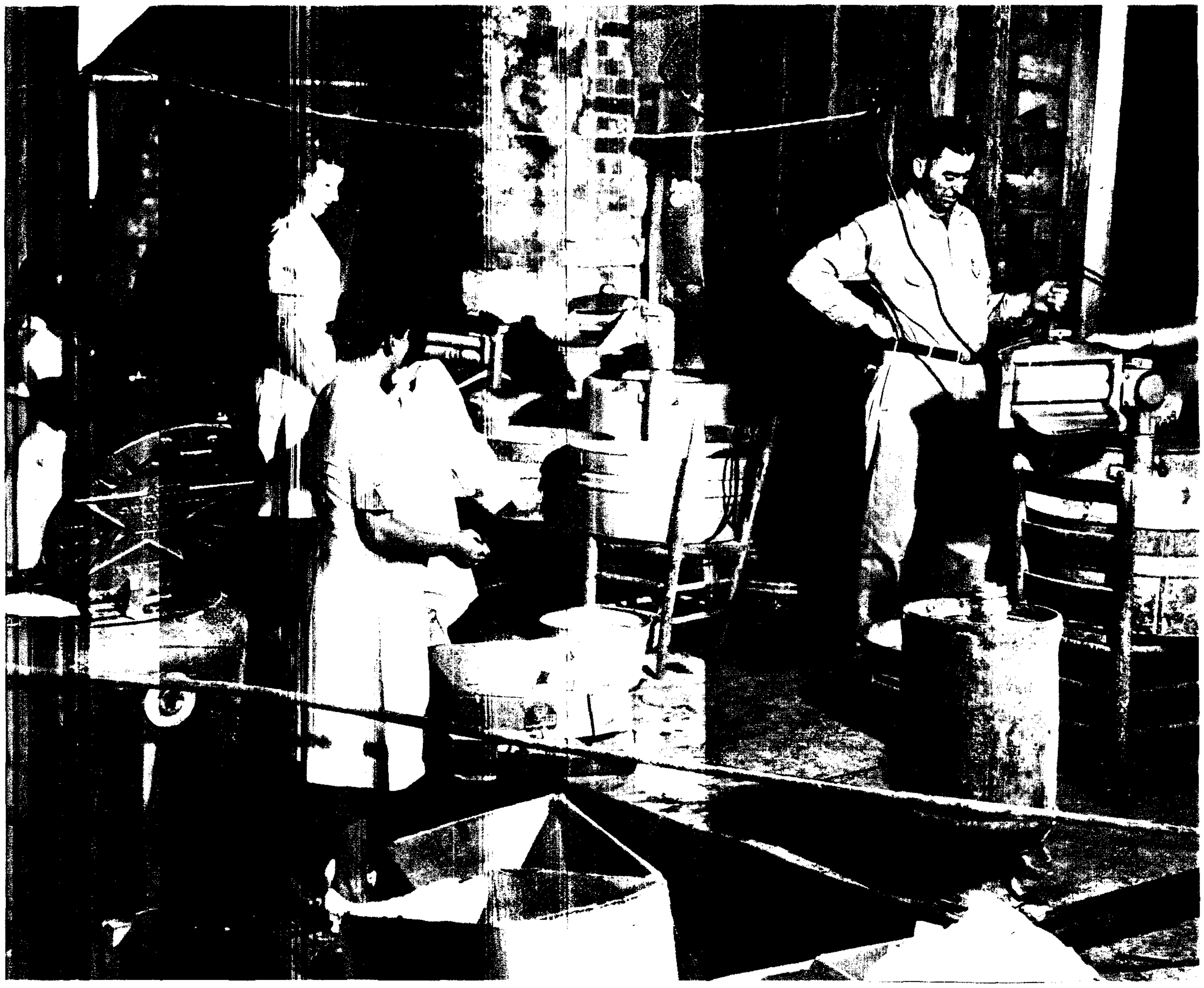
Their Own Juice

By Jennings Perry

Those much-discussed publicly owned companies that use TVA's power seem to be doing all right as they end a year of operation. Here's how our first large-scale test of public ownership is working out

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY VALENTINO SARRA

Mayor G. H. Hulan of Shelbyville, Tennessee (above). His power system is "doing fine." Upper right: Young Manager Kenneth Metcalf of the Lincoln County Electric Membership Corporation, a co-operative-ownership enthusiast who has more than doubled consumption of electric power among his 1,437 users



When the co-op brought cheap electricity to his house, Tenant-Farmer Marcus Tucker opened a laundry. Now it's a large, thriving business

MAYOR G. H. HULAN of Shelbyville, a typical Tennessee town, was ill at ease. He was eight thousand feet up over the Shenandoah Valley in a southbound American Airlines flagship, and our mayor, a man past the middle of life, had these two worries. First, he'd promised Mrs. Hulan firmly he'd not make this trip to New York by plane, yet here he was aloft and enjoying it, his first flight. He was not at all sure it was going to be all right with Mrs. Hulan.

The other worry was in the portfolio at his side—a deed to the electric-power system of Shelbyville for which the people of Shelbyville had just obligated themselves to pay $325,000. Rehabilitation bonds for an additional $25,000 also had been marketed. And all this was a considerable venture for a town of 6,500 population.

You heard all sorts of things. Efficiency was bound to fall off with public operation; the system would go down. The employees would soldier on you; you were losing the benefit of expert supervision the holding company provided, the benefit of big-time financing and centralized accounting. And then public power was—at least, some people believed it to be—*socialistic!*

Mayor Hulan was not at all sure it was going to be all right with Shelbyville.

Less than twenty-four hours before, in a Wall Street office, the Shelbyville officials, representatives of other Tennessee communities, officials of the Tennessee Valley Authority headed by Director David E. Lilienthal, and of Commonwealth and Southern Corporation headed by Mr. Wendell L. Willkie had consummated one of the most extraordinary utility deals in history. For $78,425,095 the corporation sold to the public its Tennessee electric-power properties, lock, stock and barrel. TVA, an agency of the federal government, paid $44,728,300 for the prime movers, steam and hydro, the substations and the trunk transmission lines. All the rest—distribution systems in the several municipalities and rural service lines—went to the towns and co-ops for $33,696,795. The two largest municipal purchasers were Nashville and Chattanooga, acquiring the two most important units of the Tennessee Electric Power system for $14,311,200 and $10,850,000 respectively.

The last check changed hands at twelve noon, August 15, 1939. Thereafter the two-hundred-odd mayors, councilmen, city engineers and attorneys, presidents and trustees of the rural co-ops, most of whom had never before seen the towers of Manhattan, departed for their homes to face the future. They had brought "cheap TVA power" to their people, as their people overwhelmingly had demanded in every referendum held. They had sanctioned a heavy community investment in an essential utility service about whose technics they knew next to nothing. Furthermore, most of the better-off people back home had frowned on the proposition. Thirty-three million dollars *was* a whale of a lot of money, and only time could tell how the venture would come out.

And how is it coming out? The first full year since the famous deal by which the closely knit service system of the Commonwealth and Southern was broken down into thirty-five local operating units has elapsed. How now fare the purchasers, the service and the forecasts?

I have just pursued this inquiry through the old T.E.P. Co. area, which lies along a line between Nashville and Chattanooga and extends a hundred miles on either side of this line. I have examined the audited operating statements of the municipalities and co-ops covering the ten and one-half months from the purchase to the end of the fiscal year.

All of these distributing agencies buy their power from TVA at wholesale rates approximately twenty-five per cent lower than power costs formerly computed by the private company, resell it at rates fixed by their twenty-year contracts with TVA. The contract

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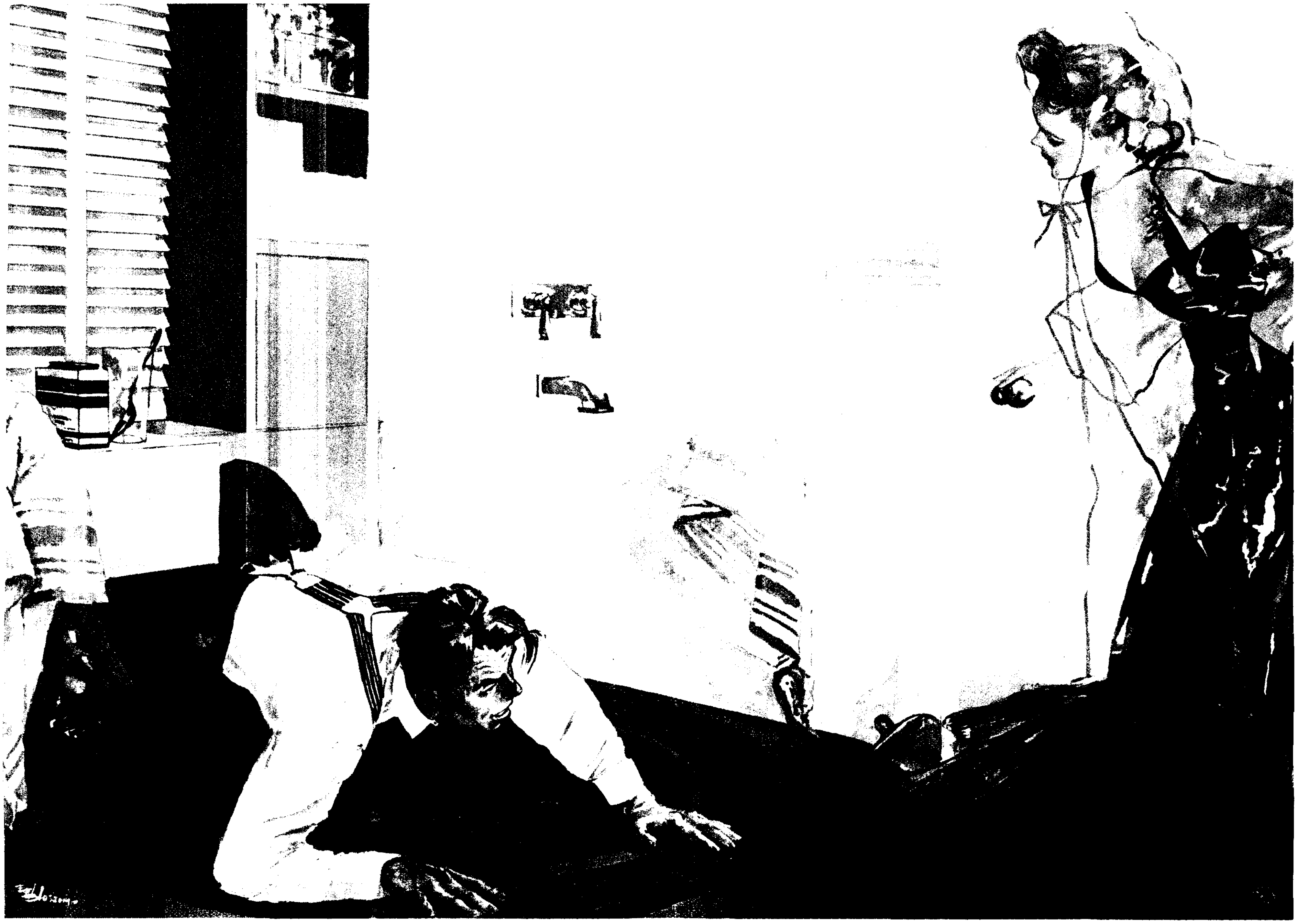

"Hello, Christine," Chester said. He wiped his hot face with the bath mat

No Jingo

By Edwin Olmstead

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL BLOSSOM

The elk is a gentle beast until teased by the gadfly. So it is with a strong man amid parlor patriots

LEANING over and stretching as far as he could to catch the finch, Chester lost his balance and fell off the top of the davenport. Not being an acrobat and with little or no time to grab hold of the floor lamp, he went down sideways, almost upsetting the bird cage and spilling seeds on the rug.

Kitty must have heard the commotion. She was up in the bedroom getting ready to go to Christine's party and came running pell-mell downstairs in her slip. Her face glistened with vanishing cream and the caramel-colored curls were pinned together on top of her head. At one glance she knew what had occurred.

"Oh, Chester," she said. "How many times do I have to tell you never to tip the cage? The bottom always slides out."

"But, Kitty," said Chester, "I did *not* tip the cage." He felt the twinge of disappointment at Kitty's arbitrary attitude. Recently, since becoming civic-minded, she had acquired a habit of assuming he made mistakes even before he had a chance to explain.

The truth was, Chirpy, the female finch, being no larger than a baby sparrow, had slipped out through the small hole between the wires when Chester removed the cup to change the water.

He had just come home to Scarsdale on the 6:58 local from Grand Central. It was raining and he walked the entire five blocks from the station. The first thing he did when he came in the house was to attend to the two pet finches.

Unfortunately, Chirpy escaped through the water-cup hole and Chester pursued her around the living room until she finally perched out of his reach on the iron curtain rod between the front windows.

"I tell you," he said, "I did *not* tip the cage. I took out the cup to change the water like I usually do and Chirpy flew through the hole."

"I presume Chirpy knocked over the floor lamp."

Chester realized immediately that Kitty was in a touchy frame of mind. But he could not be angry with her. She was such a dainty, silky, defenseless creature in her transparent pink slip with her bare legs and shoulders so creamy white. Chester, himself, was a long way from being big and husky, but whenever Kitty acted spunky toward him he felt like a giant.

RIGHT off, she said she had put in an active day at the hairdresser's and with her sister Christine at the sorority luncheon and then at the weekly meeting of the Westchester County Young Women Voters' League. "Can't you see I'm on edge?" she said. "Why is it you fib to me? You know you must have tipped the cage."

Contradicting him the way she did brought up the persistent reflection that less than two years ago, when they were married, she never behaved like this. She seemed to be getting capricious and militant like her sister Christine. There was more and more of the unreasonable contradicting ever since Christine had interested her in politics. Rarely was there any time for romantic demonstrations and kissing. It had been weeks since she met him at the station with the car and longer since she sat on his lap in the large chair.

Chester did not feel at all like debating after the long, grinding day at the advertising office where he worked. And Kitty expected him to go without supper, take a shower, shave and change his clothes and drive the car in the rain over to Christine's in New Rochelle. Christine and Barron were celebrating another wedding anniversary.

"Poor Chirpy, cherub." Kitty moved over, talking affectionately to the small bird. "We simply must put you in your nest before we leave."

"Leave Chirpy alone," said Chester. "She'll go back to the cage by herself if we stop bothering her."

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So Beautiful with Furs

By Beatrice Mathieu and Ruth Carson

Don't envy the woman in the mink coat or the silver fox jacket. The experts are doing things with furs today that make even the inexpensive ones glamorous

Above: Coat and hat and even hatpin heads of Alaska sealskin, and sheared beaver for hatbrim, yoke, scarf and bag. All furs are quite as pliable as cloth

Right: Blending is one of the most important fur processes today. Here a skilled workman, with a feather dipped in dye, turns a white fox fur into a lynx

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY IFOR THOMAS
COSTUMES COURTESY OF BERGDORF-GOODMAN

IT'S the treatment of furs that is making fur fashion news today. Clumsy, bulky pelts become soft and easy to drape as the furriers cut and shave and manipulate them. Drab colors vanish under the blender's brush. Sturdy, hard-wearing furs like raccoon and muskrat and skunk, which are low in cost because they are abundant and are native to America, are getting the same careful grooming mink has always received. And the result is beauty at every price.

Take raccoon. It used to go over big at football games. Too big. Even the college boys gave it up. But now see what's happened. The furriers are cutting the 'coon skin exactly as they do mink and silver fox. Diagonal slashes cut each skin into quarter-inch strips, held together only by a slim margin left intact. The man at the sewing machine cuts the end strip away completely, moves it about an inch on the diagonal from its former position, stitches it back again to the number two strip. So on down the pelt, till the strips are all stitched together. This is called letting out or stripping. The slight diagonal movement downward of each strip takes width out of the pelt and increases its length, emphasizing the dark center marking and giving you a supple strip of fur instead of an unwieldy pelt. Surprisingly enough, it strengthens the skin too, since the weaker side sections are cut away and the strong back section is made more compact. Stitch a bunch of these strips together, and you have a coat that falls with the grace of silver fox, instead of the clumsy bulk of the collegiate raccoon, which was made of uncut pelts run together.

Now for a little make-up. The finest natural raccoon is black and silvery gray. A coat of it would set you back $500. Even then there'd be a little yellow mixed in the gray, which is not flattering. But take a fine-quality, blended raccoon instead, and for about $225 you'll actually have a handsomer coat. The fur in the first place should be clear in coloring, full and compact—none of the strawy stuff you may recall from college days. The blender dips a long feather in a pot of dye and brushes it over the let-out raccoon skins, concealing the yellow, emphasizing the black and blending it with the gray, giving the fur an imperceptible bluish undertone that makes it sparkle. He can give it the toning of silver fox or, in keeping with the vogue for brown furs, blend it to a fisher brown, using a brush for the underfur and finishing off with his feather. Skill? Struggle with that feather yourself, and you'll know why fur men are paid so well.

Muskrat is another abundant American fur, inexpensive and sturdy, that has gone through the beauty mill for you and come out preening in the guise of sable, mink, baum marten or seal at from $95 to $250 per.

Newest treatment of muskrat is this

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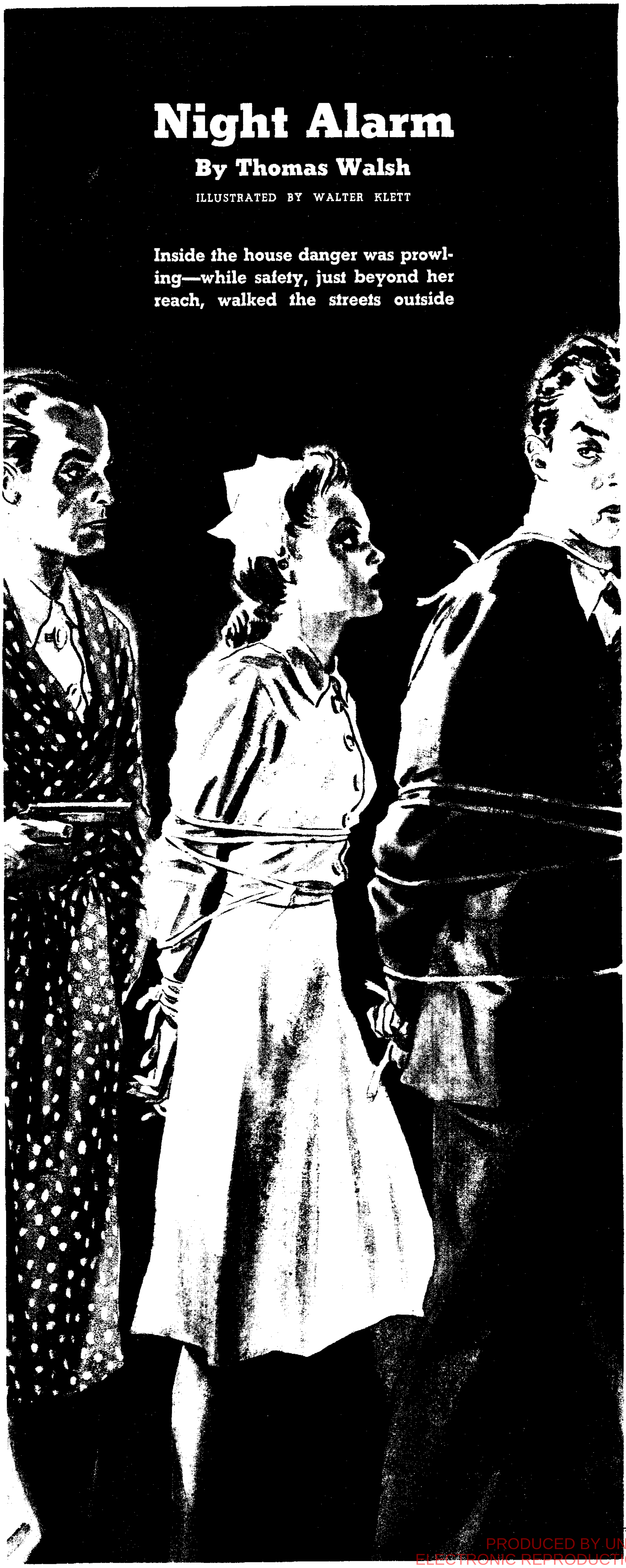
Night Alarm

By Thomas Walsh

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER KLETT

Inside the house danger was prowling—while safety, just beyond her reach, walked the streets outside



IT WAS hot that August night, breathless and still in the narrow side street in the Seventies; even at ten after one in the morning there was no slightest stir of air. Patrolman O'Mara sat on the area railing of Number Twenty-seven East, his feet crooked through the iron uprights below him, his cap hung carelessly on a spike at his side; while in the shallow areaway three steps down from the pavement a small girl who looked very brisk and professional in her nurse's uniform and her starched white cap glanced up with something of a sigh to a sky darkly sullen with the weight of rain that would not fall.

She murmured with some exasperation: "If it would only rain, O'Mara, that would help."

"I guess it would," O'Mara said, looking down at her there with his sober blue eyes, and then moving those eyes along the street—east to Madison, west to Fifth. He saw a quiet thoroughfare of narrow stone houses and grilled iron doors, a street that in summer lay hushed, deserted and dead. The people of the Seventies vacationed now. And behind them, secluded and still, quiet and formal, unpushingly elegant, their homes endured the summer, and waited patiently for fall.

It would look, O'Mara thought, like a street of those dead cities you read about in books—the doors and lower windows boarded up, the shades drawn abovestairs, no limousines parked at the curb, no lights shining in the marble entries. Around them now, in the block from Madison to Fifth, there were lights only in the windows of Twenty-seven behind them. Silence, blank-faced houses, the high lonely glow of the street lamps spread away from corner to corner beyond it.

Sally Cross, R. N., seemed impressed by that too. She cupped her hands wearily on the railing and rested her chin on them.

"Thinking, O'Mara? A penny for— Oh. Before I forget. What's the time?" When he had given it to her she took a tiny alarm clock out of her pocket—a gilt-and-ivory affair on a small pedestal. "There!" She wound it vigorously. "Doesn't everything have to happen in weather like this? I dropped my wrist watch this afternoon. Smashed it to bits. And then, of course, when I brought this along, I had to forget to wind it."

"Nights you like to know the time," O'Mara said. "Seems like you have to, somehow."

SHE smiled at him. "Don't you though? We understand that, O'Mara; daytime people wouldn't. But I've company inside tonight; Mr. Joralemon's still up. He's poor Mrs. Spencer's nephew. He's waiting for a lawyer from Pittsfield who was supposed to be here hours ago."

"Pittsfield?" O'Mara said. "The old home town, huh? Someone you know, maybe."

The dark eyes moved up to him, demurely bright.

"Well— I knew him once. In high school. Johnny Wetherell. I thought he was the nicest boy then."

O'Mara, his lips set slightly, had a glimpse of him there—a college guy, easy and confident, good-looking too, who'd sat with her on porches in Pittsfield, who'd danced with her and swam with her and kissed her maybe on nights like this. He murmured something offhand and casual, about how nice it was seeing old friends again. And then because something moved in him, so hard and quick it frightened him, he got down from the railing and said he'd better be getting on; time now to ring in to the precinct again.

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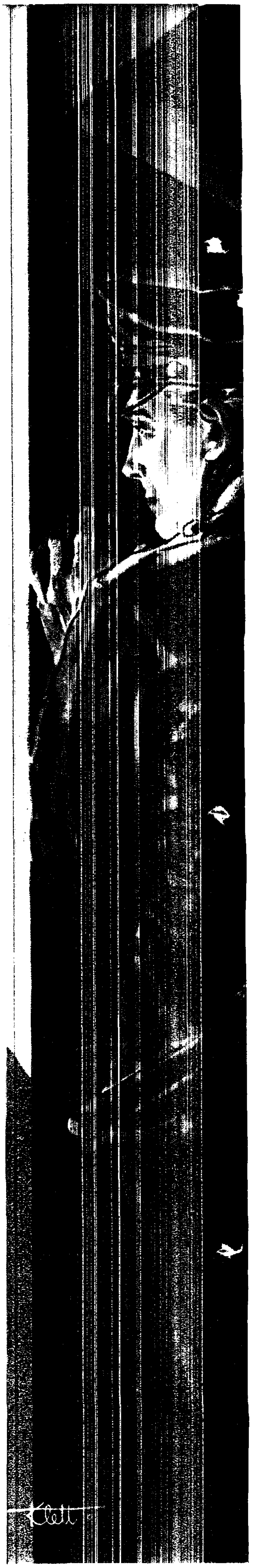
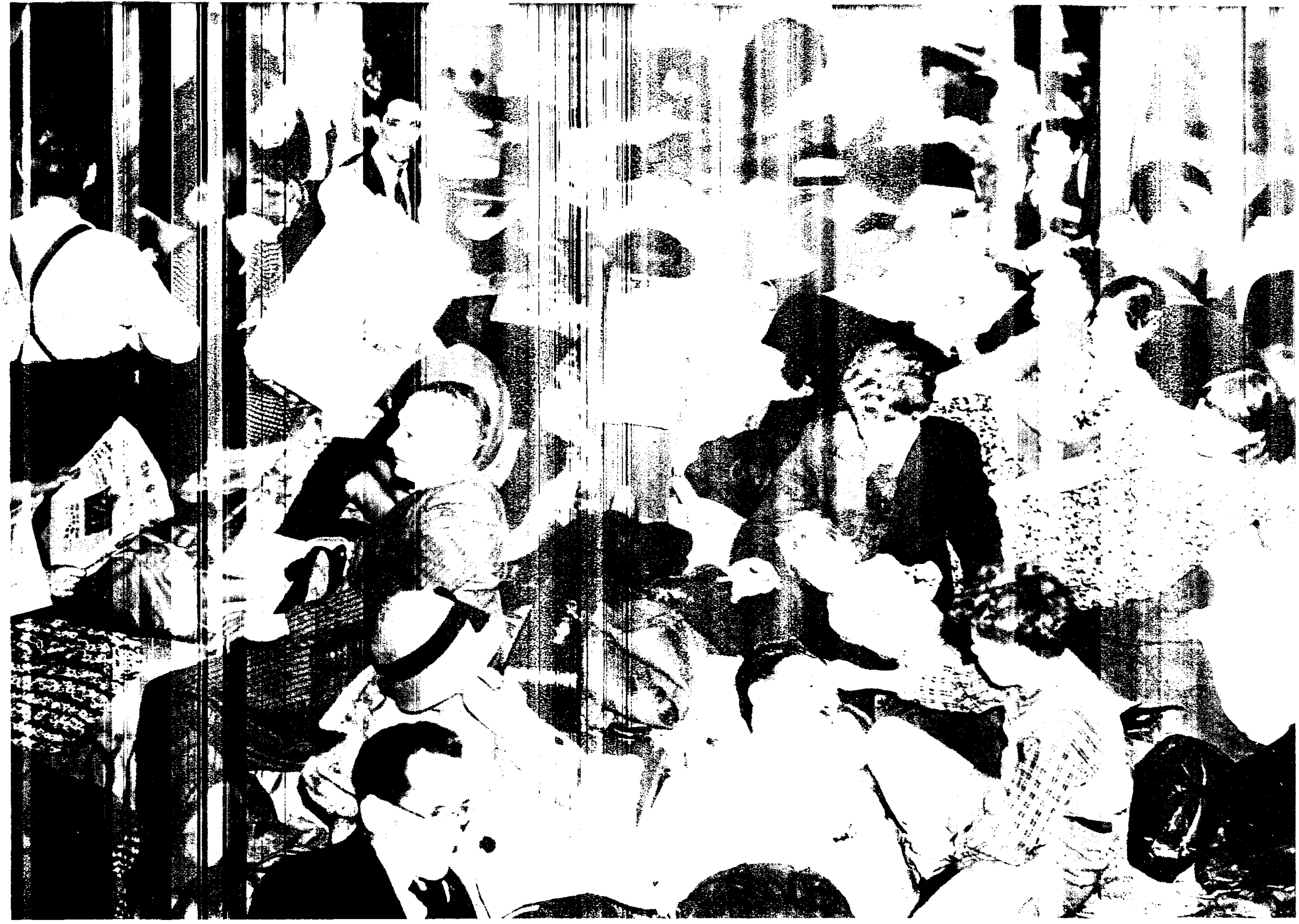


He saw a man come out, with Sally Cross behind him, and a slim man in a brown bathrobe last of all



BRITISH COMBINE

Night after night, London's millions endure the discomforts of the subway platforms

London, City of Caves

By Quentin Reynolds

CABLED FROM LONDON

The swank London hotels equip their air-raid shelters with bars, hospital facilities and most of the comforts of home. The thousands of East Enders who make the subway their bedroom have to get along with less, but they're just as safe

THE banshee was wailing and it sounded eerie in the dusk. It trailed away, but the echo of it hummed in the air, which was heavy with the weight of the darkness. There were nearly a thousand of us standing there. We were in front of a subway station. An iron gate had been stretched across the entrance. Two policemen guarded it.

"There is no room below," they repeated again and again. "Not room for another person."

This was the workers' section of London. The subway station was eighty feet below the street. Since late afternoon families had been going into the subway. They had thermos bottles filled with hot tea; they had paper bags of food; they had toys to quiet the children. Those who arrived first were now sleeping below, safe because there was eighty feet of earth and concrete between them and the street surface.

Then faintly we heard the drone of German planes. The air barrage began. Some of the guns were close, and you tried to shake the noise of them out of your head. Whenever there was a lull, you could hear the so-familiar hum of bombers above. There were nearly a thousand of us huddling there in the darkness. A bomb fell. We heard the fiendish whistle of it as it dropped from a plane perhaps 20,000 feet above us. Its high-pitched scream grew more piercing and then it landed. It fell a block away. The concussion of it made us sway as one person. The policeman opened the gates. "Better to be in here and crowded than be out there getting hurt," he said gruffly. It was only professional gruffness; his eyes were dark with worry.

Men, women, children filed in quietly, patiently. There was no fear on a single face. A few babies who had been awakened by the noise began to whimper a little. We went downstairs to the subway platform. The concrete stairs were crowded. You had to step over people. The platform was packed with people lying on the concrete. Some were playing cards.

This is how thousands of families live at night in London—far under the ground. Usually the workingman of the family arrives home about five-thirty. He will find some hot mutton on the stove being kept warm—if the gas main in his section hasn't been destroyed. He will find tea on the stove, too. But his wife and children have long since left for the safety of the subways. It is first come, first served, and they leave early. When Pop finishes his meal he joins them. They have saved a place for him. It may be cold down there and the air sticky with the feel of hundreds of people packed closely together—but it's safe. He and his family accept their lot philosophically. This is a new world, and they adapt themselves to it.

A man with an accordion came in and was greeted with friendly banter. He played Tomorrow is a Lovely Day and There Will Always be an England. Even the kids joined in the singing. Then he played the most popular song of the day, Nightingale Song in Berkeley Square. Several "incidents" have occurred in Berkeley Square during the past month, and the accordion player commemorated them by singing his version of the song, calling it A Screaming Bomb Fell in Berkeley Square. They all laughed at that. I didn't laugh. I live in Berkeley Square.

It was getting late now. The subway dwellers impose a nine-o'clock curfew on themselves. The accordion player pillowed his head on his instrument. A heavy quiet settled over the reclining forms.

The guns and the bombs seemed far away. A train pulled in. Those who were asleep never awoke, for noise is so much a part of our existence in London these nights that it is only quiet that disturbs us because it seems unnatural.

(Continued on page 68)

MUSTANG MUSIC

By Kyle Crichton

When a football crowd stays long after the final whistle just to listen to a college band, that band is worth investigating. The horn tooters of Southern Methodist pass in review

WELL, sir, as Tex Rickard used to say, you never seed such a thing. The Southern Methodist football team is plodding diligently along and the cheering section is in a state of apparent decay when suddenly there is a break in the game, a score for S.M.U. seems possible and a trumpeter in the band lifts his horn, goes br-r-r-r-r-r in a long preliminary ta-ran-tatta and the band bursts into Peruna. The effect is exactly as if a long, sharp pin had obtruded itself directly under the seat of each member in the cheering section. There is a wild, insane, delighted scream which soars over the field and reaches a peak of intensity that is frightening.

Whether it is Peruna that makes the S.M.U. band or the band that makes Peruna, there is no doubt that the band is in a class by itself among college tooters. Boy, they swing it! Just to make it more complicated, it may be said that Peruna is merely a rowdy Texas version of She'll Be Comin' 'Round the Mountain When She Comes. What had originally been a fine, decent song assumes in the hands of Frank Malone and his bandsmen the aspect of a bacchanalian rite.

In short, the Southern Methodist band was the first to bring the technique of swing to the old-fashioned college band and it is still the prime exemplar of this modern disease. When it played at Notre Dame last year the crowd, which had just seen Notre Dame trim S.M.U. 20-19, sat eagerly in the stands for an hour after the game, threatening disaster if the S.M.U. band dared go away without playing another number. It played dozens and the Monday-morning quarterbacks of South Bend were aghast.

"But this is a football town," they kept saying plaintively. "Who wants to hang around listening to a goofy band?"

The football maniacs at Notre Dame did want to hear it and the equally football-conscious denizens of Pittsburgh the year before reacted the same way. College bands had hitherto been something that filled in the time between halves and nobody took them seriously. What the fans of Pittsburgh and South Bend wanted was football and lots of football. When the game was over they went home. But not when the S.M.U. boys started hitting hot licks. The crowds hung around until it was too dark to see the bass drummer.

In Tune with History

In its way this was a revolutionary thing because before this the ordinary college band was a set of instruments surrounded by a group of young men who were not on hand originally when physiques were given out. Those who could play football did; the others played in the band. Of course there was always a long-legged gent who wore a shako and walked like a penguin, but he was only the drum major and didn't count. In fact, he soon had to share his glory with beautiful coeds who shook their beautiful nekkid legs in the direction of the multitudes and brought a slight but desperate touch of novelty to a badly standardized American form.

Nobody could deny that college bands were getting larger but there were increasing hints that they were getting duller. They had pretty uniforms and they marched with precision and they spelled out nice letters on the sward before the stands between the halves, but it was quite clear that hundreds of young men blowing their ears off in concert on the gridiron were intrinsically little better than the smaller outfits that had formerly done it.

And then along came the S.M.U. band to ruin this dull spectacle. It may be that the customary military bands will still be operating when the S.M.U. killer-dillers are only a memory, but the fact remains that practically alone in this broad land the Methodist maniacs are today in tune with history. It started from necessity back in the days when S.M.U. had trouble rustling up as many as twenty-five men for the band. Since this made it ridiculous in comparison with other outfits the young man who was later to be the Reverend Mr. Cyrus Barcus decided that his band should be a different band.

"Cy started to put a little zoomph in the old marches," they recall now around Dallas.

This was progressing suitably when a member of the band went over to east Texas and observed the natives in the act of drinking Peruna, a bottled tonic. He also brought back the east-Texas version of "They'll be Loaded with Peruna When They Come," which he surreptitiously taught to the other band members. They began playing it, the students began singing it and S.M.U. soon had its theme song.

The band was led by student directors in those days and after Cy Barcus came the famous Bob Goodrich, now pastor of a church in Houston. Barcus had set the style and Goodrich carried it into

(Continued on page 24)

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY PAUL PETERS

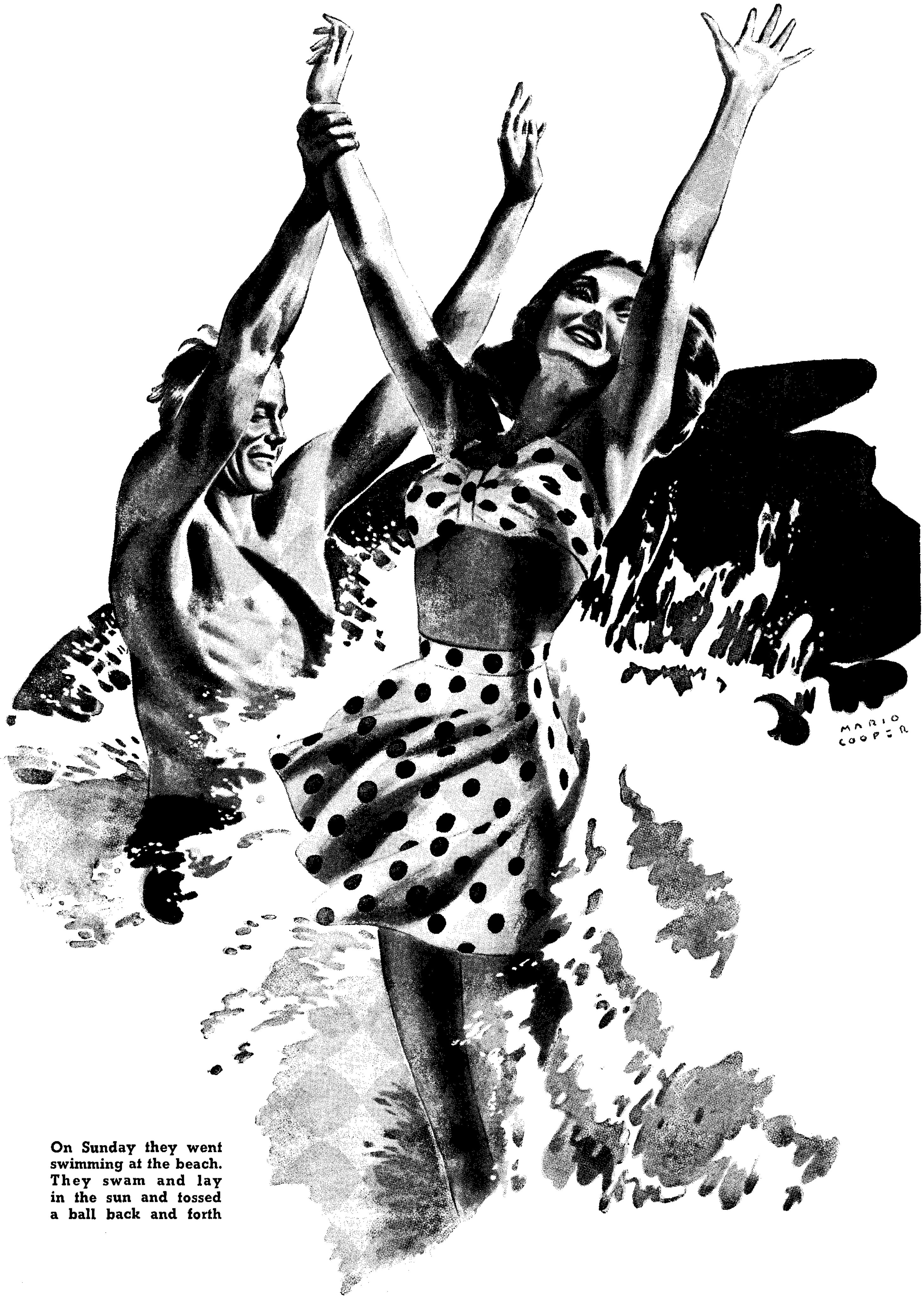
The Southern Methodist band with its wild swing has brought new life to Saturday's gridiron spectacles

The Girl with the Blonde

By Frederick Nebel

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

The path of true love is not an easy one, especially when it's complicated by an unpleasant problem brother



On Sunday they went swimming at the beach. They swam and lay in the sun and tossed a ball back and forth

THE first time Dave spoke to her was a couple of months after he moved into Mrs. Hendricksen's boardinghouse on Cherokee Street. It was after work, on a Friday evening in the middle of summer, and he was sitting on the porch. He'd seen her about half a dozen times before, always in the evening, and after a while he'd got to thinking about her; she'd come strolling along with the other girl, the tall blonde, and he'd watch her until she was out of sight. The evenings she didn't come by, Dave felt a vague disappointment. She was pretty as a picture, he thought.

When he saw her turn the corner and come along down the street, arm in arm with the blonde, Dave took his feet off the porch railing and leaned forward. He put his elbows on his knees, leaning on them, and clasped his broad, strong-fingered hands together. He smiled at the way she moved along. Her slender body seemed restless as marsh grass in a fitful breeze and the hem of her dress gave an insolent little swirl every time she set her foot down. A little music, Dave thought, and she'd go into a dance.

All at once he stood up and leaned straight-armed on the railing. His smile broadened out along his lips and a twinkle flicked in and out of his eyes. And it was then, just at that moment, that she glanced up. Dave's mouth opened in a soundless laugh and the warp of his upper lip across his hard white teeth was full of good humor.

"Nice evening for strolling," he said.

A SMILE started on her lips, but almost instantly she cut it short and looked straight ahead. He saw the color rise and spread on her cheeks. The blonde looked up at him out of large, sultry eyes and her mouth, full and soft and very red, twisted derisively.

"Nice evening for minding your own business, too," she said.

Dave chuckled. "All right, all right."

"So all right," the blonde said. "So mind it."

"Sure," Dave said, grinning. "Only I was speaking to your friend, sister."

"Oh, a wise guy, too."

"Not me, sister."

"Oh, come on, Thelma; come on," the other girl said, tugging her along.

They moved on, quickening their pace, and Dave stood watching them, pulling on his cigarette, until they were out of sight. Then he shot the butt far out into the street. When he turned around, Mrs. Hendricksen was standing in the doorway fanning herself with the evening newspaper.

"They sure grow up fast," she said reminiscently. "You see them in diapers and before you know it they're in high heels and using make-up."

Dave said, "You know them?" and felt uneasy.

"Since I can't remember how long." She was a large woman, quite stout, and always suffered from the heat. "Spoiled, Thelma is. Always was. Lena was always a sweet child. She's the little one. A sweet child. Well, so is her mother, poor woman." She wagged her head. "I always said it was good riddance when her husband died, for all he ever did for her."

"Sisters, huh? They don't look like sisters."

"Oh, no, not sisters. That's Thelma Burnside, and if you ask me, I think she's kind of sweet on Lena's brother. Well, I don't think he's so much better than his old man was, though he did make the cops."

"Well," Dave said, a little embarrassed, "I'm sorry."

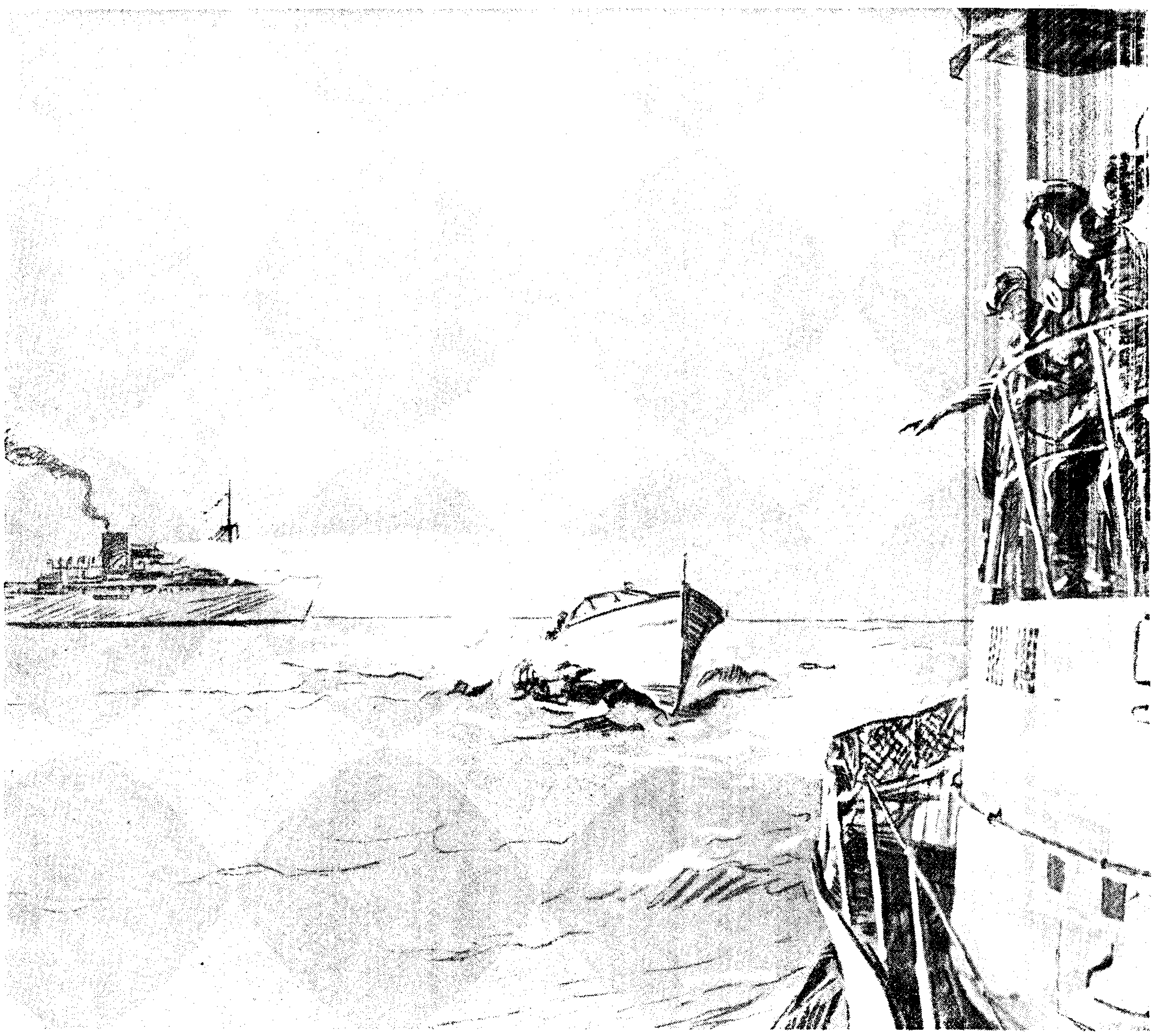
Mrs. Hendricksen stared at him. "Sorry? Sorry for what?"

Dave said, "Well, for speaking out to her—to them that way. I didn't know you knew them."

She gave a short laugh and plumped herself into the near-by rocking chair.

Dave said, seriously, "You see, I'm kind of strange here in town," just as if she didn't know it. "I learned my trade in a small town, and it was a good garage too, but mostly summer trade. So in winter it was slack, and I didn't get full time. So when my brother Joe got me the chance to work here in the city, I jumped at it. We had two rooms over on McClellan Street, but then Joe got this chance to go to the factory and he went."

(Continued on page 69)



The searchlight picked out the submarine and the powerful hornet roared down on her at forty miles per hour

A Troubled Sea

By Peter B. Kyne

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM MEADE PRINCE

What's a fighting man's word of honor worth if he sees a way to strike a blow for Fatherland?

CAPTAIN JASPER HANNAY, late skipper of a decrepit old thirty-five-hundred-ton tramp that had been sunk by a mine in the Channel early in the war, was surprised when he received a letter requesting him to call upon Mr. Baugh, of Kendall, Baugh Co., Ltd., owners of the Golden Arrow Line, to discuss a matter of mutual interest. He hadn't applied to Kendall, Baugh Co., Ltd., for a berth.

Baugh, a spare, chilled-steel sort of old man, received him with a faint air of distaste and belligerence. "Lookin' for a berth as master?" he queried brusquely.

"No, sir."

"We have the Lancashire Maid up on the Clyde," old Baugh went on. "She's brand new and we'll have to accept her without a trial run to see if her speed measures up to the builder's guarantee. Those damned mines! Lucky to have a mine-swept area large enough to swing her in while her compasses were adjusted."

"Lucky, indeed," Captain Hannay murmured politely.

"She's a ten-thousand-ton refrigerator ship, Captain Hannay. Built to bring frozen beef and mutton from the Argentine. She was laid down before this ruddy war started — and now the damned admiralty is sticking its nose into our business. And they call this a democracy. Blasted despotism, I call it."

"Your Lancashire Maid," Hannay reminded the irate old man, "would have been just another steamer six months ago, but with Germany doing her best to starve England your vessel has become a very valuable national asset. We English are creatures of habit. John Bull must have his roast beef and boiled mutton in war and peace."

"The admiralty insists we give our beautiful new steamship to a man of whose capabilities we know nothing."

"Didn't some chap in the admiralty tell you everything about this man?"

"Oh, yes, and praised him highly."

Captain Hannay waited politely for old Baugh to identify the nuisance. "I mean you," the ancient bully shrilled. "You! you! And we don't want you. She's been promised to the senior captain of our fleet."

"I imagine that statement terminates the interview, Mr. Baugh." Hannay rose to go.

"Sit down," Baugh commanded rudely. "I'll tell you when the interview is ended. State your qualifications for the job."

"You have my permission to go to the devil, Mr. Baugh."

BAUGH indulged in a senile cackle. "Forthright fellow," he declared. "So you *are* an old navy man. Junior lieutenant retired for disability in 1920. Why should the admiralty wish a cripple on us?"

"When I was a fifteen-year-old naval cadet at Dartmouth, Mr. Baugh, I learned that whatever the admiralty does is right. And I'm not a cripple. I was retired for incipient tuberculosis, the result of getting wet once too often, but I beat it out in five years. And because my pension wasn't sufficient to support my family decently I went into the mercantile marine. However, I'm still subject to orders from the admiralty; hence if directed to take over the Lancashire Maid there is nothing you or I can do about it."

"But I fail to see—"

"Of course, of course," Captain Hannay interrupted him, a little rudely, for he had taken Baugh's measure and found the man not to his liking. "You aren't expected to see, although I am a little surprised that the lessons of the last war have, apparently, been lost on you. Some courteous gentleman and officer in the admiralty carefully explained to you why I am preferred to command the Lancashire Maid instead of your senior skipper who, I make no doubt, is well deserving of the promotion. I dare say he has waited long for it, but he will have to wait longer. You know your steamer is to be armed and that gun crews will be furnished from the royal navy reserve.

"As a retired officer of the royal navy I now belong to the royal navy reserve, and, since losing my last ship (she was bombed the third day of this war) I have been taking an intensive course in the technique of modern antiaircraft gunnery. It's quite different now from the days of the last Great War. So the admiralty is of the opinion that it would be futile to arm the Lancashire Maid unless she is commanded by a man who is competent to train her rather green gun crews to the point of maximum efficiency; who would have an even chance in a running fight with a submarine and who is presumed, because of his former wartime experience, to be able to keep his head when his ship is under fire."

Baugh pretended to digest this information, but Captain Hannay was not deceived. He knew Baugh had summoned him for this interview in order to drive the best bargain possible in the matter of salary. He had sniffed out the skinflint character of the man. So he said:

"My salary as master will be that of a captain in the British royal navy."

"You're a bandit," old Baugh shrilled. "I'll not pay it."

"I'm a captain in the royal navy reserve. You cannot pay less. Where is your vessel lying?"

"At her builders' dock on the Clyde, and there's considerable cargo waiting for her in the Upper Mersey Basin."

"I shall expect you to attend to the formal details of my appointment, Mr. Baugh." Captain Hannay bowed himself out of the office.

Captain Hannay was feeling quite pleased with himself as he went whistling down the hall. Old Baugh was an old bully and he had been outbullied. . . . Nice to have a big, speedy, brand-new ship. Too bad she couldn't have a short shakedown cruise . . . he hoped her chief engineer would be a hard-bitten Scot or Irishman. Ships have a habit of endearing themselves to Gaelic chiefs and the belligerent devils will fight like fiends for their jobs and the thing they love . . . a Diesel-driven vessel with twin screws, eh? . . . She must have a top speed of sixteen knots or better and cruise at fifteen. . . .

He brought her down to the Upper Mersey Basin convoyed by a destroyer, and his chief engineer was a big, black Celt named O'Shaughnessey and her first a Cockney named Pettibone, who had served a long apprenticeship as second in a Kendall, Baugh tramp. The admiralty had already equipped her with two six-inch guns—one on her forecastle head and one on her poop—while two three-inch antiaircraft guns were mounted on top of her house. The gun crews, as he had suspected, were half-trained, with the exception of the old chief petty officer in charge of them —and he knew his business. From the moment he stepped aboard the gun crews knew few idle moments during daylight hours.

THE Lancashire Maid sailed from Liverpool on a blustery day in November, when a high fog hung over the Irish sea. A destroyer led her through the channel in the mine field already laid between Scotland and Ireland; they were through it at sunset and from a radio station near Belfast and another on the coast of Scotland Captain Hannay got a cross bearing that gave him his position accurately; he had laid out his course into the South Atlantic and the destroyer had signaled she would leave him at nine o'clock, after the long twilight that obtains in that latitude had given way to a moonless night.

At six o'clock the fog had lifted. Captain Hannay had dined and had come up on the bridge at eight-thirty o'clock when he heard the distant drone of airplane engines. Mr. Pettibone, whose watch it was, heard that drone, too, and at a nod from the skipper he pulled the whistle cord in a series of quick jerks, that gave the signal for the gun crews to go to the antiaircraft guns on top of the house. Presently Captain Hannay saw three bombers coming down out of the northeast, but still too far away for him to decide whether they were British or German. The destroyer decided that question for him by opening with all her antiaircraft guns—whereupon he ran up on the house to take charge of one of his guns while the old chief petty officer took charge of the other; their bursts were flowering around the oncoming planes as the latter roared over the destroyer—but did not drop any bombs! So Captain Hannay realized the Lancashire Maid was their objective.

Each plane dropped a bomb as it passed over her at about three thousand feet; they had made a diving attack. All six bombs missed. The pattern-bombing of the Germans was not good. All three planes then zoomed to gain altitude for another dive, when something appeared to give them pause. That something was a flight of six British combat planes that dropped out of the sky on top of them. . . . Captain Hannay watched the aerial battle drift away across the sky into the northeast. Just before they were no longer visible he saw, through his glasses, one of the bombers fall off on a wing, go into a tight spiral and drop into the sea.

The crew of the Lancashire Maid was congratulating itself on having escaped when again the distant drone of motors came to them and out of the fast-fading light a lone bomber appeared, pursued by two British combat planes. About a mile from the steamer they caught up with the bomber, as the chatter of machine guns testified—and then the crews of the Lancashire Maid and the destroyer were watching a minor dogfight. The German no longer sought escape; he was maneuvering his huge heavy plane in a truly remarkable manner, giving back burst for burst.

The fight drifted away into the east . . . first one Spitfire went down and then the other . . . then the lone bomber was banking sharply around and heading for the destroyer. She dropped a bomb that exploded about forty feet from that craft . . . she came on, diving for the Lancashire Maid, passed over her at an altitude of a thousand feet—*and failed to drop a bomb* . . . a shell from the destroyer burst under her tail and the people aboard the steamer saw the plane's nose thrust violently downward by the uprush of air from the explosion.

"HE'S out of control," Captain Hannay told the chief petty officer. "He can't go up and he can't turn . . . he's losing altitude rapidly."

A mile ahead the bomber crashed in a cloud of spray and the destroyer, with a farewell toot from her siren, turned back, her commanding officer confident there would be no more bombing attacks on the Lancashire Maid before darkness hid her. And there was a possibility of picking up one or both of the Spitfire pilots.

As Captain Hannay came back on the bridge Mr. Pettibone said: "That bomber's floatin', sir."

"Ram it," the skipper ordered. A half mile from the plane they saw a small light describing continuous arcs; as they came slowly up to it Captain Hannay saw a man standing on top of the fuselage signaling with an electric torch. "Suppose we'll have to pick the fellow up," he told Mr. Pettibone, and jammed the marine telegraph handles back to half speed, then slow speed. With the bow of the Lancashire Maid fifty yards from the floating bomber the steamer crept up under bare steerage way; when her bow touched the wreck and commenced moving it aside the boatswain threw a line down to the lone survivor, who caught it, made the bight of it fast around his body and jumped overboard. He was hauled aboard as the Lancashire Maid was backing away; she came on again at full speed and drove the bomber under.

The second mate came up on the bridge presently with interesting news. The German they had picked up was the pilot of the plane the destroyer had downed. The other members of her crew had all been killed by machine-gun fire; before landing he had dumped his gasoline to guarantee sufficient buoyancy to keep the plane afloat. The second said the prisoner was a mere boy and a lieutenant of sorts.

"Officer, eh?" Captain Hannay murmured. "Well, rank has its privileges, even if the lad is a prisoner of war. Tell the steward, mister, to put him in the owner's suite and to provide him with a dressing gown and a pair of slippers from my wardrobe. You'll find a bottle of rather good whisky in the lower drawer of my dresser. Please give the prisoner a five-finger ration to take the chill out of him and instruct the steward to serve him dinner in the stateroom. Thereafter he is to take the prisoner's clothing down into the engine room to be dried out; when it is dry he is to press it and deliver it to the young man in the morning."

WHEN Captain Hannay descended into the dining saloon at eight o'clock the following morning he found the German aviator lingering blissfully over an English cigarette and his third cup of coffee. He rose respectfully as the master entered; then, observing the ribbons on the left breast of the captain's uniform, he clicked his heels and saluted smartly.

"Stand easy, son," the Englishman greeted him kindly. Then, because he assumed his prisoner would not understand English, he essayed a sad flight in his Anglo-Saxon brand of German. "Spreckles English?"

"Yes, sir, I speak English quite as well as you do." The prisoner smiled amiably. He was a tall, handsome lad, dark (probably a Bavarian) and his smile bespoke the traditional kindliness and good nature of the Bavarian. "May I not express to you, sir, my profound gratitude for saving my life? Also, for your charming hospitality since the fortunes of war have made me your prisoner."

Like so many Englishmen when charged with actions that evoke expressions of gratitude, Captain Hannay was embarrassed. "Mere trifle," he murmured. "Pray do not mention it."

"I suppose you'll transfer me to some inbound vessel if you meet one, sir?"

"Not unless you decide to be a nuisance."

"I hope you will not confine me. I'll give you my parole to be a perfect guest and not violate your hospitality. Certainly a jolly voyage out to Buenos Aires and return is to be preferred to a prison camp."

"Who told you we were bound for Buenos Aires?"

"You cleared from Liverpool for Buenos Aires and the record is there for those who care to look into it."

"Why didn't you stick around instead of abandoning your mission when the Spitfires attacked?"

"My squadron commander did not, apparently, like the odds against us, and fled. I had to follow."

"You dropped one bomb at the destroyer and missed her, but by a very narrow margin. Surely you hadn't expended them all."

"Those Spitfires had washed out my crew. They were all dead with the exception of the man at the bomb-rack release and he was mortally wounded. He carried on while life was in him, but I think he was dead when I passed over your ship, sir."

"You were sent out with orders to get the Lancashire Maid."

"Yes, sir. Our antiblockade plans called for her elimination. Ten-thousand-ton refrigerator ships are very valuable to our enemy. If I had gotten you it would have been time enough then to try for the destroyer again. I had six bombs left. We knew

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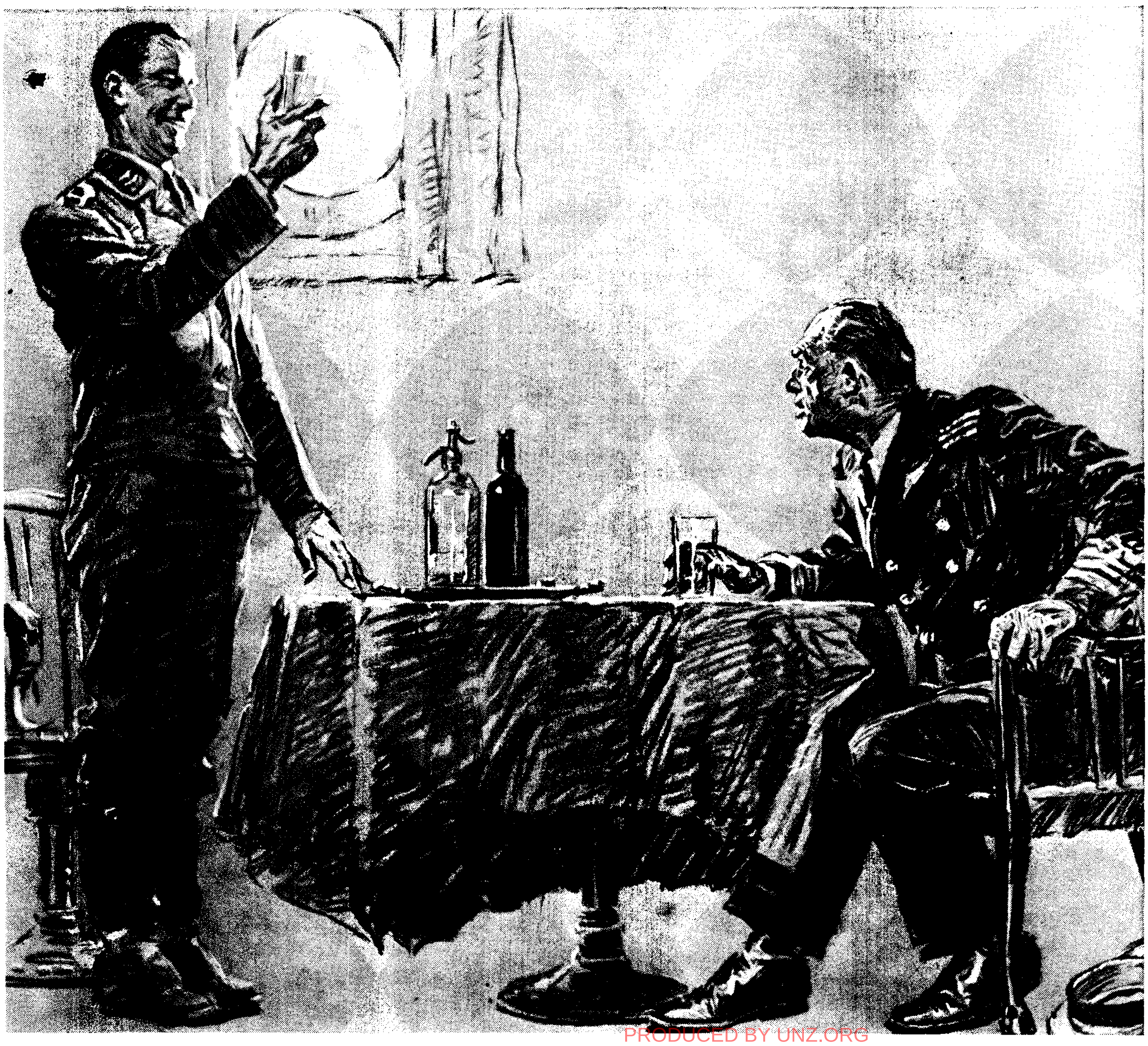
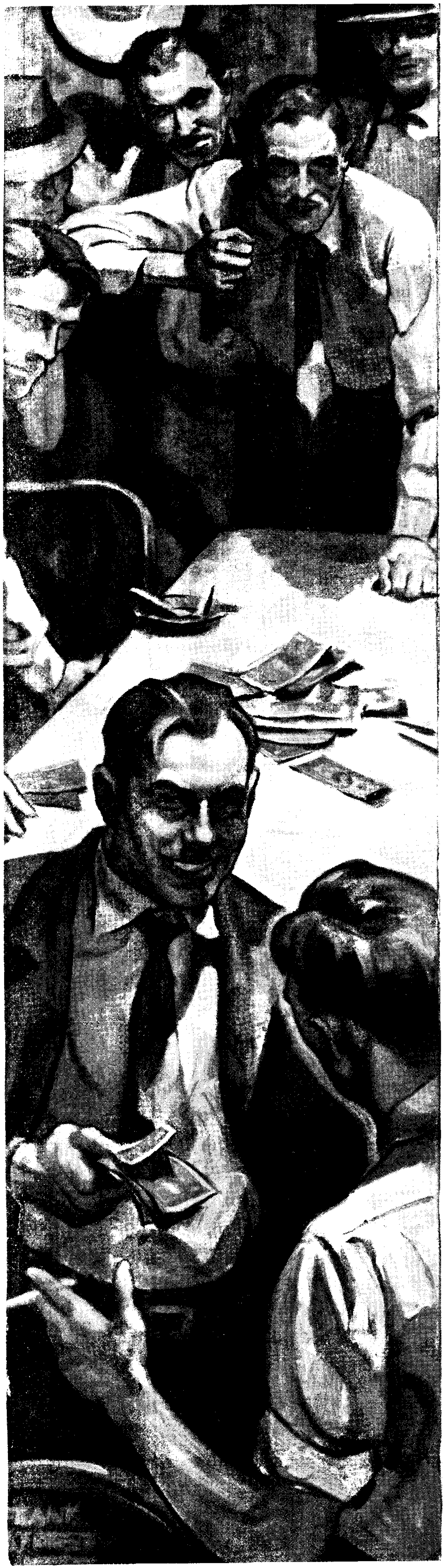


The tall prisoner mixed his drink, grinned, raised his glass and said: "Here's to an incurable old English softie"



Big Winner

By Meyer Levin

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK STREET

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

AT BERT and Gert's Place the hamburgers had more meat in them, and were seasoned with philosophy. Bert, palming the halved bun, would inquire discouragingly, "Everything on it?" Receiving the customary yeah in response, he'd load the hamburger with the required junk—mustard, relish, sliced pickle, sliced onion—but pepper the whole with remarks. Bert was a believer in the simple and moderate life, unadorned by nonessential trimming.

"What's the pickle for?" he would say. "Covers the taste of the meat. What's the mustard for? Kills the taste of the pickle. What's the onion for? So you won't taste anything at all." Sighing, as he handed over the crammed bun with the meat bursting the edges, he'd tell the tale of a man he knew: "Got rich, had to buy himself a fancy twenty-room house. House like that, you have to have a big limousine, chauffeur. Then you've got to have a place to drive to—beach house, to get away from town. Beach, you've got to have a yacht, so's to get away from the house. Fellow ended up naked on a desert island—happier 'n he ever was in his life."

The moral was: "Eat your meat plain and you won't have no bellyache."

Gert, from her deck chair behind the counter, would pacify the hamburger eaters: "Like to try some of my homemade tomato relish?"

Sliding the relish onto the counter, Bert would concede, " 'Tain't bad. She made it herself. Kills the onion taste." And, heaving at his joke, he'd collapse into his old easy chair, beside the wife. There they'd sit, chubby, easy-fleshed, enthroned like two Buddhas.

The pair of them did the biggest business along the beach. Poppas, across the road, complained, "Sure, they can put ten cents in meat in every hamburger. They are retired. But me, I got to make a cent profit. I got to retire some day, too."

They were retired only in the sense that they obviously had no intention of going anywhere else. Bert, it was rumored, had once lost considerable wealth, through business adversities. Either this fall had given him a horror of commerce, or convinced Gert that her husband was no businessman. For the place was handled by Gert, in person. She controlled the cash register.

Apparently, Bert's debacle had left them enough to pay for the "shack." It was a long store with a restaurant counter in front, a juke-box dance area behind. They owned the place clear. "Money? What's it for?" Bert would jest.

The pair liked to sit benignly on their thrones behind the counter, watching a few couples jitterbug. If the kids didn't have enough nickels to keep the box going, Bert would feed the music himself. Older beachers might drift in, spend the evening gossiping with Bert and Gert over a bottle of beer.

Joe Lennon, who operated the pinball games along the beach, simply couldn't understand Bert. For a year Joe had been after Bert to put in a couple more games. "You could handle four, five games. You do more business than anybody on the beach as it is."

"Sure. Because I've only got two," said the apostle of moderation. "If I filled the place with them I'd do as bad as anyone else."

Another horror to Lennon was Bert's constant refusal to install a line of hard liquor on his shelves. Now that state licenses were no longer being issued, Bert's old permit was the only one on the beach. Would he sell it? No. Would he make use of it? No. Beer was the limit.

"Beer is a good, sociable drink," Bert said. "We run a quiet place."

No man could really be like that, Lennon insisted. It was his theory that Bert had once been a real heller, and was now under the reformatory influence and strict control of his wife. "I'm gonna get that guy out and loosen him up, once!" Lennon planned.

So Lennon invited Bert to the Steak Dinner and Smoker of the Stags.

"Sure, get out of here and have some fun with the boys!" Gert insisted. So Tuesday, suppertime, Lennon called for Bert. As they were leaving, Gert opened the cash register and counted out three dollars. "You might want to buy the boys a drink," she said to her spouse.

The dinner was completely to Bert's taste. Huge solid chunks of steak. No fixings. No nonsense.

Bert drank four bottles of beer, felt fine. As soon as the meal was over, the Stags pushed a couple of tables together and started a crap game. Lennon steered Bert right to it. "Here's our chance!"

"Never gamble," Bert said.

"Why, this ain't gambling. This is just a little sociable fun." The men were plunking down bets no smaller than a dollar.

Bert said, just to be sociable, he'd be glad to get into the game. But he didn't know how it was played.

"A man of fifty!" Lennon was aghast. "And never shot craps in your life?"

Bert shook his head. "Gert and me, we don't care much for that kind of thing." However, to prove he was no bluenose, he put down one of the dollars Gert had given him.

"How you betting?" the shooter demanded.

Bert was confused. "With him or against him?" Lennon simplified the sport. "Why, with him," Bert responded genially.

The dice rolled. They covered his dollar with two more. Bert grinned. He drank another bottle of beer. His pile thickened. He was getting a great kick out of the game. Lennon slapped his back. A lot of the men he knew exclaimed admiringly. "Look at old Bert!" "You old dog!" Lennon was certain the old boy was converted. Probably chase the jitterbugs out of his back room and open up with poker, craps and roulette!

"With him or against him?" they asked Bert. And every time he said, "With him!"

ALL at once he picked up his pile and said to Lennon, "Let's go!"

"But you can't quit when you're ahead like that."

"Why not? If I stay in, I'll win more, or lose. Wouldn't like to do either. Best time to quit, ain't it?"

He bought drinks for everybody. He counted his profits—fourteen dollars. He bought more drinks. Then he had the urge to go to the beach. Lennon drove.

"Stop at Poppas'!" Bert suggested.

There were half a dozen customers in his competitor's place.

"Order anything you want!" Bert cried, flourishing his winnings. He bought a box of chocolates for a middle-aged woman. "Take yourself a couple of cigars, best you got!" he ordered the Greek. Poppas complied, grinning, removing the cigar bands to signify he wouldn't put the goods back for sale.

Bert played the pin game. He filled the juke-box with nickels. When he departed, he found he had barely managed to spend four dollars.

"Ten o'clock," he said. "Let's go home."

Lennon decided it was no use. He delivered Bert to Gert.

"How was it?" the wife asked.

Bert hustled behind the counter. "Wonderful. Swell."

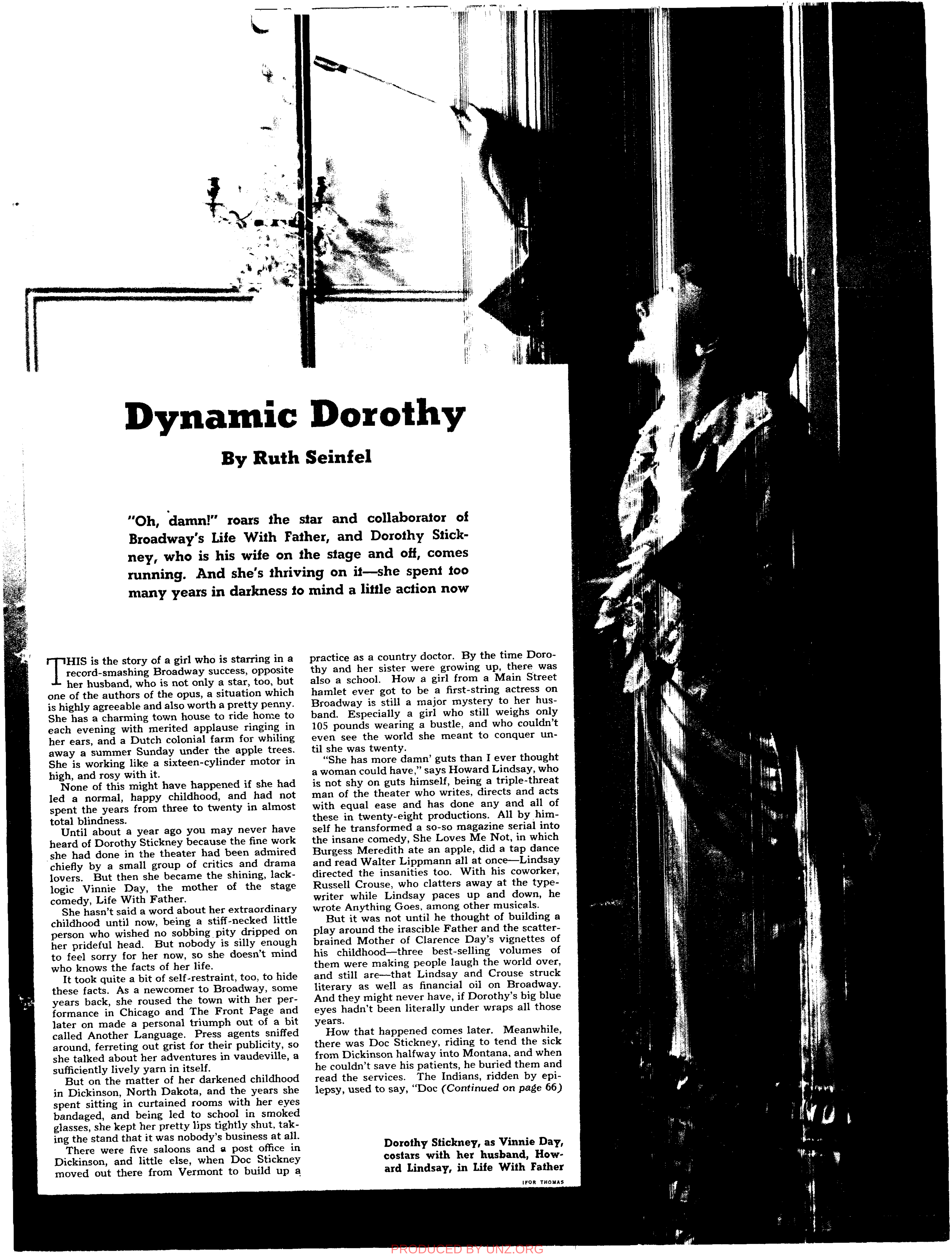
Lennon watched in disgust as he heaved the remainder of his winnings from his pockets. The man pulled out every last nickel. "Look, I won some money! Played craps. Never did it before in my life. But I won!"

Gert opened the register, socked the dough away.

Lennon simply couldn't understand a man like that. "Listen, Bert," he said. "You win a pocketful of dough. You know when to stop and get out of the game. But what do you do with it all? Give half to your competitor, and then come home and let your wife grab the rest! Not a nickel left for yourself. What did you get out of it? Not a thing!"

Bert stared at Lennon in astonishment. "What did I get out of it?" he repeated. "Why, I won, didn't I!"

He picked up his pile and said to Lennon, "Let's go." "But you can't quit when you're ahead like that," Lennon told him



Dynamic Dorothy

By Ruth Seinfel

"Oh, damn!" roars the star and collaborator of Broadway's Life With Father, and Dorothy Stickney, who is his wife on the stage and off, comes running. And she's thriving on it—she spent too many years in darkness to mind a little action now

THIS is the story of a girl who is starring in a record-smashing Broadway success, opposite her husband, who is not only a star, too, but one of the authors of the opus, a situation which is highly agreeable and also worth a pretty penny. She has a charming town house to ride home to each evening with merited applause ringing in her ears, and a Dutch colonial farm for whiling away a summer Sunday under the apple trees. She is working like a sixteen-cylinder motor in high, and rosy with it.

None of this might have happened if she had led a normal, happy childhood, and had not spent the years from three to twenty in almost total blindness.

Until about a year ago you may never have heard of Dorothy Stickney because the fine work she had done in the theater had been admired chiefly by a small group of critics and drama lovers. But then she became the shining, lack-logic Vinnie Day, the mother of the stage comedy, Life With Father.

She hasn't said a word about her extraordinary childhood until now, being a stiff-necked little person who wished no sobbing pity dripped on her prideful head. But nobody is silly enough to feel sorry for her now, so she doesn't mind who knows the facts of her life.

It took quite a bit of self-restraint, too, to hide these facts. As a newcomer to Broadway, some years back, she roused the town with her performance in Chicago and The Front Page and later on made a personal triumph out of a bit called Another Language. Press agents sniffed around, ferreting out grist for their publicity, so she talked about her adventures in vaudeville, a sufficiently lively yarn in itself.

But on the matter of her darkened childhood in Dickinson, North Dakota, and the years she spent sitting in curtained rooms with her eyes bandaged, and being led to school in smoked glasses, she kept her pretty lips tightly shut, taking the stand that it was nobody's business at all.

There were five saloons and a post office in Dickinson, and little else, when Doc Stickney moved out there from Vermont to build up a practice as a country doctor. By the time Dorothy and her sister were growing up, there was also a school. How a girl from a Main Street hamlet ever got to be a first-string actress on Broadway is still a major mystery to her husband. Especially a girl who still weighs only 105 pounds wearing a bustle, and who couldn't even see the world she meant to conquer until she was twenty.

"She has more damn' guts than I ever thought a woman could have," says Howard Lindsay, who is not shy on guts himself, being a triple-threat man of the theater who writes, directs and acts with equal ease and has done any and all of these in twenty-eight productions. All by himself he transformed a so-so magazine serial into the insane comedy, She Loves Me Not, in which Burgess Meredith ate an apple, did a tap dance and read Walter Lippmann all at once—Lindsay directed the insanities too. With his coworker, Russell Crouse, who clatters away at the typewriter while Lindsay paces up and down, he wrote Anything Goes, among other musicals.

But it was not until he thought of building a play around the irascible Father and the scatter-brained Mother of Clarence Day's vignettes of his childhood—three best-selling volumes of them were making people laugh the world over, and still are—that Lindsay and Crouse struck literary as well as financial oil on Broadway. And they might never have, if Dorothy's big blue eyes hadn't been literally under wraps all those years.

How that happened comes later. Meanwhile, there was Doc Stickney, riding to tend the sick from Dickinson halfway into Montana, and when he couldn't save his patients, he buried them and read the services. The Indians, ridden by epilepsy, used to say, "Doc *(Continued on page 66)*

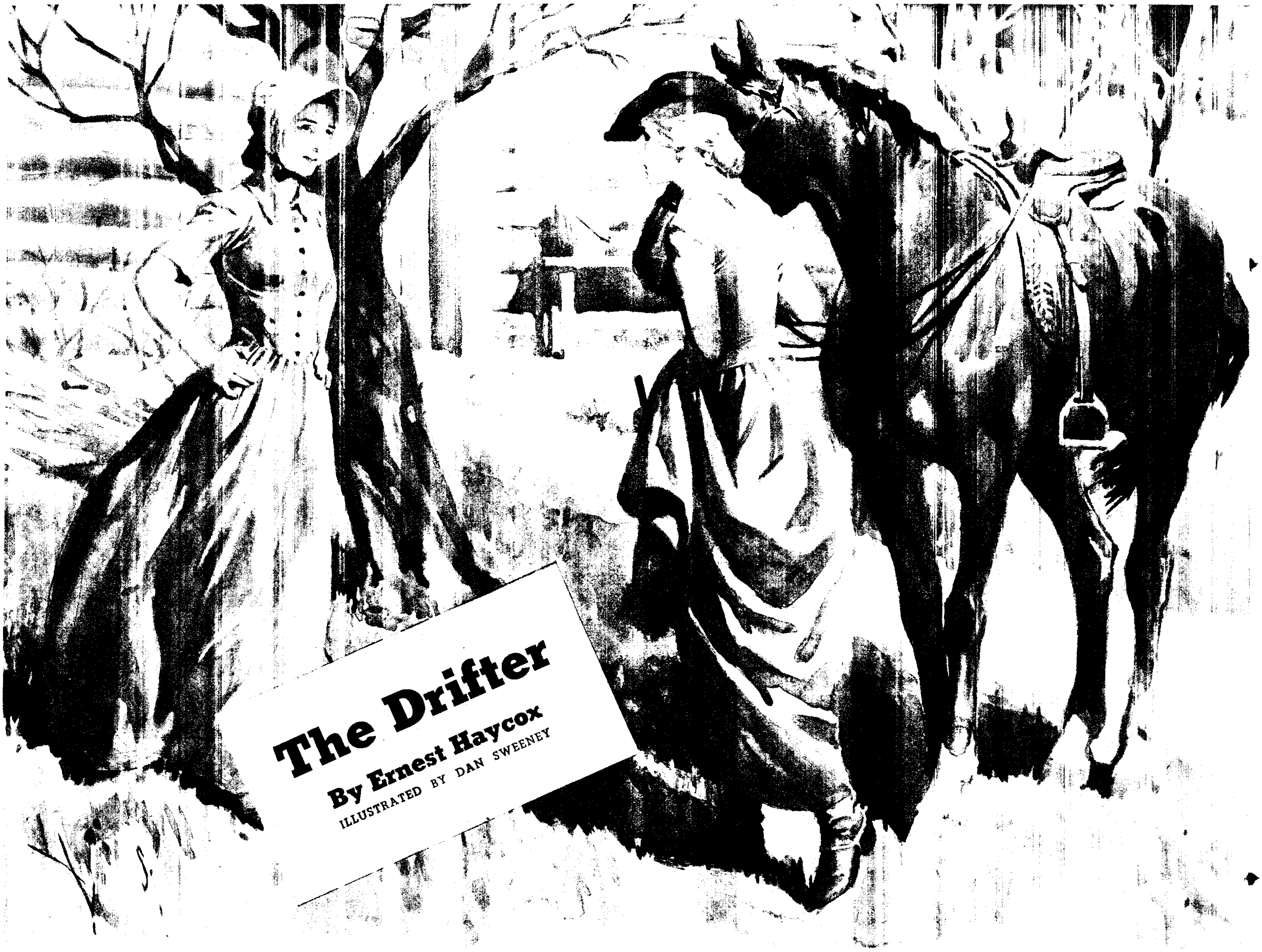
Dorothy Stickney, as Vinnie Day, costars with her husband, Howard Lindsay, in Life With Father

IFOR THOMAS

The Drifter

By Ernest Haycox

ILLUSTRATED BY DAN SWEENEY



Portia was ready for a quarrel and half disposed to make one. "Why did you tell Jim that?" asked Aurora

The Story Thus Far:

LED by Grat DePard, owner of the Broken Bit outfit, the cattlemen near the frontier town of Prairie City are terrorizing the homesteaders of the region. Realizing that the sheriff, Ben Borders, will not take orders from them, they agree to vote for Jesse Morspeare, who hates homesteaders, at the coming election.

Shortly before the election is held, Jim Keene, a wandering Texan, reaches Prairie City. He decides to stay for a time and do what he can toward protecting the homesteaders. . . . With money lent her by Tim Sullivan, Aurora Brant—who, like her father before her, is a homesteader—starts a little store. Whereupon, DePard informs the near-by homesteaders that they must not patronize her. Incensed when he learns of this, Keene tries to inveigle DePard and Red John, his foreman, into fighting a gun battle with him. But the men won't fight. . . .

The election is held in Prairie City, and it is announced that Sheriff Borders has been reelected. A few minutes later, however, a puncher named Naves (who works for DePard) shoots Borders to death. . . . Meanwhile, Keene has won a number of friends—among them, Cleve Stewart (a ranchman who is in love with Aurora), and Portia Crews, daughter of the owner of Rafter T. . . .

Acting on orders from their boss, DePard's men steal two of Keene's horses. Keene follows the marauders to the Broken Bit headquarters. There he is captured and locked in a bunkhouse. But—left alone with Morspeare, when DePard leads his hirelings out that night to harass the homesteaders—he succeeds in overpowering Morspeare and escaping; not however, until he has set the ranch house on fire.

On the trail, he encounters Portia Crews. She tells him that he must go into hiding for a time. Then she leads him to a narrow canyon (an ideal hide-out) and leaves him. . . . DePard receives word that his ranch house is in flames. Learning how the fire started, he is infuriated. He sets forth to find Jim Keene. . . .

Realizing that they are in grave peril, the homesteaders assemble. Aurora Brant listens as they discuss the situation. One of the men—Brighthand—calmly announces that he is taking no chances. He says that he is leaving.

VII

AURORA looked at Spackman, knowing him to be more of a fighter. But now Spackman nursed his pipe in silence. Elijah Patterson said: "What a shame. No law, no sheriff. Nothing but a man that can do what he pleases."

"Can he now?" said Kilrain.

"Well, he has."

"Sure—he caught us by surprise. But there's a next time. Or will we be hidin' in the root cellar?"

"Can't be ridin' back and forth all winter, like an army. There's farmin' or there's fightin'. Can't do both."

"Do one thing first," pointed out Kilrain. "There'll be plenty of time for farmin' after."

"You think you can face a bunch of gunmen?" asked George Lacey.

"As for that," said Kilrain, "I'll pick me own spot. When a man's too heavy for me fists I use a board. There's ways, Lacey. There's ways."

"We're leavin'," repeated Brighthand.

The hardness of their position was on them all. They sat in desperate reflection of their injustices, but they were family men and that responsibility was heavy. All this was going through them, swaying them and influencing them. Comrie said:

"Aurora, you've got to leave that place. It is the worst spot of all."

"Yes," said Spackman, "that's right. You want I should take my team and move you?"

She walked to her pony, stepped to the saddle. "No," she said. "I'm not leaving."

Comrie cast a sly glance at Spackman; he looked around at the other men, and at Aurora again. "You're not afraid, Aurora?"

"I can be afraid," she said. "But I'll stay there." She started from the yard, but turned back. She had something more to say: "If this man can scare you out here, some other man will scare you out somewhere else. If you're going to run, you'll always be running. Do you know why that man dares to raid the flats? Because he believes homesteaders have no courage. He believes they'll run when he frightens them. And after you're gone he'll laugh at you and know he's right. Just remember—he'll be laughing at you."

She went out of the yard at a run. She hadn't been angry in the beginning but she was now because she was thinking of Keene who had ridden straight at Broken Bit, one man against the outfit. She remembered the cut of his shoulders against the sunshine and, riding toward the ford, she had her dark and rising worry. Where was he now?

PORTIA returned to Keene's hide-out before daylight, bringing him food, a frying pan and a coffeepot. She brought him also one of her father's razors and a cake of soap. "You're beginning to look like an outlaw with those whiskers," she remarked, and cooked breakfast while he shaved. It pleased her to see how much satisfaction he got from the meal. It troubled her to think of what might happen to him if he stayed in the country, but it was unbearably hard to think of him leaving. The truth was—and this she had decided in the night hours—she would go with him when he left, if he asked. If he did not ask—

He said: "You're a help, Portia."

She was hungry for whatever kindness he could offer. Not that kindness was enough, but perhaps behind the kindness there was something else that could be encouraged. She lay back on the gallery floor, beside the fire. Day had not yet penetrated the heavy, crystal mists lying in the narrow canyon and a chill dampness clung to everything so that the fire was a comfort. Keene, having shaved, looked fresh again. He had slept away his fatigue and his body once more was controlled by restlessness. For her own part she was half asleep, having spent most of the night riding to and from the hide-out.

She said: "I guess I've got to get out of here before it is light. I don't want to give away your hide-out. What are you going to do?"

"Don't know yet."

She sat up. "You might ride over the hill and keep going?"

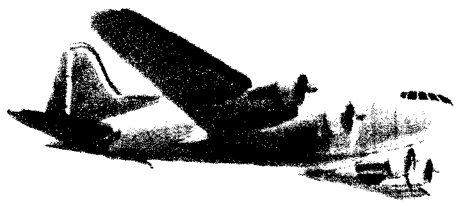
"No," he said.

She got to her feet, finding it hard to

(Continued on page 60)

The Airport Story he Year
INTERNATIONAL
TRACTRACTOR

INTERNATIONAL'S WIN AT WASHINGTON



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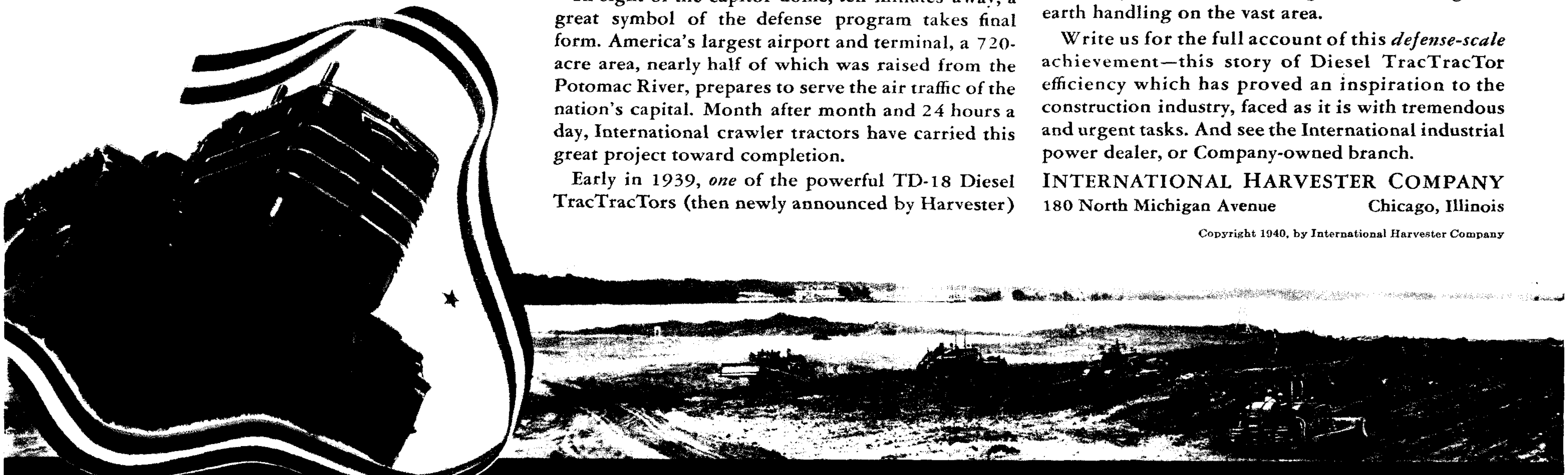


INTERNATIONAL Industrial Power

Mustang Music

Continued from page 16

new fields, the theater. After the appearance of the band in New York, when S.M.U. played Fordham, agents descended on the young men, and the summer vacation of thirteen weeks was spent on a big Eastern theater circuit. On the band were such goofy guys as Jimmy Cullum, Duvall Williams, Ralph Hamm and Layton Bailey, who supplied a brand of humor which not only slew the paying guests but also threatened to rob S.M.U. of its major glory. The year was 1935, the band was getting $2,500 a week, the lads were very happy and the theater bookers wanted them to continue indefinitely. At this juncture the folks back home in Dallas began to get frantic. They begged, they cajoled, they finally uttered maledictions. The new football season was about to start and they had no band. It was treason.

"We gave in," says the Reverend Mr. Goodrich, sadly, but one can still see that glint in his eye that belongs exclusively to a swing-band leader and is never, never possessed by a parson.

But those were the great days. There was the night in San Francisco when they were on a national hookup and Jimmy Cullum arrived late at the studio. Mr. Goodrich, shocked, asked him to get the heck outside (this being his big swear word) and stay out. Whereupon Mr. Cullum went outside, placed his nose against the glass opening onto the broadcasting room and wept.

"Bawled like a calf," the others recall triumphantly. "Tears as big as a platter."

It was Guy Lee Perkinson, however, who ruined Tom Johnson's magic act where Mr. Johnson was supposed to escape from a sealed coffin. Mr. Perkinson swung the coffin around just once too often, so that instead of Mr. Johnson disappearing at the rear through a trap door, he was deposited right smack down in the footlights, looking extremely silly.

Bandsmen Can't Be Halted

The stage-band idea had been developed by Goodrich in short tours throughout Texas. The college frowned upon them but the band couldn't be halted, taking class cuts and other penalties rather than missing this diversion. Being nice college boys, they were entertained in the various towns at the homes of the more prominent Methodist brethren, and there was some concern about one member of the organization who would drag his bag up the stairs to the guest room in the home of the town's most prominent banker and then lean his head over the banister to bellow:

"When do we eat!"

They had one of their sad moments when they agreed to appear in an American Legion parade in Los Angeles and found that the route was a mere seven miles. Ordinarily this wouldn't have been difficult for a group of young mustangs from Texas (the band being known as the Mustang Band), but it happens that in the interests of novelty and zip the band marches at a pace about four times faster than a centipede wearing prickly underwear. That experience in co-operation almost cost them their lives but they went through with it.

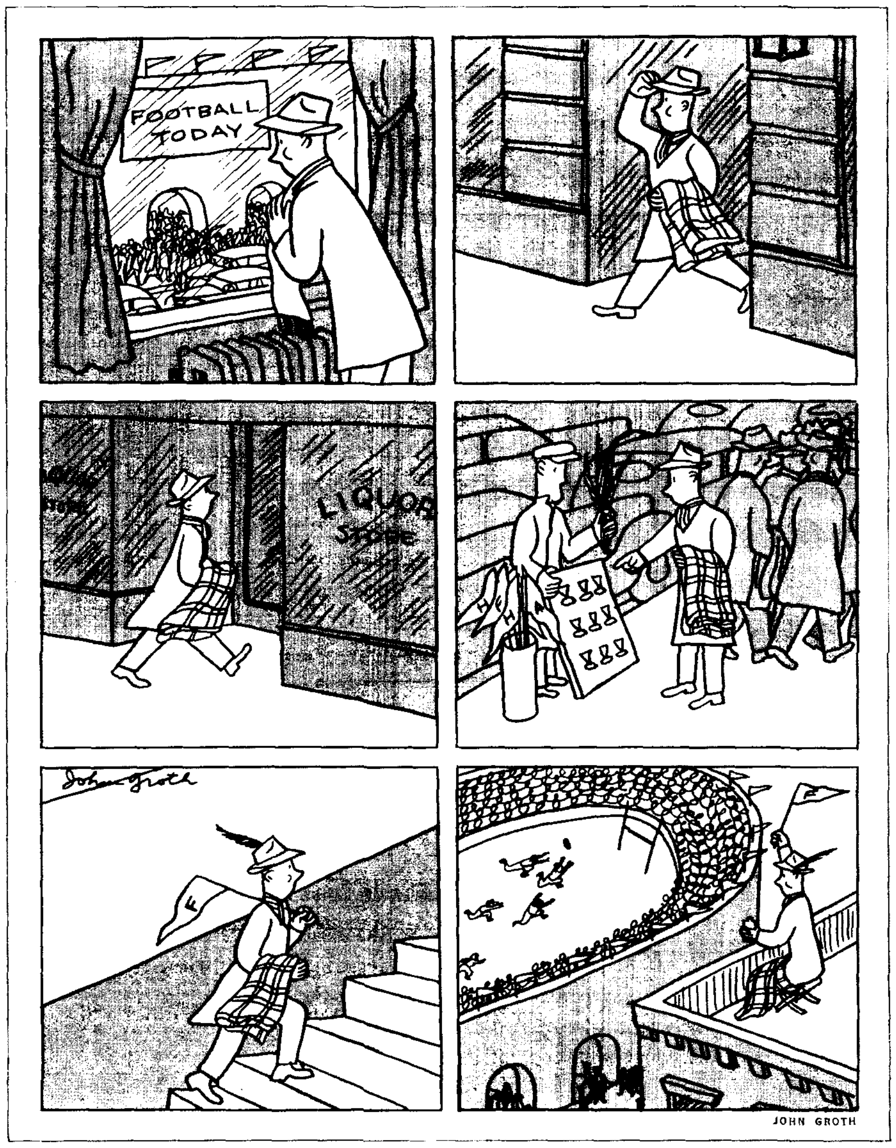
But this was evened up on that same Los Angeles trip when the pastor of a church invited them to appear and play at his Sunday-night service. Mr. Goodrich, about to don the cloth himself, was a bit loath.

"Brother Smith," he said tentatively, "you understand, of course, that we don't play church music. . . ."

Brother Smith understood perfectly. The band arrived, played Joy to the World and whatever other devotional numbers they possessed, and the congregation looked bored. Mr. Smith then requested that they play Peruna, which they did in straight fashion, still reverential.

"No, no!" remonstrated Brother Smith. "Play it the way you did at the game."

They played it and the congregation acted as if they might be Dallas devotees themselves. Much enthusiasm in the church. Then Brother Smith faced his parishioners and asked them what they wanted the band to play now. As one man they arose and shouted: "*Tiger Rag!*" This will give you an idea of how things are in the Southwest.



The band now has Frank Malone as full-time director, and playing in the band is a great college honor. Sweaters are awarded at the end of the year and members of the organization must keep up in their studies or they can't play. The band awards ten scholarships a year and Malone will recruit as avidly for a good oboe player as Matty Bell will for a halfback.

Malone estimates that sixty per cent of the members work their way through college, assisted by the Dad's Club of Dallas, which rounds up jobs for them. They have a Pigskin Revue every fall which nets about $2,000 and keeps the band solvent.

The band has become so well-known that most of the players have come to S.M.U. because of the band and are not merely in the band because they are students at S.M.U.

The band plays at all football, basketball and baseball games and accompanies the football team to all out-of-town games. It averages about 5,000 miles a year in travel. During the spring months the band turns into a classical organization and gives four concerts, playing the music of the greatest composers just to show that there is something more in the world than swing.

A Club in Itself

The band has developed many players who are now with name bands. As a matter of plain fact the band alumni constitute the most clannish group ever invented. They may once have belonged to fraternities and have had other allegiances but after a spell in the band nothing else ever matters. They see one another whenever they can, will throw a reunion at the wink of a lash and will return to take part in the Pigskin Revue at the slightest suggestion.

In the great days of 1935 nothing pleased the boys more than appearing in a hotel lobby in disreputable clothes and doing a German-band act. This always ended with the participants flat on their backs, blaring their horns desperately toward the roof in an effort to conquer Hearts and Flowers or some other classic of the cornfields.

"We used to get pretty good money in the hat," recalls Mr. Cullum.

On all trips up till last year when the animal got hurt, they took along a small horse, which of course was called Peruna. It was a mustang whose growth had been stunted and the bandsmen treated it as a pet dog. One day in New York when the busses failed to show up to take the band to the Polo Grounds, they used the subway, leading Peruna down the stairs, bumping him over the turnstile and establishing him snugly in among the straphangers. The New Yorkers looked at him curiously for a minute and then went back to reading their papers, apparently convinced that if the nag was there it must be legal and all right. Peruna always stayed at the hotel along with the boys, being kept in the baggage room in the special crate made for him and only refraining from having his meals in the dining room because he didn't like the food.

Altogether it is a great institution, the Mustang Band. In the old days the football coaches sometimes got sore when the crowds refused to let the band get off the field between halves but the change of sentiment is complete now, to the point where the football team refused to go ahead with a game several years ago in the Cotton Bowl at Dallas because some officious ticket takers refused to let the band in at the front gate.

"No Peruna; no football," said the gridiron heroes steadfastly.

Touchdown Music

As a matter of fact the effect upon an opposing team of the turmoil the band generates when S.M.U. gets close to the goal line must be terrifying. It starts with a rumble and a concentrated screeching of the clarinets, rises in intensity with the entrance of the trumpets and at last has the whole band going full blast in an indescribable mélange of sound that is calculated to make the mane of a lion stand straight aloft. By this time the cheering section is worked into a frenzy and it requires the most steadfast nerves on the part of the enemy to withstand it. They estimate down in Dallas that from the thirty-yard mark the band can almost bully the team across for a touchdown.

There is, of course, a minority around Dallas who yearn for the old-style band playing the standard marches, but they are swamped by the thousands who never get tired of Peruna and its swing brothers.

Texas Christian and Rice are closely following the S.M.U. pattern and it is noticeable in the excellent University of Texas band (military type) that even they march with a rapidity that would ruin any company of infantry.

But what will keep the Mustang band pure to its tradition are its alumni. They join it as if they were taking the veil and never cease to worship it. This was best exemplified on the occasion when the celebrated Mr. Cullum spent so much time in the company of convivial friends that he missed the bus. He wired ahead to Mr. Goodrich requesting the prompt telegraphic return of five bucks so he could rejoin his mates. The future Reverend Mr. Goodrich, not being taken in by such large gestures, was calmly figuring out the exact bus fare needed for the journey when he was approached by Duvall Williams.

"You're nuts if you send him anything," he cried. "That Jimmy wouldn't miss a concert if he had to walk the whole way on broken beer bottles in his bare feet."

Mr. Goodrich finally wired him ninety cents, just as a token of good will. Mr. Cullum lost it immediately in a slot machine but he made the concert that night with ease, getting a hitchhike late in the afternoon when all seemed lost.

NOTHING ELSE LIKE IT IN THE WORLD!

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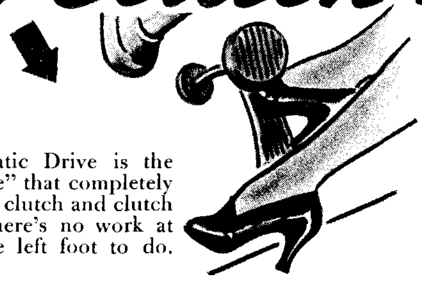

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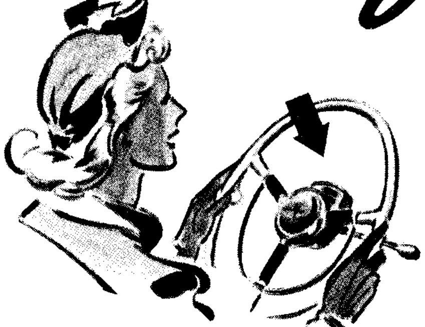

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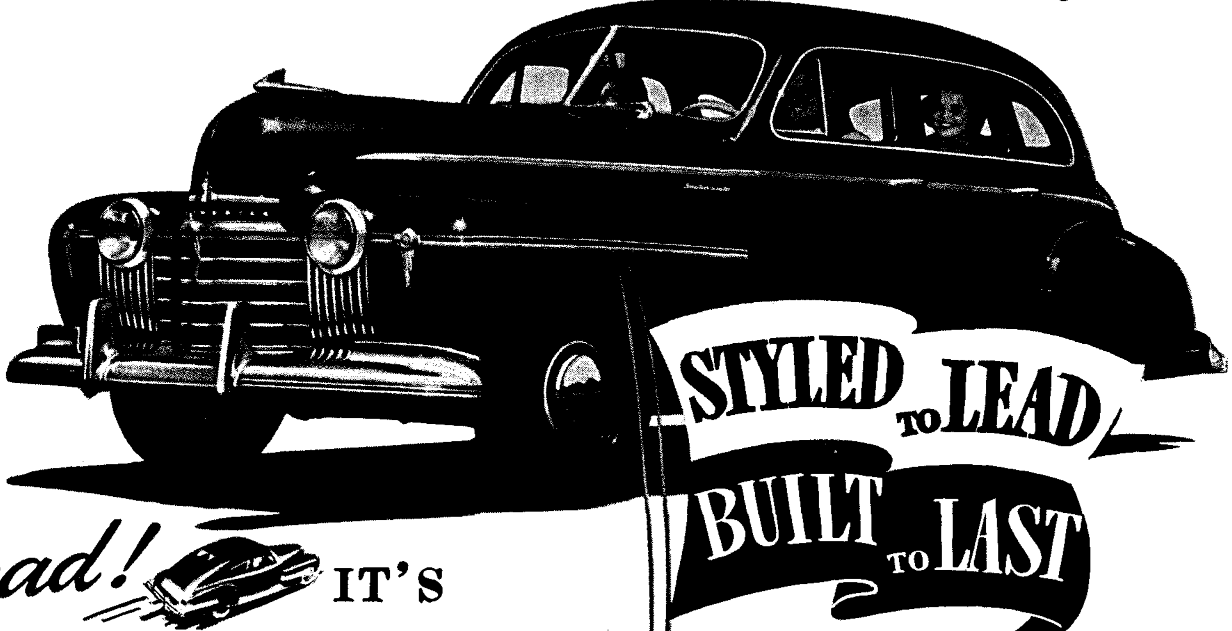

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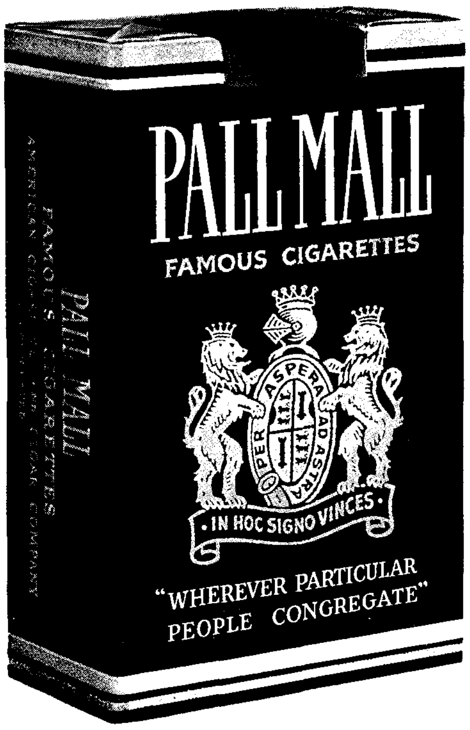
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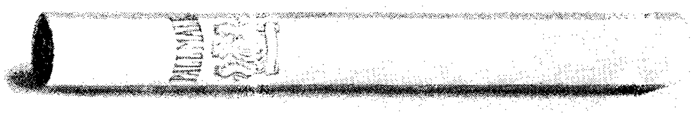

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"WHEREVER PARTICULAR PEOPLE CONGREGATE"

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Night Alarm

Continued from page 14

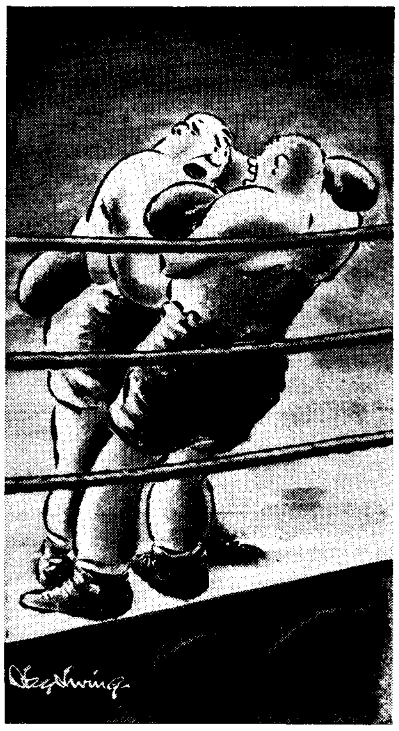
It was only ten nights since he'd seen her first, so O'Mara knew the something couldn't be love—ten nights since he'd stopped and said hello, while she smiled up at him from the areaway of Number Twenty-seven. The next night, every night after that, he'd stopped and talked when he saw her—but nothing important, nothing close.

"Well," he said, and grinned a little stiffly at her, "I'll be pushing on. But I'll be around at three again. Think you'll be out?"

"I might," Sally Cross said.

O'Mara waved the club and went off. She didn't know that he was thinking how pretty she looked; all that was in her mind was a rather petulant idea that she was too small, really, to scare a man as big as O'Mara.

Johnny Wetherell arrived at half past one. She was in the lower hall then, coming up from the kitchen after drinking a glass of milk, and she answered his ring. With a brief case under his arm, stouter, a bit more impressive than he had been in high school, he ducked his head at her briefly and asked if Mr. Joralemon was still expecting *him*. Then, in the hall, he looked at her more closely.



"Who's shovin'?"

JAY IRVING

"Here," he said, rather uncertainly. "Aren't you—" He grabbed her hand, grinning widely. "Sally Cross! I thought I— What in the world are you doing here?"

It wasn't a long story; Sally Cross gave it to him in the few moments that they paused in the hall. Mrs. Spencer had had the stroke at her summer home in the Berkshires, and they had sent Sally Cross out from the hospital to take care of her; and then, when Mrs. Spencer had been moved down to the city, she had come on down with her because Miss Larsen didn't want to leave Pittsfield, and the old lady needed attention on the train.

"But I never saw you there," Johnny Wetherell said. "At Mrs. Spencer's. And I was out there twice."

"No. I had night duty."

"Well," Johnny Wetherell said, enormously pleased, "no wonder Mrs. Spencer's so much better. You'd pull anyone out of anything."

She said gravely, "I'm sorry that's not true. She's terribly ill, Johnny. The day we brought her here she had a second stroke. She's still unconscious."

Johnny Wetherell frowned at her; there was something here he didn't understand, he said. On the phone today Mr. Joralemon said—

A door opened on the floor above; a slim man in light silk pajamas and a blue robe came down the stairs slowly.

"I'm Arthur Joralemon," he said. "Mrs. Spencer's nephew. I'd given up hope of seeing you tonight."

Johnny Wetherell said something about motor trouble. His old car—

Arthur Joralemon murmured: "Yes," as if that didn't interest him at all.

"You've met Miss Cross, I take it?"

"Old friends," Johnny Wetherell said, glancing at her with a smile. "She's the girl I took to all the high-school dances. I keep her picture around the house now to make my wife properly jealous of me."

"Indeed," Arthur Joralemon said, with his detached air of weary absorption. He opened the living-room door and went in with Johnny Wetherell.

SALLY CROSS started back along the hall then to the small private elevator nestled under the stairs. And there, in the dimness beneath the overhanging balcony, something shifted quickly out of her way, a vague face, a vague body, she had no chance to avoid. She stopped with a little cry.

Lights snapped on above her with a click; Macready, the English chauffeur, took his hand away from the switch.

He rubbed a handkerchief across his red jowls, bedewed now with gleaming specks of perspiration, looking, as Sally Cross thought he always looked, a furtive man for all his squat bulk, with something mean and sly in his pale eyes.

"You might keep out of holes and corners," she said, in the cool voice she always used with him.

"Might I now?" Macready said. He drew the pouting lips in slightly and looked sideways at her, the lids of his eyes well down. Then he went on by along the hall, to the kitchen stairway, moving quickly and silently.

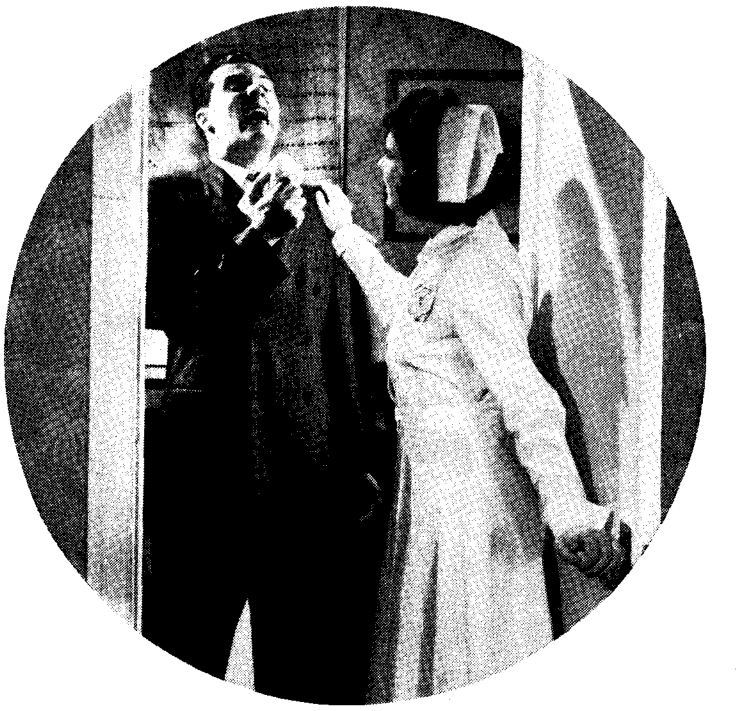
What had he been doing there, Sally Cross wondered. Listening? The idea seemed fantastic; it didn't stay long with her. She went up in the slow, old-fashioned elevator to the third floor; and crossed the hall to the big, dim chamber whose two windows were open listlessly now to the street. In the four-poster bed against the back wall Mrs. Spencer lay half turned from her—a small, frail body, no larger than a child.

She was still unconscious; her respiration was harsh and labored. Sally Cross smoothed the bedclothes gently, and moistened the parched lips. At seventy-eight, after two strokes, there was not much to be done for her. Sally Cross, troubled by the deep pity of youth, moved across to the window and looked down into the abandoned street.

Suddenly, absurdly, she wanted to see O'Mara's comforting bigness swinging along the pavement below. At three he'd be back. She looked mechanically at her wrist before remembering her watch was gone—before recalling, too, that she had left her clock downstairs in the kitchen when she had gone there for her milk.

This time she did not use the elevator; she could be down to the kitchen, and most of the way up again before

New papa fights COLD faster with Sal Hepatica!*



NEW PAPA: Kerchoo! Are they all right? I came the minute I . . . kerchoo!

NURSE: I know, and they're both doing fine. But with that cold, we can't let you in the room with the Baby. I'd suggest you take some fast-acting Sal Hepatica.

NEW PAPA: I guess you're right. You say Sal Hepatica will help me fast?

NURSE: It'll help fast—two ways. First, Sal Hepatica acts quickly as a laxative—usually within an hour—and speed is important in treating any cold. Second, it helps counteract the excess gastric acidity that usually accompanies a cold.*

NEW PAPA: So here's the fellow who kept me waiting so long to see him, eh?

NEW MAMA: Probably *seemed* a long time, dear. But actually, I guess you've never thrown off a cold so fast in your life. Better thank Nurse for telling you about Sal Hepatica.

* A recent survey conducted by seven leading medical journals shows that 7 out of 10 doctors recommend a *saline* laxative in treating colds.

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Get a bottle of this famous saline laxative at your druggist's today.

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Special ingredients make "Zerex" different from all other premium anti-freeze brands. It protects metals in the cooling system against rust and corrosion. It is an *anti-acid* that prevents the formation in the cooling solution of chemicals that attack aluminum cylinder heads, rubber hose and pump packings. No clogging of small radiator passages and tubes—improved cooling and engine efficiency—more heat from the car heater.

"Zerex" is more than just an anti-freeze. It's a winter radiator conditioner. If you are proud of your car—careful to use only the finest products in it—you'll want "Zerex." $2.65 a gallon, 70¢ in quarts. Won't boil out. One filling does the job all winter.

Tune in "Cavalcade of America," NBC Red Network, Wednesday Evenings.

that slow old thing creaked halfway to the basement. On the carpeted stairs her light steps were almost soundless; from the first landing she could hear Johnny Wetherell and Mr. Joralemon talking in the hall below.

"—what you imagine this to be," Arthur Joralemon was saying, in that tone of his that was, as ever, wearily and carelessly amused. "Bribery, perhaps. Have you that impression, Mr. Wetherell?"

"I'm not quite sure," Johnny Wetherell said quietly. "But I drove down here tonight only because I thought Mrs. Spencer wished to see me—because that's what you told me today on the phone."

"Yes," Mr. Joralemon said, while Sally Cross paused uncertainly above them. "It happened to be true. My aunt and I discussed all morning—"

"I don't think so," Johnny Wetherell said. "You see, Miss Cross told me fifteen minutes ago your aunt has been unconscious all this week."

SHE could see Mr. Joralemon then; he was standing by the living-room door.

"Ah," he said. "Miss Cross. Naturally. You—" He paused. "You're rather suspicious of me. I presume you're thinking of the fact that I am no longer the favorite nephew—not in the will you drew up for my aunt some weeks ago, at her summer home. But, my dear fellow—she regrets that will exceedingly now. She told me this morning—"

"She was unconscious this morning."

Mr. Joralemon smiled at the ceiling. "You will insist on that," he said, very mildly. "If it is true, how have I found out about the new will at all?"

There was anger in Johnny Wetherell's voice when he answered:

"She had the copy I gave her. That might have—"

"Been abstracted, I suppose." Mr. Joralemon smiled gently and nodded. "That is the method by which I found out about my—my altered status. Not sole beneficiary now—not much of a beneficiary at all, in fact. So—may I proceed?—you're quite sure that I want this new will to destroy it, in order that the previous one, the one that favors me, the one in the custody of her family lawyers here in New York, will be accepted if she dies. My dear fellow—"

"All I know," Johnny Wetherell said, the flatness still in his voice, "is that ten thousand dollars is a lot of money to offer me for coming here tonight. A lot more than I'm worth. As for the will, Mr. Joralemon—it stays with me, in my care, until my client is in a condition to discuss it. Good night, sir."

"I'm sorry," Mr. Joralemon said. "I wouldn't want you to think—"

He moved after Johnny Wetherell toward the street door, past the living room, past the stairs, past a table set flat against the wall. Only when he was a step beyond that did Sally Cross see what his clasped hands had swept up from beside it—a bronze, elaborately carved smoking stand, three feet high, as hard and solid as a bar of steel.

His arms raised and fell while she stared down dumbly; bronze carving glittered briefly in the light. Drunkenly, without a sound, Johnny Wetherell plunged forward across the rug.

"Macready!"

One foot a step lower than the other, one hand still on the banister, she stood motionless on the stairs, frozen by that fantastic shadow play. Macready scuttled out of the shadows below her.

"Get him downstairs," Mr. Joralemon said, his voice harshly, savagely breathless. "Put him in that storeroom off the kitchen. Lock him up there."

Macready's red face was glazed with terror; words bubbled a moment, stupidly, in his throat: "Never shoulda done this. No. Now—"

"Do you think I planned it, you fool? Do you think I had it all—" Mr. Joralemon stopped, breathing heavily; he put one hand up and rubbed his mouth. "But I couldn't let him go out with it. Roberts thinks she won't last the night. And—" He added very low: "It's done now, Macready. I'll stick by it."

Macready croaked: "The nurse, Mr. Arthur—if she heard—"

"The nurse," Joralemon repeated, vaguely again, his head jerking up.

She reacted then to the panic that commanded her, swifter than thought. Around the landing, up the stairs beyond, into Mrs. Spencer's room, across it to her chair by the window. He was no more than ten seconds behind her, moving quietly too, standing quietly in the doorway of the room, looking in at her across the shaded lamp, his face dim against the shadows of the hall, half-seen, unreadable.

She got up, smiling at him. She said in a steady voice: "There's no change, Mr. Joralemon. But I believe she's a little quieter tonight."

"That's fine," he said. "If she can only rest well—"

He nodded at her from the hall; an instant later he was gone.

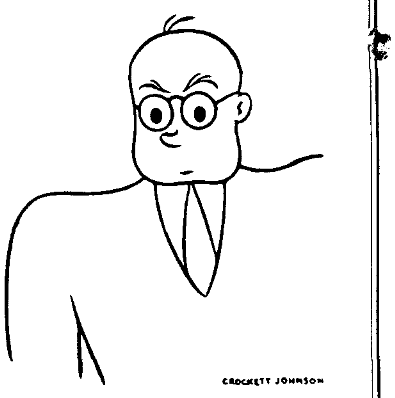
IT WAS two o'clock then. O'Mara, working south, looked up at the dimly lit third-story windows of Number Twenty-seven, twirled his club, yawned, wished fretfully it would get cooler, and moved on. Tramp, tramp, tramp, O'Mara thought, all the night, hour after hour; nothing coming up, nothing breaking, from one month's end to another. No way at all for a good cop to get on. A hard life; one that bored him stiff.

He went on moodily, past the intersection. . . .

There was only one thought in her mind when Joralemon left—that he was out in the hall now, waiting in the darkness there, listening, watching, for what she might do. If she cried out now, if she tried to make someone hear her,

FUNNY-BUSINESS MEN

Self-Portraits of Collier's Cartoonists
No. 13



Crockett Johnson did this caricature of himself to prove that he doesn't look like the little man he has drawn for the opposite page. Besides, he's six feet tall, weighs two hundred and ten and has several hairs on his head. Born in Manhattan thirty-four years ago, our subject studied art long enough to learn magazine layout and design, at which he works for a living. Likes people and food (except Fascists and pickled beets).

he'd be in to stop her, he or Macready; and in the apartment house on the corner a man might stir restlessly in his sleep, grateful when her outcry ceased, briefly fretful at the drunken party. After that nothing, no one—the street lamps below, the empty pavements, the blind windows, the shuttered entries.

But at three, O'Mara had said—at three he'd be seeing her downstairs. So, at three, if she could slip out to him, or call to him here from the window— It would be two now, she thought; perhaps a little after. Her alarm clock was still in the kitchen. In an hour then.

AS SOON as she considered it the thought of that hour became intolerable. At three, what would they have done to Johnny Wetherell? The blow, the fall, the harsh, quick words, repeated themselves vividly, in flashes like lightning, across her brain. "Done now, Macready. I'll stick by it. I'll—"

His voice rang again in her ears, a low voice, slightly breathless, menacing, calm. He had the new will now, the will he had got Johnny Wetherell to bring down with him, the will he wanted to destroy. Who knew of it? Johnny Wetherell; two witnesses; Mrs. Spencer. And if tonight the old lady died, if the two witnesses were silenced or bought—who could stop him then but Johnny?

She saw one thing: That he wouldn't harm Johnny, that he daren't, while his aunt lived. But if she didn't, if tonight, as Dr. Roberts had thought, the labored effort of her breathing stopped—

It seemed to Sally Cross, while she stood above the bed, that already the sound of that had changed. Slower now—quieter. The pulse slow too, weak and thready, as if life came back with a weary effort.

She understood then that she couldn't wait for O'Mara, that to sit there helplessly was the one thing of all she could not endure. The phone in the hall downstairs was connected. Could she reach that?

Slipping out to the hall, silently down the stairs, she found the lower corridor empty, the door at one side half open to the darkness of the living room. For a moment, halting at the foot of the steps, she glanced at the street door before her, not ten feet away. Was Joralemon gone, downstairs perhaps with Macready and Johnny Wetherell? She could open that door now, without a sound; she could be gone before they could stop her. Ten feet—

"Miss Cross," Joralemon said, even as she moved stiffly toward it. He took shape then in the living-room doorway, in the blue robe, his eyes fixed on her dully under the heavy smudge of his brows. "Were you going out?"

Stopped, turned to him, she murmured something about the heat.

"A long, cold drink," Mr. Joralemon said, in his tired voice. "Macready will take care of you. In the kitchen."

She did not hesitate; she knew she couldn't. The lights came on in the basement hall, and Macready's red face looked up at her from the stairwell; she had to go by him calmly, past the closed storeroom door, into the big kitchen.

Behind her, in the passage, there was the sound of the elevator. He'd be going up now, to see his aunt. To see if she still—

She smiled at Macready. "It's hot."

Against the wall, shirt open on his fatty chest, he let his lower lip droop.

"Talkin' helps it," he said. "Talkin' helps it a lot."

He was silent, watching her with a half-fierce, half-frightened oxlike glance as she opened the refrigerator, as she poured out a glass of milk and sat down by the table to drink it. No sound at all then but the tiny, metallic clicking of her clock on the shelf at her back. One minute, two minutes, three minutes—

The elevator whirred softly again; Joralemon's steps came to them down the passage. She knew what had happened as soon as she saw his eyes. Suddenly, as Dr. Roberts had thought it would come; painlessly, quickly. A sigh, a faint breath—

It was a certain knowledge that chilled and clarified everything in her mind. She looked about her at the stove, the white sink, the half windows in the walls, open to the street, to the areaway where—how long ago?—she had talked to O'Mara.

Not till three now, she knew—not with the old lady gone at last. When O'Mara came—

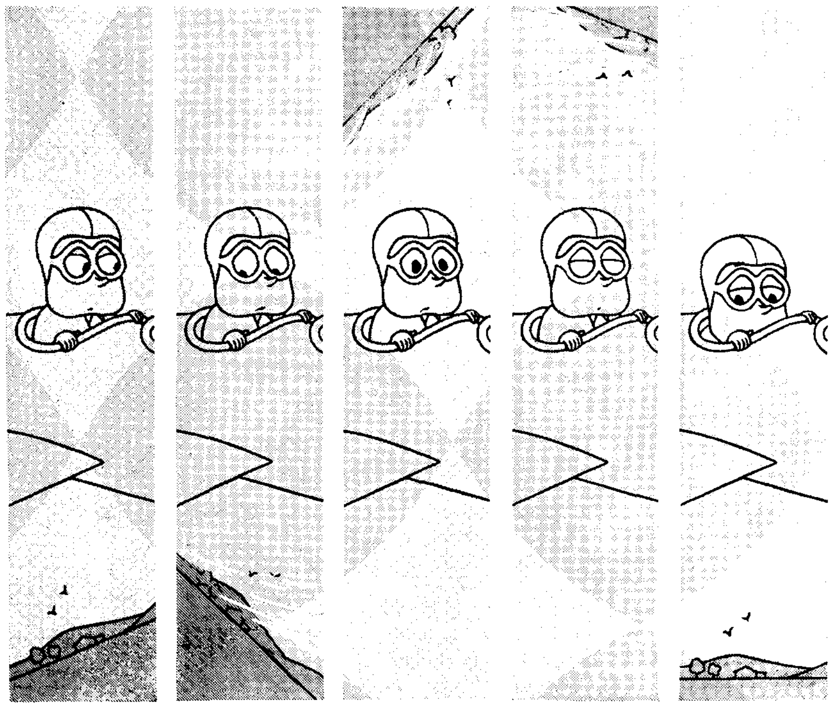
She saw her clock on the window shelf—twenty-five minutes to three—and she moved slowly toward it.

"I'd almost forgotten to wind it," she said.

Neither of them seemed to hear her; Macready was looking with blinking, frightened eyes at Mr. Arthur Joralemon's bony face.

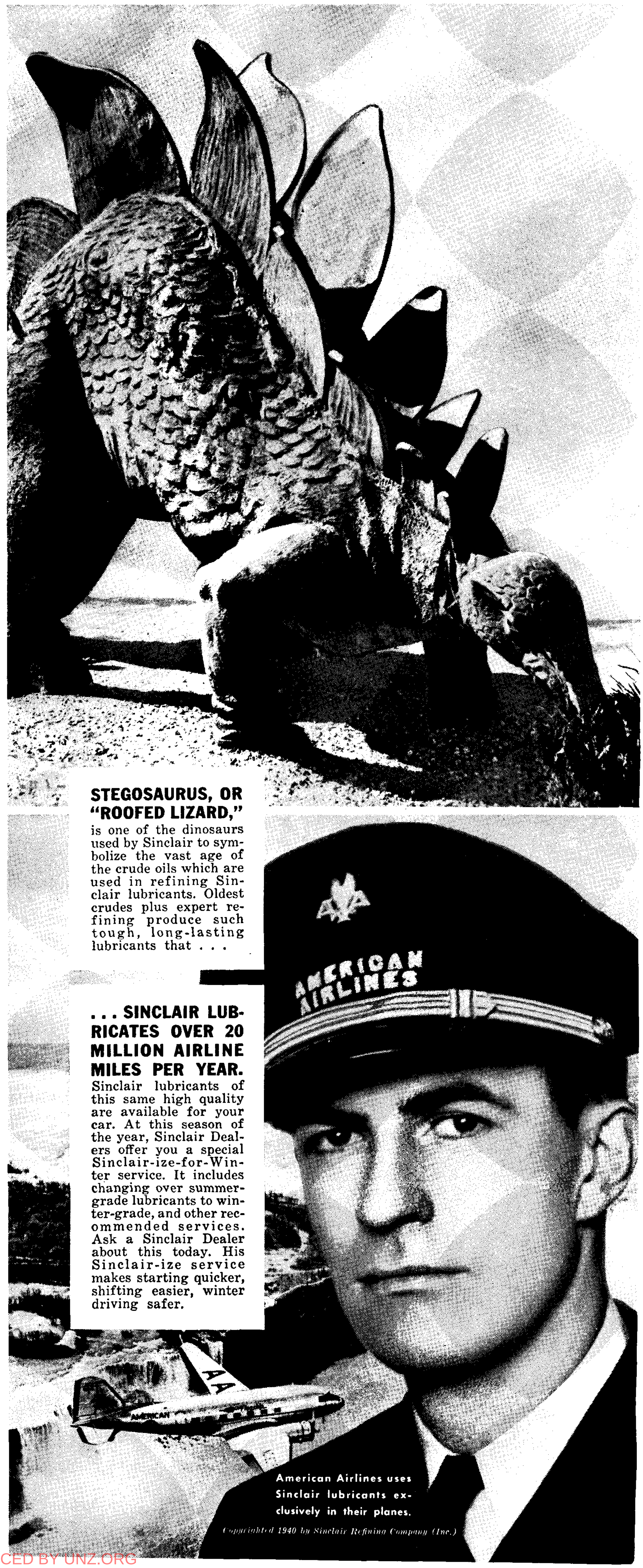
"Is there—" he said, whispering hoarsely. "Is there—"

The clock was again on the window



Loop

CROCKETT JOHNSON



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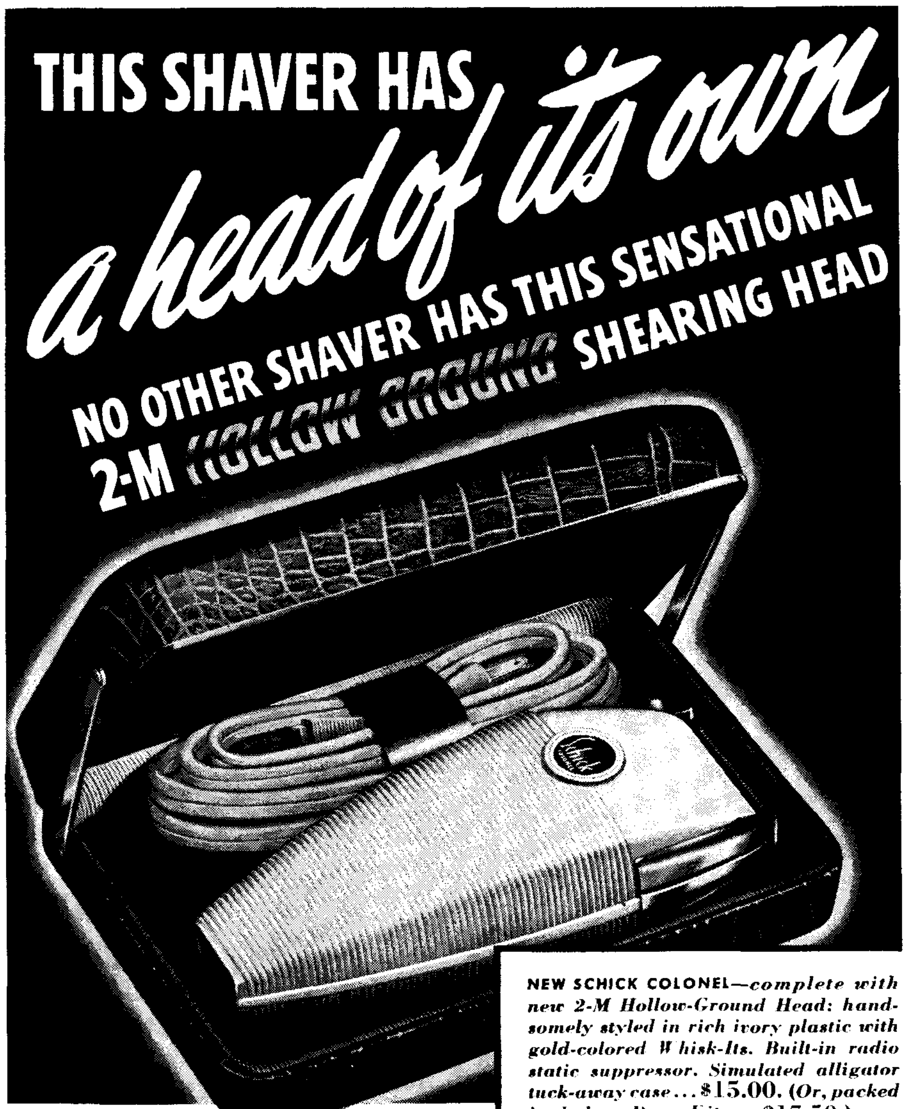
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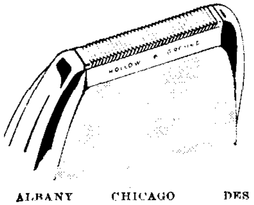

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shelf then; she was turned to them. Mr. Arthur seemed to see her for the first time, from behind the gray, soft film that glazed the hollows of his eyes. He made a gesture with one hand toward her.

"Macready," he said, slowly, very clearly. "Don't let her scream, Macready."

IN THE narrow passage, with the kitchen at one end, the lighted cage of the elevator at the other, Mr. Arthur looked at something down the passage—something Macready couldn't see. The storeroom door was closed then, locked and bolted fast; Macready had managed Miss Sally Cross fast enough.

"Wot is it?" Macready asked now, the fat, baby's mouth working shakily. "The old lady, Mr. Arthur? Is she—"

Mr. Arthur made a motion with his hand—out and down.

"Ah," Macready said. He moved uneasily against the wall. "And them—they'll raise hell when they get out of there. They'll—"

Mr. Arthur's eyes came back from their vision; they began to glitter dimly under his brows.

"Will they?" he said. "Will they, Macready?"

The squat man peered up into his face.

" 'ere," he said, his voice breaking on the word. "Nothin' like that, Mr. Arthur. I wouldn't—"

"It was going to be simple and easy," Mr. Arthur said, "when you told me about the will. Wasn't it, Macready? Because you and the gardener up there were the only witnesses. And you'd both keep quiet—all I had to do was to take care of you. The lawyer, too—didn't you tell me it would be simple to fix that shyster from Pittsfield? But I couldn't fix him with money. I tried. So there was only one way left. And the girl suspected something; she was trying to slip out when I caught her in the hall. And now—there's only that one way left for them both. The way you're thinking of, Macready."

HE PAUSED, drawing a deep breath; he went on calmly and slowly:

"It can be perfect; it all works out, Macready. You heard them quarreling tonight—the girl and this lawyer, remember? You heard her sobbing and threatening him. You heard them go on like that for hours, in this house, while I was sleeping."

"Wot?" Macready said. He looked bewildered. "Wot are you—"

"You'd seen her earlier, around the desk where I keep my gun. You were wakened late at night when he screamed something— 'Don't, don't, Sally!' You heard the shots, three or four, before you could get out of bed. And you found them dead, the both of them, in the hall outside my aunt's room when you ran down."

"Ah!" Macready said. He rubbed a hand across his mouth, blinking the small eyes again. "But why, Mr. Arthur? Who'd believe—"

Mr. Arthur went on in his savagely breathless voice: "Let me talk, you fool. They were high-school sweethearts—he told me tonight they were crazy about each other once. Small towns remember those things, Macready; they build up on them. When this happens—crazy about him, someone will remember; always was. People are going to believe what we tell them, Macready, because it's going to be something dirty and secret and shameful. They'll invent meetings that never happened; they'll magnify them and connect them. And in the end, Macready, in three days, the whisperers will have everyone in their town believing it."

Watching Macready, his sunken mouth curled a little. He said: "You'd believe it; you'd never question it. And you called him up in Pittsfield this afternoon. She got you to do that. So if he told anyone there that he was coming down on business, to see Mrs. Spencer—that's a lie, too. The lie he told his wife to get away and see her here. Do you see it now, Macready?"

The squat man's eyes were red-rimmed and panicky, his words thick.

"Who'll—who'll—"

"Would you?" Mr. Arthur asked, quietly contemptuous. "Get outside now. See if that cop she talks to is anywhere around. Slam the door when you come in—then go up the stairs to your room. I'll get them in the elevator when I hear you; I'll say I just found the old lady. They'll come up with me, Macready. They'll think—"

When he stopped, when he turned and went over to the stairs, Macready's lips worked for a moment, but no sound came out. He knew what Mr. Arthur was going for; he knew where he'd find it, in the right-hand drawer of his desk upstairs. Three days ago, with nothing to do, Macready had cleaned and oiled and loaded it for him. He'd never thought then—

IT WAS six minutes to three then; outside O'Mara had just stopped by the area railing. He looked up as the front door opened, a little disappointed when Macready came out, a little surprised when Macready stopped violently short the moment he saw him.

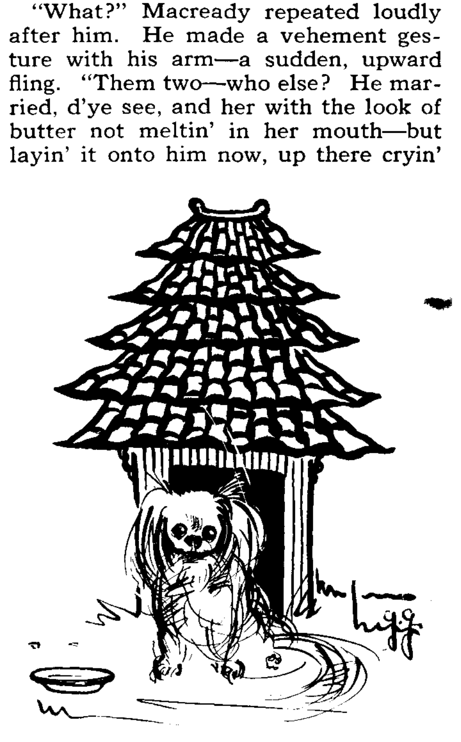
"Okay," O'Mara grunted. "Only me. Take it easy, Liverpool."

"Yus," Macready said, in a queer, furry tone. "I thought for a minute—you give me a turn, you did." He closed the door quietly behind him and came out to the railing, and when O'Mara asked him where the nurse was he did not seem to hear the question. Then:

"Her," he said, just as O'Mara started to repeat it, moving his head quickly around, and clasping his hands together on a square bar of the railing, "upstairs she is—her and the gentleman friend. All the blessed night." His sentences came out in jerks, deep pauses between. "Is he goin' to do like he promised? she's askin' him. Is he goin' to divorce his missus and marry her? Or is it tryin' to make her desperate he was? Tryin' to make her do away with herself for good? Two hours now, in the hall below me room—would a deaf man sleep through that?"

"Through what?" O'Mara asked, quietly enough. But something cold and flat, completely stolid, smoothed out the lines of his face. "What the hell are you talking about?"

"What?" Macready repeated loudly after him. He made a vehement gesture with his arm—a sudden, upward fling. "Them two—who else? He married, d'ye see, and her with the look of butter not meltin' in her mouth—but layin' it onto him now, up there cryin'



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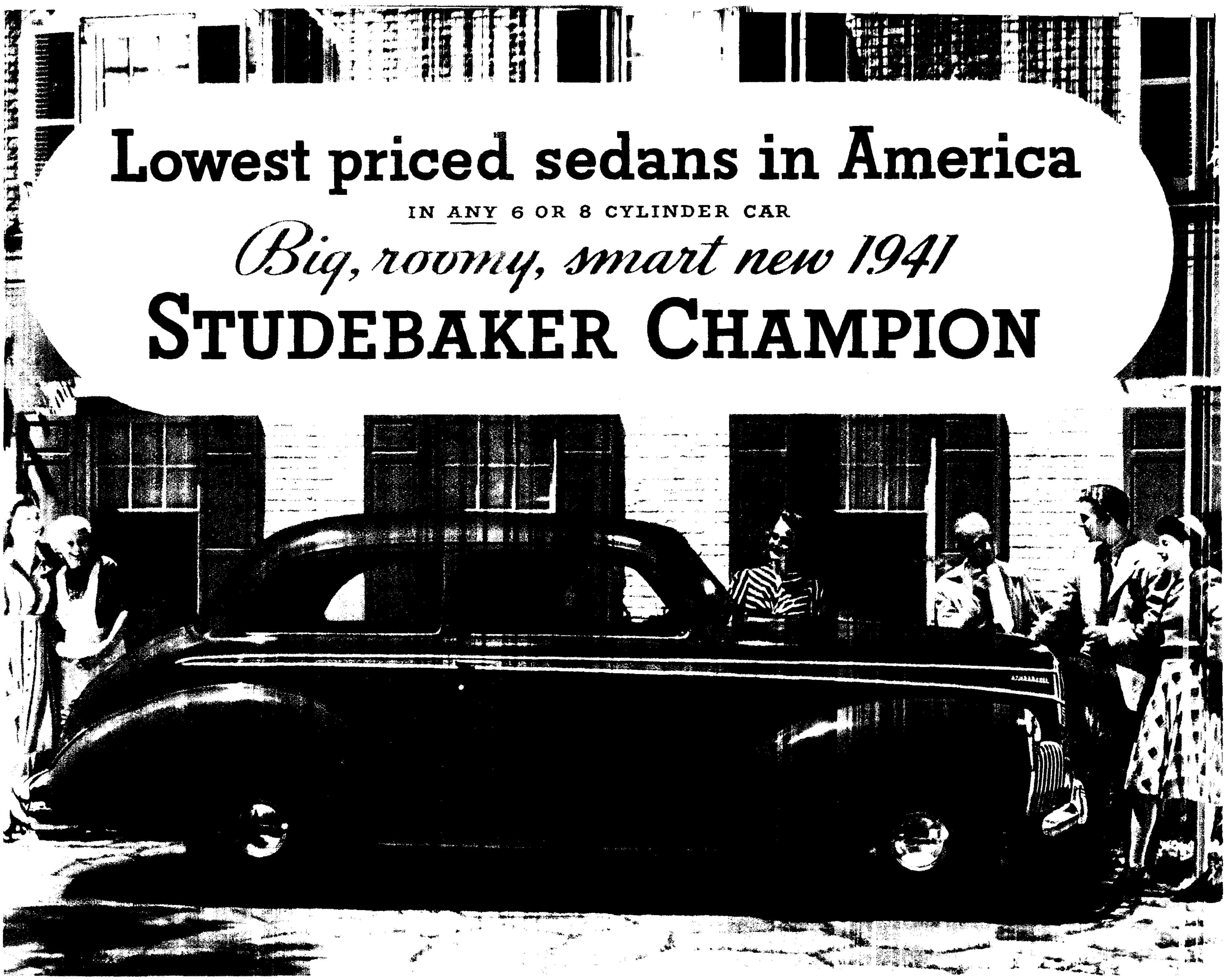

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(from a letter by M. E. L., Knoxville, Tenn.)

GOOD GRAVY!!!

I DRIPPED GREASE ON MY NEW DRESS JUST BEFORE A DATE -- BUT I PUT SEVERAL THICKNESSES OF KLEENEX ON THE SPOTS AND PRESSED WITH A HOT IRON. PRESTO -- LIKE NEW AGAIN!

(from a letter by C. E., Key West, Fla.)

IF I WERE ON A DESERT ISLAND...

I'D HATE TO BE WITHOUT KLEENEX FOR HANDKERCHIEFS ...TO REMOVE FACE CREAM ...TO TAKE WORMS OFF HOOKS (!) ...TO CLEAN OFF PLATES.

(from a letter by I. G. W., Wilmington, Del.)

Adopt the Kleenex Habit

KLEENEX* DISPOSABLE TISSUES (*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

and sobbin' and threatenin' him harm. And the poor sick lady—dead, maybe, that one not carin' at all. If I thought she had a gun on her—"

His eyes darted up to O'Mara's face, glittering between their pouched folds of flesh. But O'Mara, looking upward then to the windows on the third floor, did not notice them at all.

Softly, breathing better, Macready whispered quickly: "She had me phone him this afternoon, d'ye see. Like the poor sick lady had called for him. A married fella, O'Mara—but she's had her bit of fun with him all the same. Miss 'igh and mighty—a nice bit of goods. Ah!" He managed a wooden grin. "A queer world, O'Mara, with the things that happen in it. Them that dance—"

O'MARA felt funny—numb all over. The boy friend from Pittsfield, he thought. Sure. She'd told him. She— He moved away from the railing three or four steps, not knowing he had moved at all. And Macready saw the sick boy's face on him; Macready knew it was as good as over then. He felt proud of himself; Mr. Arthur would be pleased. Everything set now. Everything planted before—

He jumped at the noise behind him; he jumped and spun around, erratic and fast, like a man yanked by a string. But the soft, shrill ringing went on, pauseless and high-pitched, lengthening time in the silent street—three breaths dragged out to three hours. Macready moved his eyes right and left, heavy body crouched, making small, whimpering sounds of panic he did not hear himself. In God's name—

Then he had it placed; then, when he understood it, he could have shouted with relief. He saw a round shape upright on the kitchen window shelf; he scuttled over and picked it up and pressed in the button and straightened. Damn it! he thought smiling at O'Mara, the sweat ice-chilled on his body. Always going off like that, any time at all. He wished he'd never bought it. Always—

The silence rang now in his ears. His words came from a long way off in it. O'Mara, his face not changed at all, stepped down to the area; O'Mara took it out of his hand.

"It's yours," O'Mara said. "It's yours, is it, Macready?"

"Yus," Macready said. He nodded heavily twice. "Bought it secondhand—to save a dollar. And ever since—"

Gilt and ivory, O'Mara saw—the one she had set by his watch tonight. He brought it up closer to his face, and made out what time it had been set for. Three. When he had promised to be around.

"It worked all right," he said. "It worked all right now, Macready."

But the squat man couldn't make it out very well; sweat blurred in his lashes. He stammered something. Maybe he'd—O'Mara's eyes looked narrow and blue and cold; all the light in the shallow area seemed gathered about them now. And Macready couldn't look at them, he had to get away; panting, striking out blindly with his hands, he came out against O'Mara's chest in a sudden, savage plunge.

It was that plunge, and the crazy terror shining on his face, that made O'Mara see instantly, without reason, without any logical thought, that he'd almost betrayed her. He made some sort of sound roused deep in him by that knowledge, he staggered Macready by a blow with his nightstick that didn't travel ten inches. Damn you, damn you—his voice sobbing there, cut off from him. Damn you, Macready. If you've hurt her—

He got the squat man in through the unlocked front door; when it slammed behind them Macready looked at it stupidly, as if there was something there he should remember. O'Mara held him by the throat, against the wall; in the dim corridor he saw nothing move.

"Where is she?" he said thickly. "I'll kill you, Macready. I'll kill you with my hands. Here. Now. Where—"

Behind them, a floor below them, there was the muffled low whine of machinery. Twice then, against O'Mara's hand, Macready tried to push out from the wall.

"Stop him," he said loudly, the second time O'Mara threw him back—as if he didn't see O'Mara, as if he begged with someone who had no substance in that shadowed hall. "Stop him. You got to stop him. You got to get up there ahead of him. He's got his gun. He's got the two of them. He's—"

There was no transition then in O'Mara's mind—no memory of how he left Macready and reached the stairs. He was on them, running up them—he remembered that—stumbling once on a carpeted edge, falling upward and clawing with his hands and feet. He was on the landing; beside him that muffled vibration, persistent and placeless, moved steadily up.

And then he was at the next flight, taking the steps four at a time, plunging up through a thick darkness that pushed down solidly against him. There was no breath; there was no time to try to suck in air.

The vibration stopped. It stopped as O'Mara reached the next landing, as he saw a sliver of light glint and widen on the wall at his left. As he saw a man come out of the elevator, with Sally Cross behind him, and a slim man in a blue bathrobe last of all.

The slim man let them get a step ahead; his bony face bent a little forward, the corners of his pale mouth twitched up. And then O'Mara came out from the darkness of the landing, stumbling, but stumbling fast, his arms hooked wide, all his leverage in his chest and shoulders. He was past her, past the man from Pittsfield, he was against the lean man's thighs, bearing him to the floor.

Six feet beyond them, on the waxed boards, a pistol spun about in a wheel of reflected light—spun and slowed and stopped, while the lean man tried to reach it, threshing madly under O'Mara's weight. He stopped soon; O'Mara wasn't gentle. And, incredibly, all the way up, he'd held on to his club.

LATER on, when the worst of the fuss was over, O'Mara got a word with her alone. She knew he'd be there, she told him; she'd been sure of that because he said he would. And in the kitchen, when Mr. Joralemon came down that last time, she'd had a crazy idea, the only thing she could think of—to set the alarm, so that if she didn't come out, if they stopped her some way, he'd hear it and see it, and know something was wrong if nobody came. It was the only message, she said, she'd been able to leave.

O'Mara didn't tell her how he'd almost missed it; he knew he was never going to think of that himself, from there on in. There was only one man going to count with her now—Daniel Charles O'Mara.

When he kissed her in the areaway of Number Twenty-seven, after the doctor had come, and some plain-clothes men, to give Joralemon and that dumb Cockney the business, she must have known it too.

Because her breath caught a little, and her eyes shone, and she said, "Why, O'Mara," in the softest voice he'd ever heard. It was clear though, and happy and sure; there was in it, even that first time, everything O'Mara wanted to know.

No Jingo

Continued from page 12

"How do you know?" Kitty answered with the inevitable contradiction and climbed up on the large chair, stretching her arms to seize the finch.

It was the special overstuffed chair she had given him on his twenty-seventh birthday. They had it in front of the fireplace until Christine made Kitty rearrange the furniture. Before that, they considered it sort of a shrine where Kitty would nestle in Chester's lap for hours at a time. Now, she was using it as a stepladder.

BUT Chirpy went skimming back and forth across the room. Twice, she swooped so close to Chester's face she almost knocked off his glasses.

Squeaky Wheel, the papa finch, flapped up and down in the cage and began to chirp with his limpid little chirp which sounded exactly like a squeaky wheel. Chirpy chirped, answering him from the top of the bookcase. She was bobbing and turning her saucy, clownish head. She unquestionably wanted to be back in the cage with Squeaky Wheel.

Her gaudy, scarlet beak hardly moved when she chirped. But the scarlet legs twitched and her mouse-colored breast and throat kept swelling and contracting.

Kitty was genuinely attached to the finches. She understood their whims and would never be convinced that Chirpy came through the water-cup hole. Several times though, both finches had escaped when the loose-fitting false bottom slid out of the cage.

Twice every day for over a year Kitty had removed the cup, carried it to the lavatory, filled it with fresh water and returned, leaving the hole in the cage open for at least thirty seconds, and yet either Chirpy nor Squeaky Wheel had ever displayed the slightest inclination to get out that way.

"We'll be late, Chester." Kitty said it irritably. "You may as well go upstairs and get ready. I'll catch Chirpy by myself."

But Chester did not make a move until the finch flew past his ear and squatted trembling on the piano. He peeled off his tweed jacket and dropped it quickly over the little bird. Reaching underneath, he caught Chirpy in his hand and carried her over to the cage.

"Kitty," he said, "do we have to go to Christine's in all this rain? Is it compulsory? Barron probably wants to imbibe and I don't feel like drinking in the middle of the week. I really should stay home this evening and defrost the refrigerator."

Kitty answered him sharply: "I do wish you'd stop feeling antagonistic toward Barron like you do. Barron admires you. Barron would give you the shirt off his back if you needed it and you know he would."

Chester watched her fussing around the cage, draping it with the opaque black muslin cloth for the night.

"Wear one of your dark suits," she said.

He followed her upstairs to the bedroom to change his clothes. It was too late to shave.

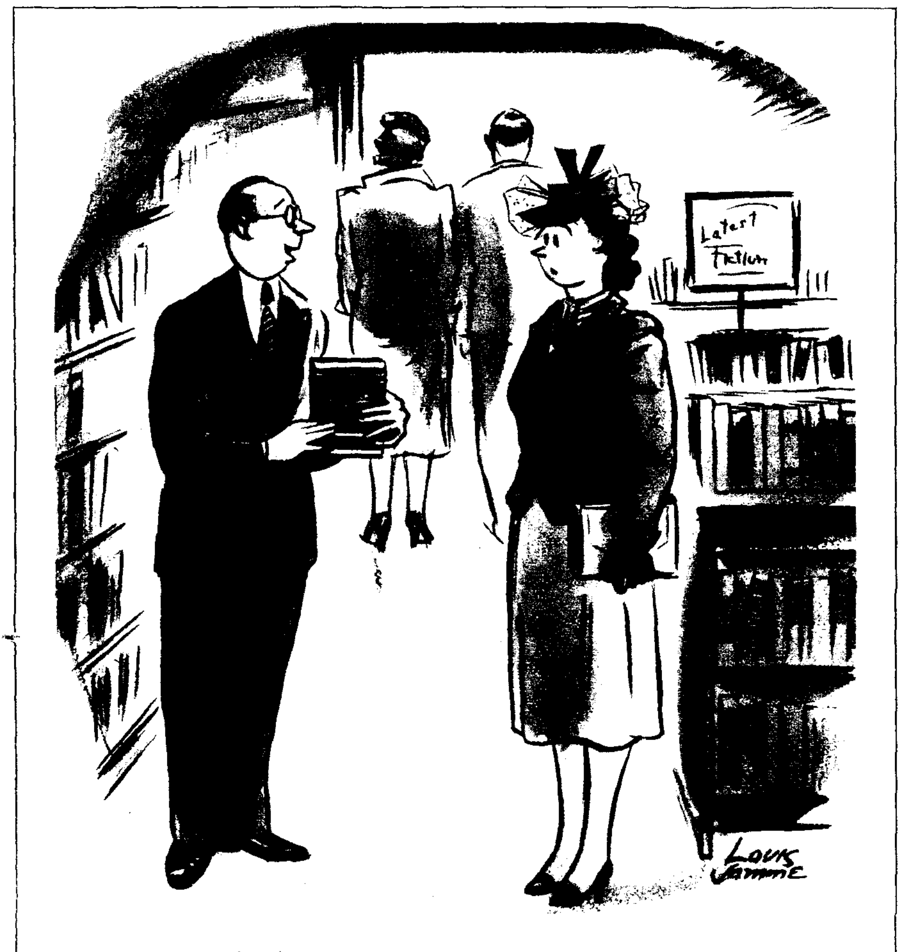
Kitty put on the apricot velvet gown with the bare midriff, and by driving fast they were still among the first couples to arrive at Christine's. Kitty kissed her sister on the forehead and gave her the gaily wrapped package with the anniversary gift, the set of hand-painted Mexican salad bowls; then they went to join the others in the rumpus room.

Barron stood behind the buffet table mixing cocktails. "Howdy, Chet," he said genially. "How's about it?"

"Hello, Barron," said Chester.

"Name your tonic, little man," said Barron. "Manhattan, Martini—maybe you need a straight sluggeroo."

"Oh, please, Barron," said Kitty. "Do



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not let Chester have very much. You know how loose his tongue gets."

"Rye," said Chester.

Kitty ignored him after he said it; then he saw Christine flounce in from the pantry with a tray of sandwiches.

Christine was a total abstainer herself and the high, blond ram's-horn hair-do made her look considerably taller than Kitty. In the snug, black satin party dress her plump arms and bosom were very pink and flushed and her face had a crisp, powdery smile and her large blue eyes slanted up like a cat's.

Moving behind the buffet table with Barron, she was not missing a word anyone said. They *did* make an imposing couple though, with Barron in his padded tuxedo trying to look big-chested like Jack Dempsey.

Chester sampled several of the sandwiches and swallowed the rye whisky. As soon as he did, he knew it was best to drink economically. With only a light cafeteria lunch at noon and no supper, his stomach was empty. He felt buoyant in less than a minute.

OTHER young couples, mostly college chums, were coming in. The rumpus room was decorated with flags and bunting and Barron had to take a full jigger of gin every time someone shook hands with him. Christine and Kitty sat on the long window seat with the other girls and Kitty had to keep telling how Chirpy escaped from the cage.

"Chet, my wee laddie," said Barron. "This isn't 'M Day' and we're not in church. When you come to my humble cottage, you're supposed to let the ocean breezes blow through your hair."

"You're tempting me," said Chester. "But you heard what Kitty said, and I know my capacity."

After a while though, his head cleared suddenly. The unnatural, inflated feeling went away. Thirsty from anchovy paste, he allowed Barron to pour another jigger of the rye simply to have the ice-water chaser. The full-bodied whisky went down smoothly and had an immediately steadying effect that counteracted the fatigue and hunger.

"Hits the proper spot, doesn't it?" said Barron. "Try another for luck."

"A superb blend, Barron. A truly magnificent product."

There must have been between ten and fourteen young married couples chatting informally about the election and enjoying the tasty cocktails in the rumpus room. They had the radio turned on for the war-news broadcast; then Christine took a razor blade and slit open the corrugated carton containing Barron's anniversary gift.

Barron gave her one of those handsome chromium and enamel American flags to fasten on the front of the car. While Christine passed it around for examination, the jabbering became louder. They were discussing the Monroe Doctrine again; then Chester heard Kitty talking politics.

"Oh," she said, "you men make me sick and tired. You yammer and yammer your heads off but you won't go to the polls and vote on Election Day. Chester would never vote if I didn't get behind him and push."

"Typical masculine apathy," said Christine. "If I had my way, they'd draft voters like they draft soldiers for the Army."

"I will say this," Kitty went on. "If you men who think you're so almighty smart would go to the polls and vote like you should, the United States wouldn't get into any war. You're worse than fifth columnists, that's what you are."

"Nah," said Chester. "It doesn't matter who you elect. If the war comes, the war comes. Nobody can stop it."

"Who says we can't stop it?" said Barron. "But let me say something. If we get in this war, the draft won't affect me. I'll enlist in the Marines." He took off his tuxedo jacket and pointed his finger at Chester. "How's about it, little man? Are you and me going to join the United States Marines and get out there in the trenches and fight for Old Glory back to back?"

"Nah, I'm no jingo," said Chester. "Let's pause for a moment and take a glimpse at the brighter side. They can't draft me. That's why I married Kitty, so they couldn't get me in the first draft. Married men are exempt on the first call."

He thought it was odd that no one laughed out loud or seemed to appreciate the subtle joke. A great many self-effacement jokes written by high-salaried, professional humorists on the radio and in the movies were not half as up-to-the-minute or nearly so clever.

"Why, Chester!" Kitty spoke up finally with her voice gasping and quavery.

Christine had one arm around Kitty's shoulders as if shielding her against some monster. She kept staring at Chester with her slant eyes and when Barron invited everyone to have a nip of Benedictine, she shook her head.

"Barron," she said firmly. "Don't you think you're overdoing it?"

What she said had the effect of a signal. Everyone except Chester and Barron drifted out of the rumpus room into other parts of the house.

"Chet, my wee laddie," said Barron. "That was a cowardly, unpatriotic remark you made about your wife. You must be tight as a tick."

"Nah, I know my capacity." To prove it, Chester drank what was left of the rye and filled the jigger with Scotch. "Perhaps," he said forcibly, "my indirect style of levity may not be elemental enough for hoi polloi."

"Nah, nah, they can't draft me." Barron repeated it mockingly in a singsong tempo. "There's many a truth spoken in jest."

Chester swallowed the Scotch. It may have been diluted because there was no outstanding flavor. His brain was functioning like clockwork and with each orderly thought well organized. Barron, in the bulging, starched shirt front, looked like an enormous penguin.

It seemed to be the logical time to call his bluff and remind him that they did not take married men in the United States Marines. On the other hand, it might be better to wait for the denouement until Kitty and Christine were there to hear. But then, after all, Barron and Christine were furnishing the refreshments. They had gone to considerable expense for the flowers and the artistic red, white and blue decorations. They were simple, kindhearted 100 per cent Americans and their latchstring was always out.

EXCEPT for the phonograph music trickling from the radio, the party seemed to have passed its zenith. Chester did not realize that Christine was back in the rumpus room until the Scotch bottle was snatched from him.

"Wake up, you two." Christine had on a black kimono and was giving Barron a hard, infuriated look. "Kitty isn't feeling well. I decided she better stay here with me tonight."

Chester squinted back at her and, by the eternal, from the shoulders up she resembled a gigantic white angora cat. "Kitty?" he said. "Did I understand you to say Kitty isn't feeling well?"

Christine went on talking to Barron. "Oh, you men," she said. "Why did you let Chester have so much? Look at him. He's nearly paralyzed."

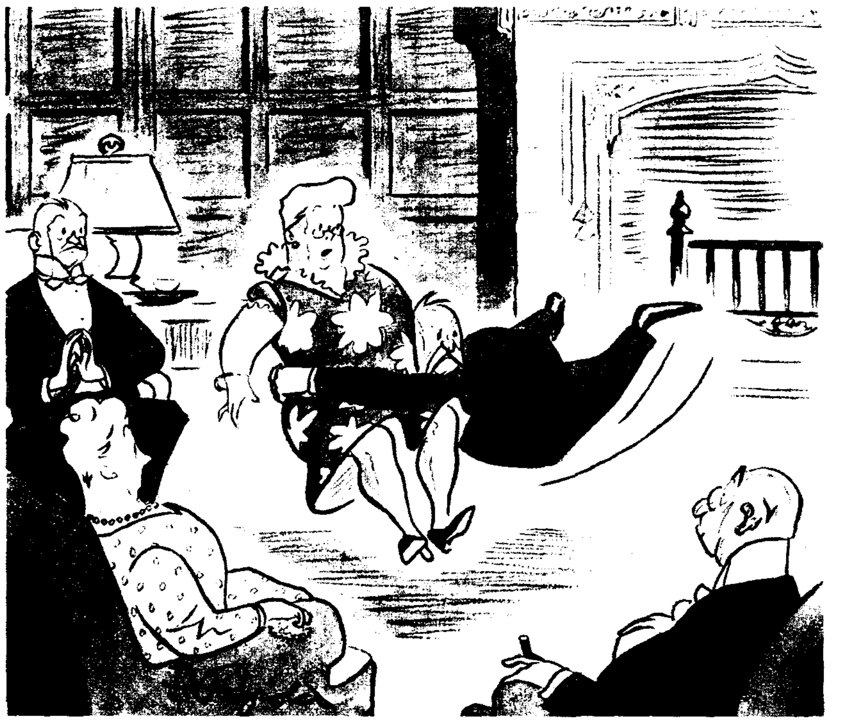
Chester understood instantly. Christine, so pure and uncontaminated, thought everyone in the Western Hemisphere was about twelve years old or under.

Naturally, he felt a slight spinal numbness due to excessive smoking and sitting so long in a cramped position; but he could have gone on drinking moderately for hours without losing control. When he stood up too quickly though, he knew he gave a deceptive, phlegmatic impression. It was thoughtless to let the alcohol fumes mount to his head. In the brief coma, he turned his left ankle and was forced to sit down immediately.

"Can you hear me, Chester?" Christine talked unusually fast. "There's no room for you. You'll have to let Barron take you home now."

"Upsy-daisy," said Barron. "Chet, my wee laddie, prepare to scram. It's the bum's rush for you, my little man."

Chester decided the most cutting way to deal with this was to act dignified and aloof. Later on, if the occasion demanded, he would crush them with rhetoric. "Tell Kitty," he said. "In your spare moments, convey word to



"Now, George, you mustn't bore the guests with those old football stories of yours" LAURENCE REYNOLDS

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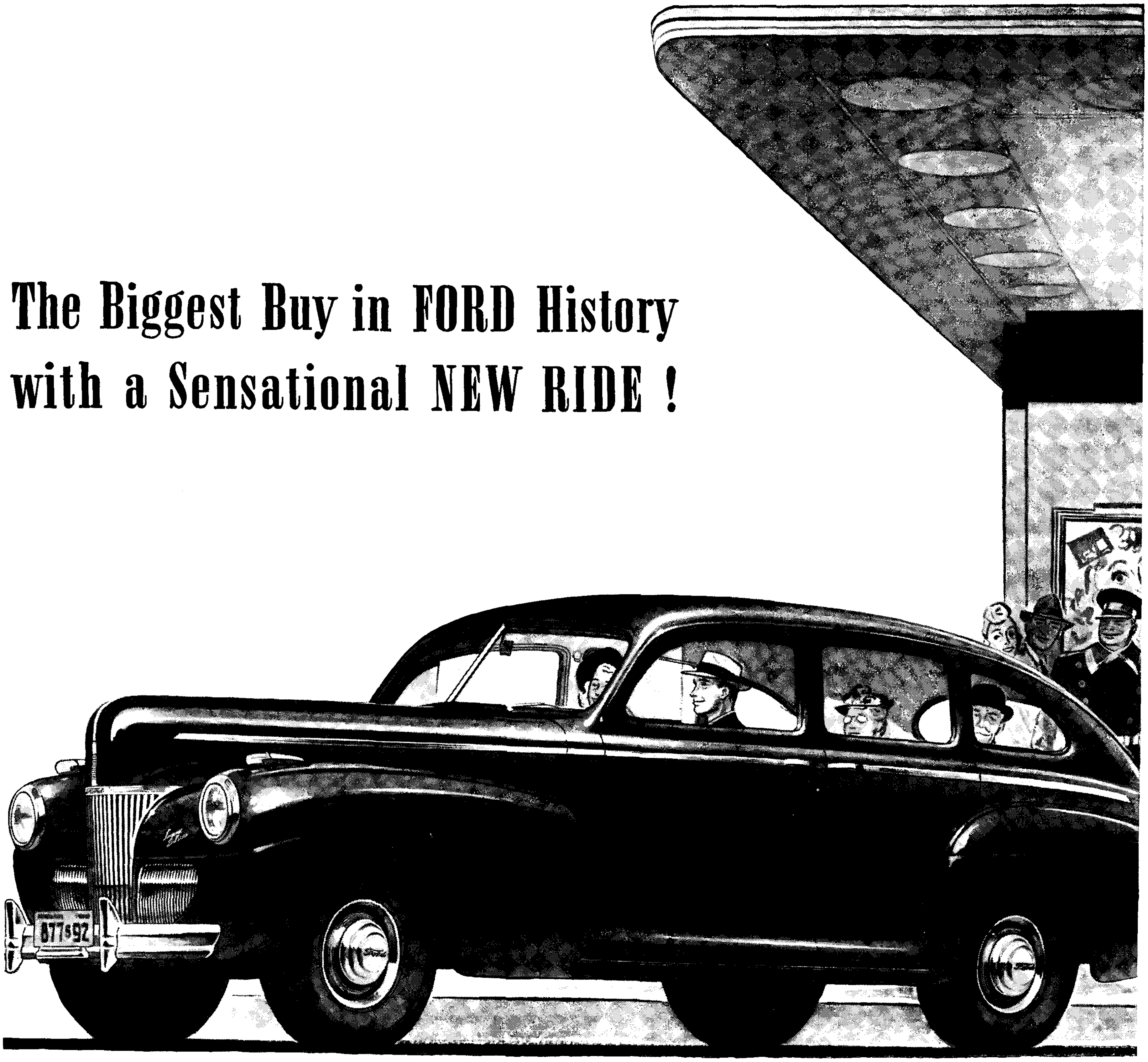

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PICTURE OF HOSTESS ...*laughing*

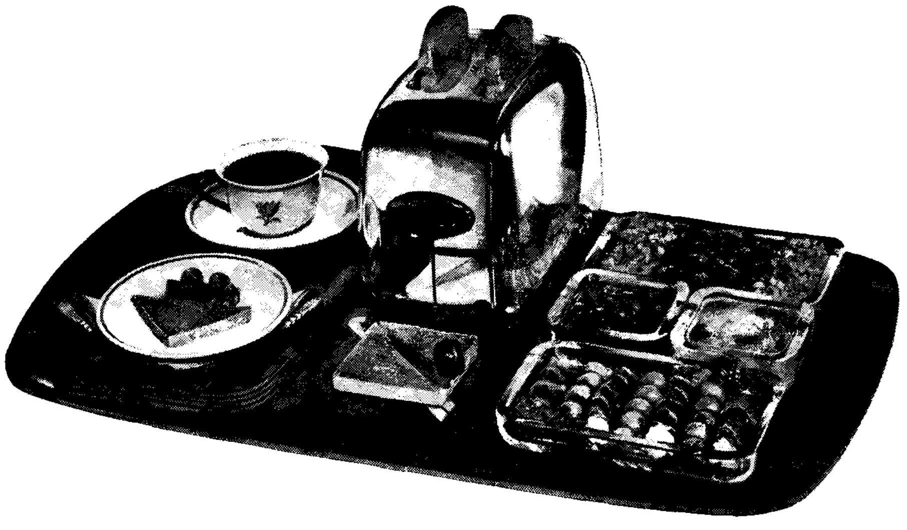
Peal upon peal her laugh rings out! Yet she's *giving* the party!

'Tain't natural, you say? But wait till you hear. It's *really* her *Toastmaster* Hospitality Set that's hostess, and that's why *she's* so carefree.

Here's the set-up. Great big walnut tray, to hold everything. Set of lap trays, so each guest has one of his own and needn't juggle nervously. Four smart appetizer dishes in the new, chunky crystal—filled with the spreads and condiments everybody likes. And —star performer in a brilliant cast— the stunning new *Toastmaster* toaster!

What if the talk gets absorbing? The toast *never* burns! This automatic toaster keeps its head, goes quietly about its business, keeps popping up perfect toast—slice after slice—and turns off the current. There's even a clever toast-trimmer, to finish the job.

Anybody who has company jitters needs this De Luxe *Toastmaster* Hospitality Set. It starts brides off right. It shifts the burden for *anyone,* no matter how experienced. Treat yourself to one! Give another for a present. The De Luxe Set is $23.95. Standard Set, $19.95. See them both, and other *Toastmaster** products (from $7.50) wherever fine electric appliances are sold.



TOASTMASTER *Hospitality Set*
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

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Kitty. Announce it to the young lady that I am ready to depart for Scarsdale. I am not so certain I care to have my wife stay here. Do you gather the full significance of these remarks or should I summon an interpreter?"

"Is that terrific, or is it terrific?" Barron was laughing at him. "I suppose Kitty isn't safe here with her own sister."

"Stop him, Barron," said Christine. "If there's one thing I can't stomach, it's that insane elocution complex."

Chester stood up rigidly, stretching and yawning to throw off the drowsiness. Another ingenious bit of strategy was to remove his glasses and wipe them carefully with his handkerchief while he sparred for time. Then he turned his back so Christine and Barron would be confused.

TO SHOW them he was unimpressed and unhurried, he sauntered through the dining room to the hall. The foot of the stairs provided a convenient place to sit down and think and watch developments. His quick, visual survey revealed that all the other couples had gone home.

"Kitty," he called out. "It's time to go."

Christine and Barron were there gazing down at him. "Kitty can't hear you," said Christine. Then she ordered Barron to take him out to the car.

"May I propound an interrogation or two?" said Chester. "Does Kitty wish to stay? Am I taxing your intellect?"

Christine squinted scornfully with her slanting cat's eyes. "Kitty most certainly does."

"He's lit like a cathedral," said Barron.

"Take him out," said Christine. "Right now before he gets sick."

Chester spoke up carelessly: "I propose to remain where I am until my wife is ready to accompany me to Scarsdale."

It was no time to act whimsical or rash, and with his thoughts bounding along fast and clear now was the opportunity to have them understand a few important things and who they were dealing with. "What gives you the hallucination that I am not going?" he said. "Have I uttered one syllable or phrase which might give either of you a faint idea that I am not going or that I ever intend to come back?" He stood up suddenly.

Christine handed him his hat and rubbers and they must have felt disappointed indeed to see how resolutely he marched out through the front door.

Barron said, "You think you can drive, Chet? You think you can drive?"

"Can I drive? Can I drive?"

The rain had let up and there was no point in wasting words on an inebriate like Barron. Christine, in particular, being so pessimistic, must have been abashed when she heard the engine start and when she saw the car glide swiftly down the avenue. The motor gave out a devastating, hissing sound and had excess power and pick-up energy because of the humidity.

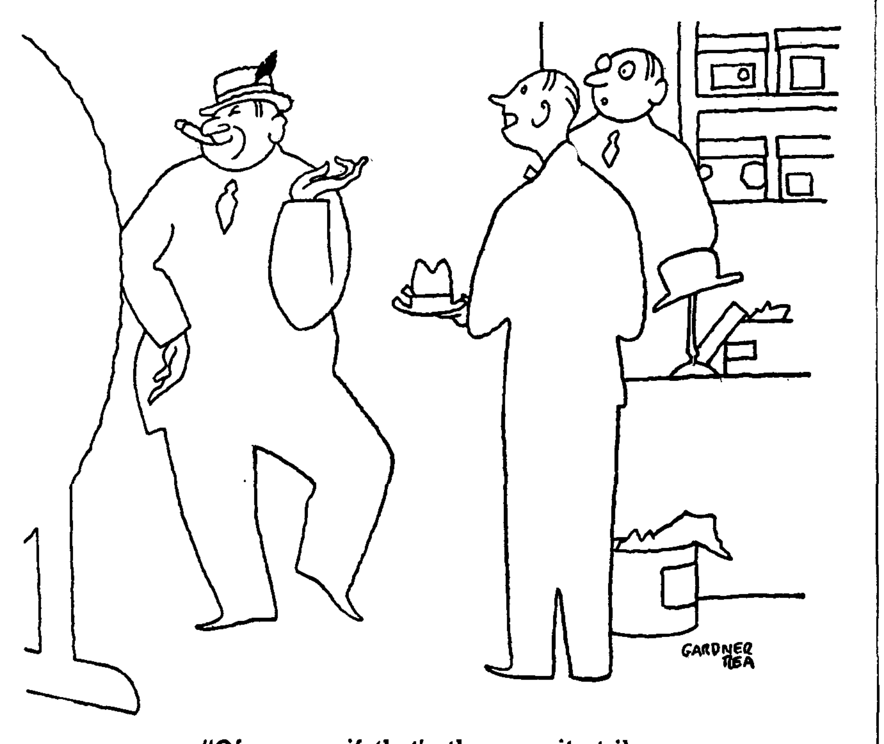
Kitty should have been there to enjoy the rapid, bubble-action ride from New Rochelle over to Scarsdale. And Kitty and Barron and Christine should have seen how expertly he averted what might have been a minor accident when he swung the machine into the garage.

In the course of the evening, various parts of the cement floor seemed to have settled, forming invisible pockets and ridges which deflected the wheels and poked the right front fender directly into the lawn mower and garden tools. If it had not been for his quick decision to stop, the car would also have done considerable damage to the workbench.

A number of other baffling things had been happening while they were away. Only a few of the electric-light switches were in their regular places. Almost every clock in the house needed winding; but it was not until he began to defrost the refrigerator and went upstairs for a snooze that he became conscious of the ptomaine symptoms.

The dull, increasing nausea and distress came over him unexpectedly, accompanied by a rising temperature and dizzy spells. The bacilli from the tainted anchovy paste seemed to be multiplying speedily and were already in the brain cells. Before he could undress, the feverish head-spinning became intolerably acute. Lying across the bed and leaning out the window aggravated the congestion. The only relief was to keep the face pressed down against the cool tile on the bathroom floor.

Chester remained on the tile floor thinking of antidotes and listening to the crickets. The rain had started again and a car rolled up and stopped in the driveway. Immediately there were door slammings and the sound of hard heels on the front porch and several voices in the hall. Almost simultaneously, Chris-



"Of course, if that's the way it strikes you, sir, we could remove the feather"

GARDNER REA

Chase & Sanborn's *"friendly flavor"* keeps a Thanksgiving date in the land of the Pilgrims

CHASE & SANBORN
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Real old-fashioned Thanksgiving turkey dinner is prepared "in costume" in historic Harlow House in Plymouth. Cranberries, pumpkins and black walnuts are raised on Cape Cod. Tangy, tempting flavor that tops the feast is golden-brown, sparkling *Dated* Coffee—famous brand started by two young Boston men way back in 1864—Caleb Chase and James Sanborn.

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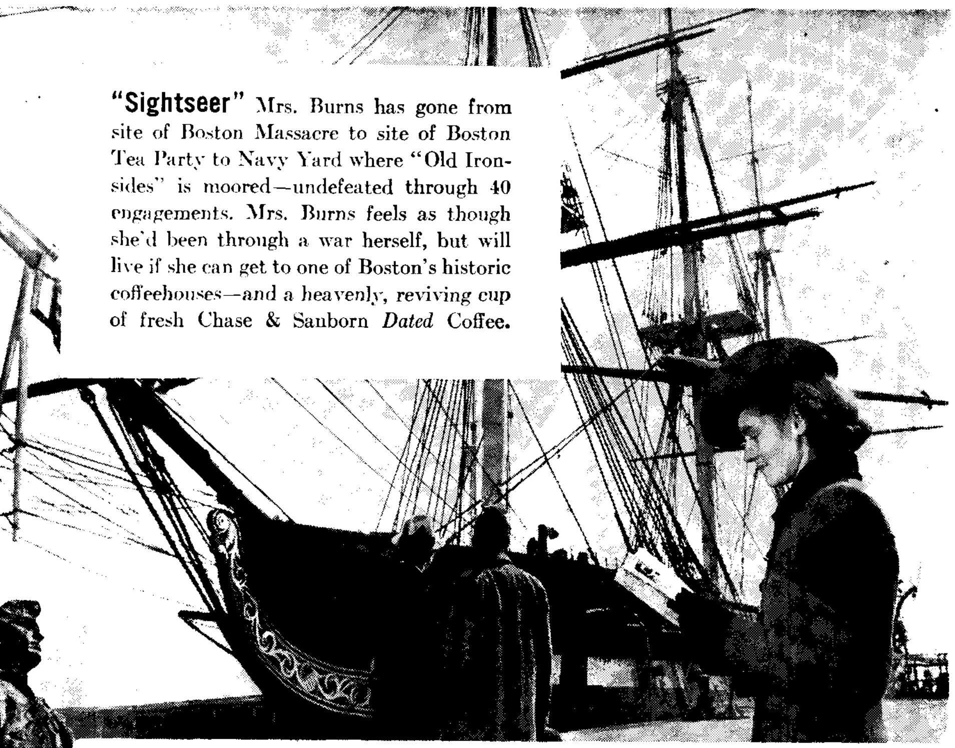
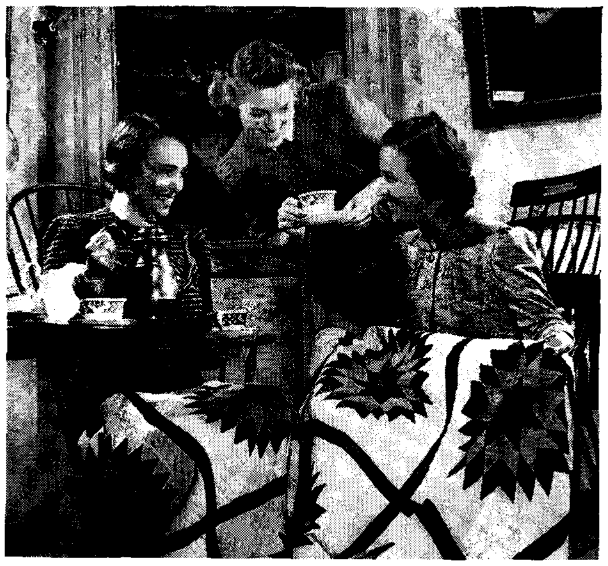
Mayflower descendant, Adele Weeks, places wreath on Plymouth Rock which marks site chosen by Myles Standish in 1620 for Pilgrim settlement. Half of band perished that winter of cold and hunger. Adele in 1940 can't imagine being hungry or thirsty, is looking forward to luncheon "snack" of steaming Cape Cod clam chowder, baked Indian pudding, rich, pungent, heart-warming Chase & Sanborn *Dated* Coffee.

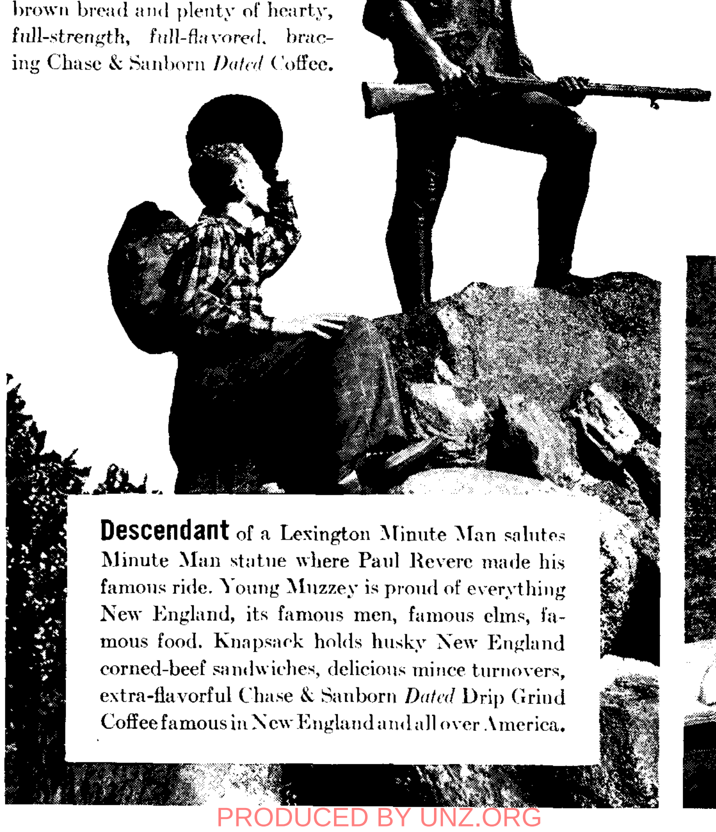
Harvard men, MacCampbell and Bill Braden, plan to climb 295 steps of famous Bunker Hill Monument, marking battle that proved America could stand on her own feet. Mac and Bill, great believers in preparedness, have breakfasted on famous Boston baked beans and brown bread and plenty of hearty, full-strength, full-flavored, bracing Chase & Sanborn *Dated* Coffee.



"Sightseer" Mrs. Burns has gone from site of Boston Massacre to site of Boston Tea Party to Navy Yard where "Old Ironsides" is moored—undefeated through 40 engagements. Mrs. Burns feels as though she'd been through a war herself, but will live if she can get to one of Boston's historic coffeehouses—and a heavenly, reviving cup of fresh Chase & Sanborn *Dated* Coffee.

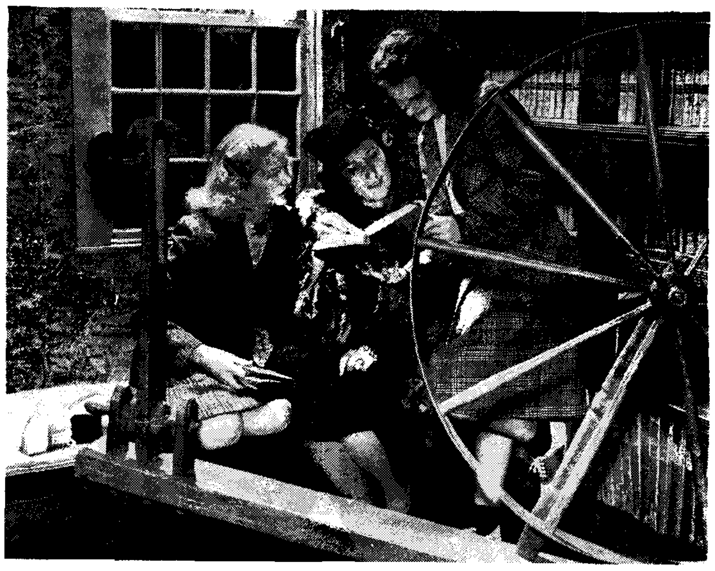
New Englanders still quilt. Mrs. George Bonsall holds meeting at house of John Quincy Adams—sixth president of United States—displays one of the famous star patterns—serves hard-working ladies blueberry cakes and delectable, rich, mellow Chase & Sanborn *Dated* Drip Grind Coffee—"friendship in a cup." Ladies appreciate extra freshness and economy of Chase & Sanborn in money-saving package—rushed to grocer from near-by roasting ovens, plainly marked with date of delivery.





Descendant of a Lexington Minute Man salutes Minute Man statue where Paul Revere made his famous ride. Young Muzzey is proud of everything New England, its famous men, famous elms, famous food. Knapsack holds husky New England corned-beef sandwiches, delicious mince turnovers, extra-flavorful Chase & Sanborn *Dated* Drip Grind Coffee famous in New England and all over America.

English teacher shows 2 Burlington pupils Cambridge homes of Longfellow, Lowell; takes them through Concord house (*below*) in which Hawthorne and Emerson lived. Girls read above famous authors for educational purposes—for relaxation, listen to Edgar Bergen's famous Charlie McCarthy with thousands of other fun-loving Americans—Chase & Sanborn Program, NBC Red Network, Sundays.



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tine stood in the bathroom doorway in her red cellophane slicker.

"Hello, Christine." Chester wiped his hot face with the bath mat. "Is Kitty here with you?" he asked.

"How revolting." Christine disregarded the question and looked at him with the ferocious slant eyes. "Oh," she said, "I wish my little sister could see you now."

Despite the loss of vitality, Chester got up and sat on the rim of the tub trying to remember where he left his glasses. Christine had stepped back in the bedroom and was rummaging through the bureau drawers removing various articles belonging to Kitty. When her arms were full of underwear and stockings, she went over to look in the clothes closet.

"Quit being abstract," said Chester. "Where is Kitty?"

Christine flounced out with the underwear and he heard her calling, "Ask Kitty what dresses she wants."

Chester sensed the emergency. He knew he was needed downstairs. Kitty was undoubtedly suffering from the same food poisoning. Christine's inhuman attitude proved how shallow a woman she was underneath. Any person with character could have seen he was shattered and weak and yet she kept pretending he was intoxicated.

She stayed close behind him while he felt his way down the stairs holding to the banister. When they reached the bottom she brushed past him and sailed into the living room.

Barron stood by the mantelpiece with his hat on and Kitty was sitting on the davenport wearing one of Christine's fur coats. Her eyes seemed to be closed in pain and she had the cage with the finches in her lap.

Barron straightened up. "Now you're in for it," he said. "Kitty, you shouldn't have come. All this useless humpty-dumpty for a couple of measly finches." He began to bristle and pace the floor. "I told you. I warned you the little chap would make trouble."

Christine put the underwear on the davenport next to Kitty. "I'll go back for your dresses," she said. "Barron, you help her out to the car and don't let *him* come near her or touch her."

"Quit being dramatic." Chester braced himself against the overstuffed chair. He could see all of them distinctly, even without the glasses. "Let's call it a day, Kitty," he said sternly. "Tell your relatives to go home."

"Never mind talking, Chester," said Christine. "Just try not to be any more obnoxious than you can help. Kitty's coming to stay with me from now on. She's had enough of you. You needn't try to fight the case. Everyone's on our side."

"Fight?" Barron joined in talking the same way. "He's too proud to fight. Nah, nah, they can't draft me."

"Kitty." Chester shook his hand at her. "Is this your idea or—"

"Leave my sister alone." Christine came between them. "Kitty doesn't care to look at you. She only wants her clothes and her birds." Then she went on explaining how atrocious it was to find him lying on his face in the bathroom. "Some men can be so uncouth." She shuddered. "So piggish."

WHAT Barron said about fighting went in and out of Chester's mind, over and over to the tempo of the spinning "Nah, nah, they can't draft me."

The thickheaded, humorless busybodies actually thought he meant it. He remembered exactly how the rumpus room looked full of young people and smoke when he delivered the innocuous joke. Kitty had vanished right after he said it. She thought he meant it. She was leaving him now because she thought he married her to keep from fighting. He saw her stand up holding the cage, ready to go.

Barron was shifting toward the hall and Christine had one arm around Kitty. Chirpy and Squeaky Wheel fluttered and flapped inside the cage.

"Give me the livestock." Barron reached out. "I'll carry the flamingos."

"No, no, Barron." Kitty protested. "You don't know how."

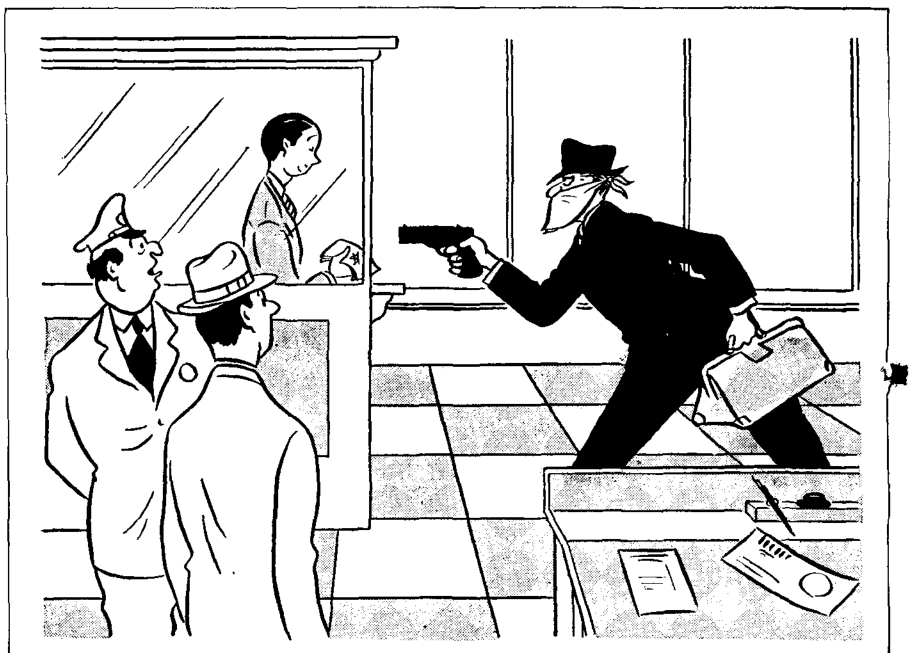
"Give it to me." Barron sounded abusive. "Gee, Kitty, you're fussier than Christine."

Chester saw him grab as if the cage were a suitcase. Kitty held back, clinging to the handle, and the finches were thrashing their wings against the wires; then he heard Barron calling Kitty a stupid little crackpot. He stepped in close and when Barron shoved him aside, Chester hit him as hard as he could on the left ear.

As Barron dodged back, he bumped the cage, tipping it sideways. The cup and false bottom fell halfway out, spilling bird seed and water and finches on the rug. Both finches immediately bounced up, swooping around the room with Barron slapping at them with his hat.

Kitty kept saying, "Stop it, stop it, stop it."

"Quit it, Barron." Chester shouted



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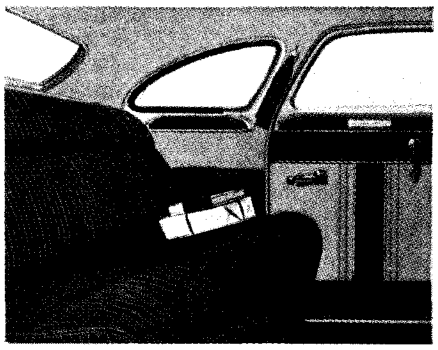

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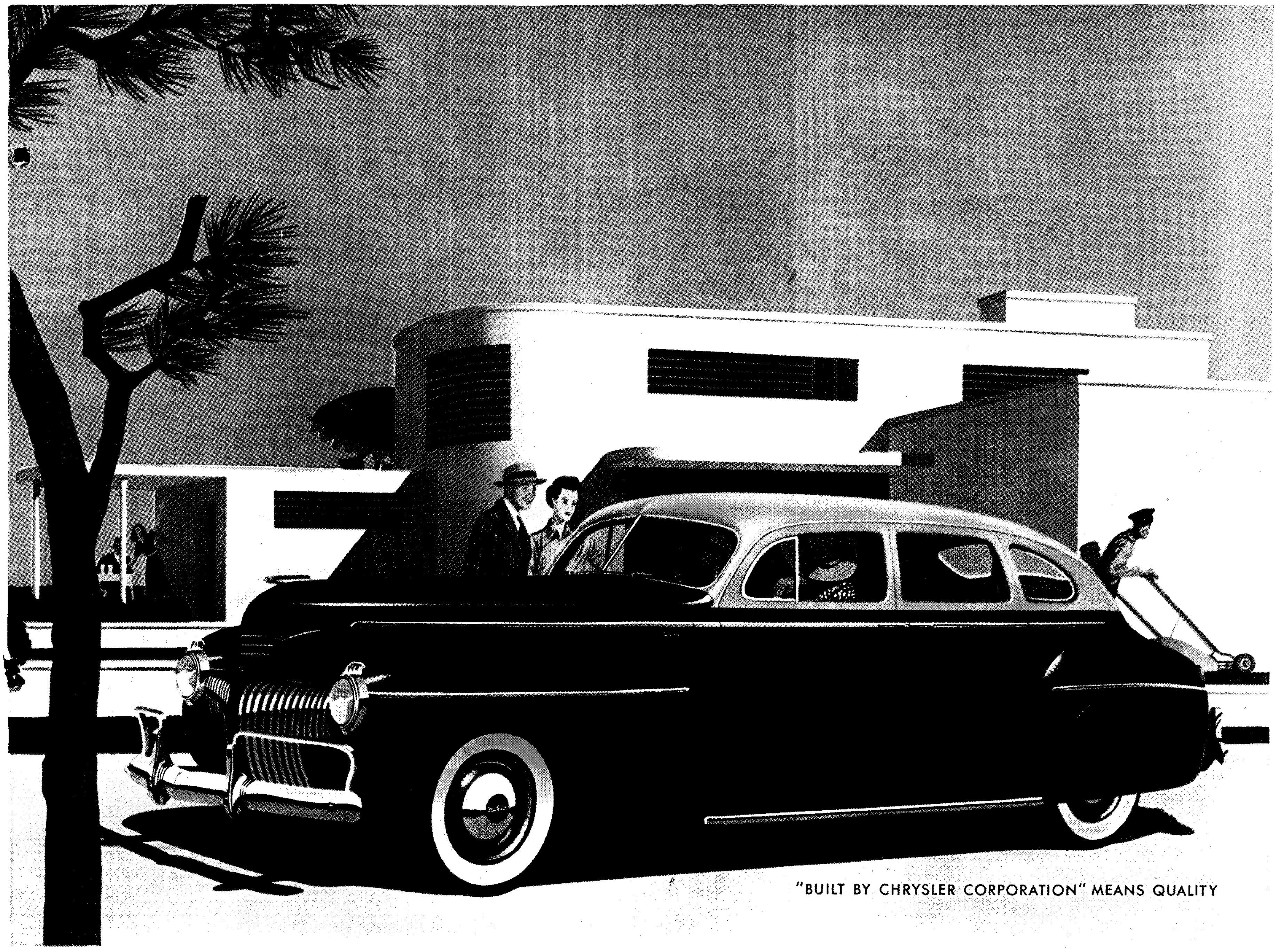

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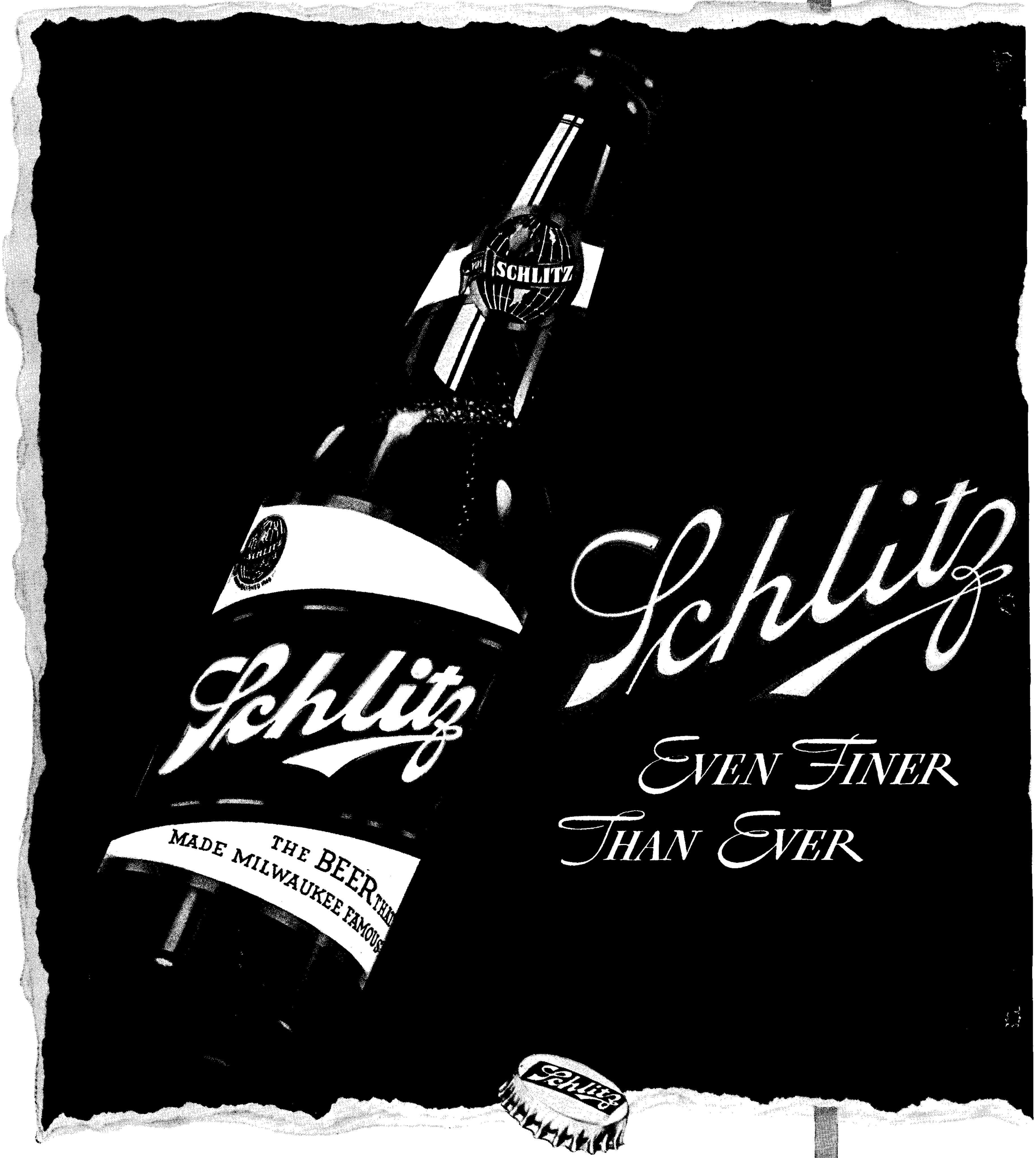
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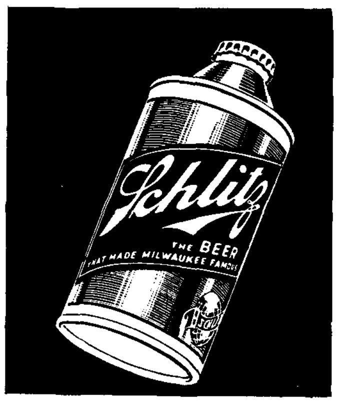

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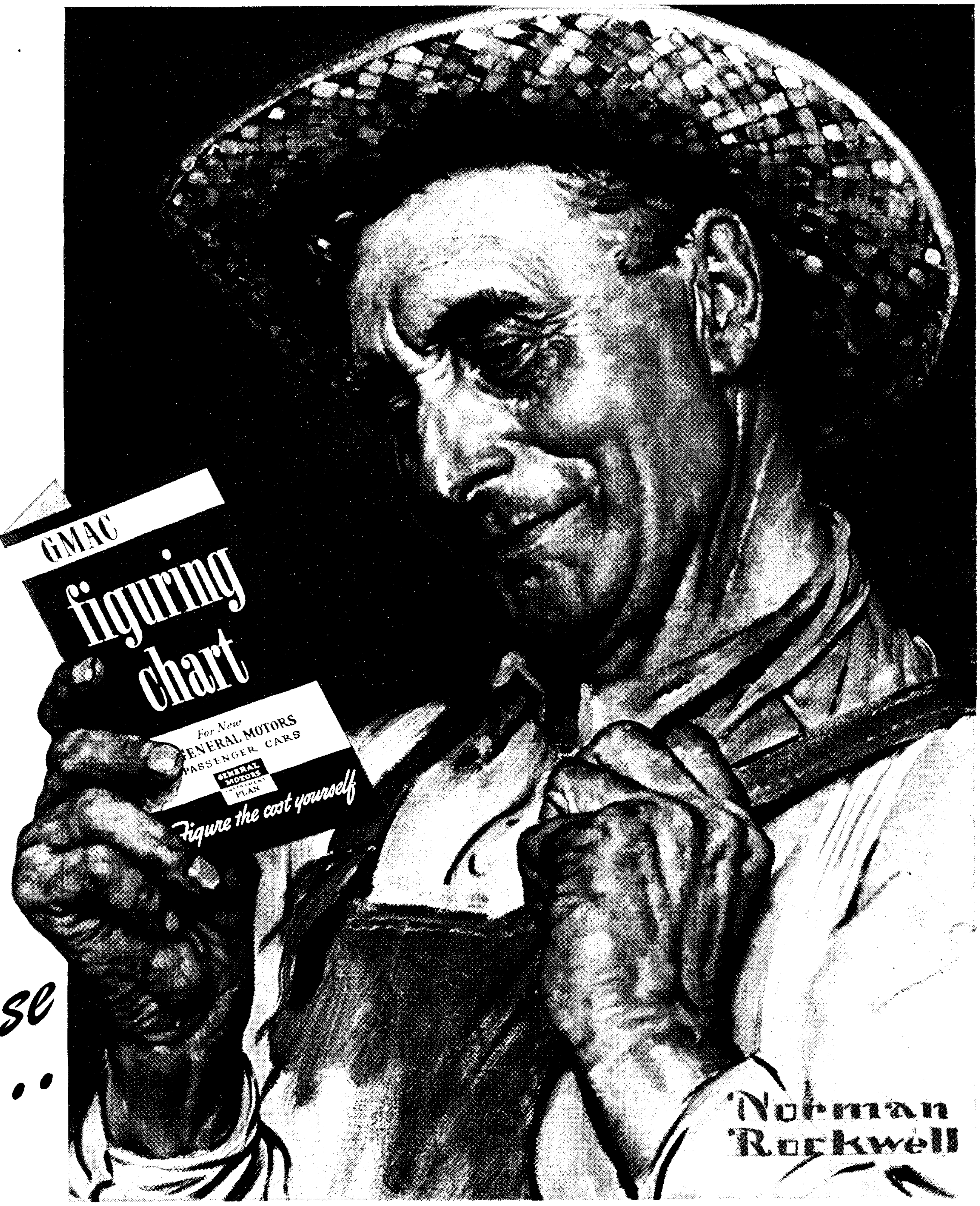
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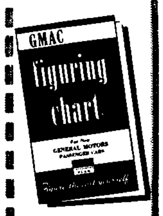
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at him. "Can't you hear Kitty telling you not to do that."

"Hush," said Christine. "The neighbors."

Barron backed away, pulling his head down between his shoulders; then he rubbed his ear where Chester hit him. "If you weren't so pie-eyed, I'd give you a spanking."

"Nah," said Chester. "Be careful how you speak to Kitty and keep your hands off our birds."

Christine was patting Barron on the arm. "Watch out," she said. "He may strike you again when you're not looking."

"Why, Christine." Kitty spoke up suddenly with the disappointed quaver in her voice. "You're unfair to Chester. Barron pushed him. If you ask me, Barron was the aggressor."

Chester went over to close the door into the hall and kept moving after the finches. They were not easy to see until they settled down roosting together on the iron curtain rod between the front windows. "The birds are community property," he said. "They're mine too. The birds stay here."

"Dirty little things." Christine took the empty cage away from Kitty and put it in its place by the fern. "Are they always this messy? Let him keep them, Kitty."

"Why, Christine!"

"You don't want the birds. Come along with us now, Kitty."

"If Kitty goes," said Chester, "I intend to enlist in the Marines immediately following the separation."

He paused for an instant, then pointed directly at Barron. "They won't take you. For your private information, my wee contemporary, they do not accept married men in the United States Marines. Ah, but they'll take me, that is, after you steal Kitty. That leaves me minus a wife."

Kitty jerked her arm away from Christine and sat down on the special chair. The wistful, supplicating way she gazed at Chester made him shiver; then the fever came back and he could feel the perspiration on his back and abdomen. "Well," he said. "You can't save the country with windshield stickers, can you?"

"What's the fellow ranting about?" said Christine. "I don't make head or tail of it."

"Oh, but I do," said Kitty. "Chester doesn't shoot off at the mouth like Barron. Chester's no jingo. It proves he didn't marry me to keep out of the Army."

"You're a dumb bunny," said Barron.

Chester walked swiftly across the rug and swung at him but Barron dodged behind Christine. The fast arm and leg movements excited the finches. They darted back and forth until Chirpy perched on the bookcase and Squeaky Wheel came down on the mantelpiece.

"Nasty little things," said Christine.

Kitty jumped up almost shrieking at her: "If you say that again I'll slap your mouth like Chester slapped Barron."

Barron put on his hat and shook his index finger at Chester. "Take off your glasses and step outside if you want to box."

"Hush." Christine's voice had an amazed, fluttery quality. "Don't you see he isn't wearing his glasses?" She held Barron's coat sleeve, practically marching him out in the hall. All at once she glanced back over her shoulder. "Are you coming, Kitty?"

"Never," said Chester. "Never, dammit."

HE HEARD the slicker crackle and the hard heels hustling through the vestibule and across the porch. Glasses. He remembered clearly. The glasses fell off when the car ran over the lawn mower.

"Kitty," he said cautiously. "Would you mind staying here with the birds while I step outside and see if the garage is locked?"

"Oh, no, please, no, Chester. Barron can't fight. You might disfigure him."

She held Chester tightly with her arms; but Chester, being so much taller and more muscular could easily have pulled away if he had wanted to. He felt fully aware of her tempestuous state of mind and it was probably wise to remain poised and help her relax.

He put the special chair where it belonged, in front of the fireplace and, sitting there on the deep cushion with Kitty secure in his lap, he sneezed several times in quick succession.

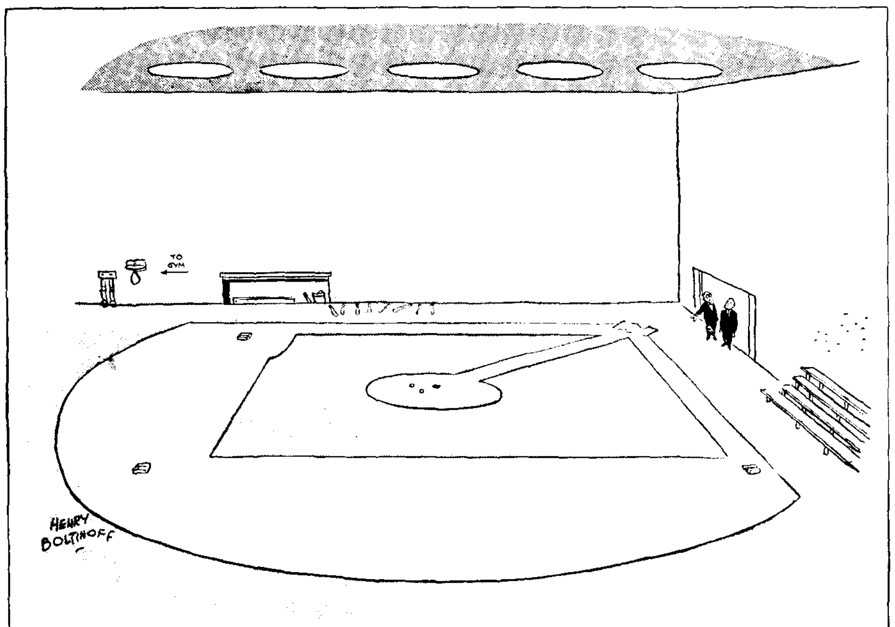
"You're catching cold," she said. "Let me fix you a hot toddy."

"Absurd." Chester knew it would be a grievous mistake even to smell a hot toddy. "I only have a touch of hay fever." He started to get up, anticipating the inevitable contradiction.

"Please stay here," she said. "I made you feel wretched, didn't I?" Kitty's voice was warm with understanding and compassion as if they had been married only eight or nine hours. When he peeked at her she was observing the finches.

"Look, Chester," she said. "How did you know? When no one bothers them, they go home to their nest."

It was true. Left to themselves, Chirpy and Squeaky Wheel had flown over on top of the cage and were huddled there side by side like lovebirds.



"—and this is my game room!"

HENRY BOLTINOFF

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A Troubled Sea

Continued from page 19

when you left Liverpool and figured out approximately where to find you. Our intelligence service is rather good."

"When you crashed you opened the emergency hatch in your office and climbed out on top of your plane before the inrush of water could trap you. Son, you're a lad after my own heart. You have the most priceless gift a fighting man can possess—the gift of initiative and instantaneous decision. You are a first-class fighting man—you're a gorgeous young devil and it's a privilege *to know you.*"

THE German rose and bowed his acknowledgment of this compliment. "It would please my father to receive cheers for his son from an Englishman, sir. May I introduce myself? I am Flight Commander Frederich Arthur Kessler; grade, senior lieutenant. You, the steward informs me, are Captain Hannay."

Captain Hannay saw that young Kessler, like all Germans, was not above a little boasting. Otherwise he was a very nice, well-bred boy and, quite obviously, of good family. He appeared to be about twenty years old. Captain Hannay had noted that he spoke English with a marked English accent and remarked:

"You speak perfect English with a pronounced English accent."

"My father, Captain Arnold Wilhelm Kessler, at present an assistant chief of operations in the German admiralty, was for four years naval attaché at the Court of St. James's. We had a house in Fritzroy Street and I graduated from Eton and had a year at Oxford. Then father was recalled and I was ordered to a flying school as soon as we got home."

"Mother living?"

"Yes, sir. And weeping for her lost son this moment, I dare say."

"Any brothers and sisters?"

"No, sir."

"Well, I think it will be safe to send your father a radiogram tomorrow informing him you are my honored guest aboard the vessel you set out to sink. With your intelligence section listening in on every radio program emanating from the British Isles and copying every code radiogram and striving to decode it, somebody will pick up my message and shoot it in to the German admiralty."

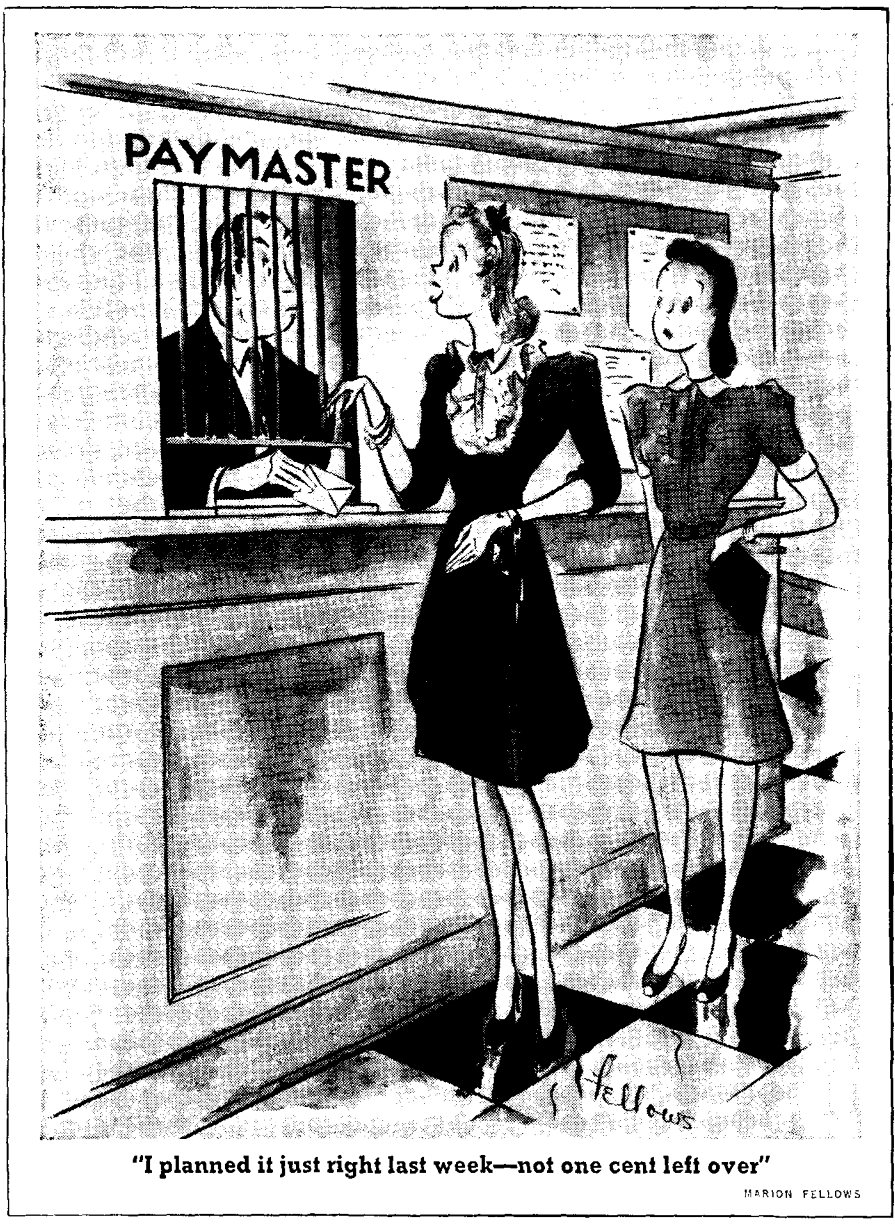
The fine, frank eyes of Frederich Arthur Kessler filled with tears. "You are so good to me, Captain Hannay. I can't understand it."

"You wouldn't—of course—you puling infant," Captain Hannay roared, and attacked the dish of prunes the steward set before him.

"I—I'm—not accustomed to associating with softies, Captain Hannay."

A softie! This child had called him a softie! Him, Jasper Hannay, old royal navy shellback! What damned impudence! The skipper turned a sulphurous glance upon Frederich Arthur Kessler. He jabbed an index finger at him and roared in his best quarter-deck manner: "Mr. Kessler, you will go to your room in arrest and remain there until I send for you."

Young Kessler blanched, stood to



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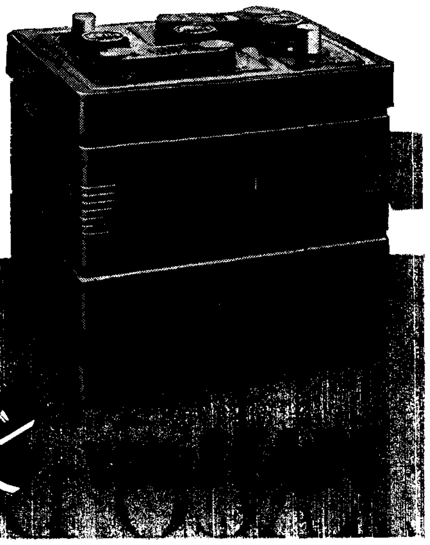

WHEN IT'S AN
Exide

attention, saluted and departed instantly to Siberia. The steward brought him his luncheon on a tray; at five-thirty a quartermaster rapped on the door of the suite and said: "Captain Hannay's compliments, sir, and will the lieutenant join him in his quarters for a spot of schnapps? I am to conduct the lieutenant there."

"First drinktime, son," Captain Hannay greeted him cheerfully and indicated a tall glass, the bottle of whisky and the soda.

The tall prisoner mixed his drink, grinned, raised his glass and said: "Here's to an incurable old English softie. May his tribe increase!"

"Just can't help returning to the attack, can you? Well, I've radioed your father, so I suppose I am a softie."

"Just a member in good standing of the Ancient and Honorable Order of The Sons Of Take-a-Chance," young Kessler jibed. "If I had membership in the British chapter I'd embrace you, sir."

Sparks came to the door and handed the skipper a radiogram. The latter read:

"Captain Jasper Hannay,
Master S. S. Lancashire Maid
"Some failures are more glorious than victories. Stop. Our hearts are filled with gratitude to you. Stop. Please permit our son to telephone his mother from Buenos Aires.
"Katrina and Arnold Kessler."

Hannay tossed the radiogram to young Kessler and poured himself a highball. Of course, because he was English, there was no ice! He was the sort that drinks warm beer!

THE Lancashire Maid had not been alongside the dock in Buenos Aires half an hour before a German vice-consul came aboard seeking permission to interview Herr Kessler. "Hell's anthems," Captain Hannay growled, "he's a boy and anxious to see the sights of Buenos Aires. Get me the promise of the German consul, in writing, that he will see to it the young man is returned to my ship twenty-four hours before she sails and I'll let him go ashore on his parole."

So the prisoner gave his parole and went ashore. He returned three days before the Lancashire Maid sailed, explaining that since the German pocket battleship, Graf Spee, had been scuttled in Montevideo harbor he had been unable to bear hearing people berate the captain of the Graf Spee as a poltroon, one false to the code of the German navy. So he had returned to the Lancashire Maid, where nobody ever mentioned the war to him, where everybody studiously sought to avoid sandpapering his sore spots.

Captain Hannay went ashore that afternoon and had a long visit with the British consul; then he boarded an American-built speedboat powered to do forty miles an hour maximum, ran it around in the harbor to prove it could do that, bought it and had it sent down to the steamer. It was hoisted aboard and lashed in a cradle on the after well deck.

When the Lancashire Maid passed down the river on the way to the Atlantic, a British destroyer signaled her, and Captain Hannay hove his ship to, had her motor lifeboat lowered and put off to meet the destroyer standing in toward the freighter. During his absence Frederich Arnold Kessler was requested to remain in his room, which he did. When the ship's engines commenced throbbing with the old rhythm and he knew the Lancashire Maid was under way again, Mr. Pettibone appeared and told him he could have the freedom of the deck and that Captain Hannay expected him to report in the

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latter's quarters at six o'clock for the evening highball.

The Lancashire Maid came up to the coast of Scotland at night, picked up a radio beam that Captain Hannay identified from its code letters, and followed it in. An hour before dawn he decided that, according to his dead reckoning, he must be within fifty miles of the rendezvous where awaited the war vessels that were to escort him into Liverpool. Only one more hour of the intense nervous strain to which he had been subjected for the past two days; at dawn observation planes from a cruiser would be catapulted into the air to find him and protect him from any German bombers on the job at that hour; a British flying boat would be out, flying low and seeking the long, dark shadow under the seas that betrayed the presence of a German submarine. Of course there would be constant danger until the Lancashire Maid should be safe in her dock. . . .

Frederich Arthur Kessler came up the companion to the flying bridge and joined the captain. Throughout the voyage home Hannay had gradually given him the freedom of the bridge; he had grown fond of this young man whose brilliance and charm would attract to him any person of culture. "Well, youngster," he greeted the boy, "this will be our last night together."

"I shall miss you, sir."

"I imagine the military police will be calling for you after breakfast tomorrow."

"I shall have great pleasure, Captain Hannay, in disappointing your military police. I shall be leaving you in about twenty minutes."

"Indeed? Now that's devilish interesting."

"Watch," Kessler warned, and snapped on an electric torch he carried; he made three circles with it and snapped it off; instantly, off the starboard beam a light winked twice—a pause and then once—and out. "That, my dear Captain Hannay, is a German submarine."

"I thought so, son. I picked up the beat of her propellers two hours ago through our undersea listening device. Naturally she picked up ours. I knew I was being followed. Why doesn't she throw her searchlight on us and let us have a couple of torpedoes?"

"For two reasons, sir. You might let her have a six-inch shell before she could submerge after launching her torpedoes—and I am aboard. Besides, you have been very kind, very courteous to me, Captain Hannay, and I requested my father who is, as I think I once told you, an assistant chief of operations in the German admiralty, to use his influence to the end that your ship should not be sunk without warning."

"Now that was mighty decent of you, Frederich, and I'm no end grateful. I dare say you have orders for me?"

"I have sir. You have twenty minutes to get your crew into the boats and then you are to deliver me to the submarine, together with your ship's papers. You will not be made a prisoner."

"I hear and I understand. Now I shall obey. Stop her, Mr. Pettibone."

AS THE engines ceased their throbbing Kessler again signaled with his electric torch and again the blinker signal winked a reply out of the darkness. "Get the boats overside, Mr. Pettibone, and be quick about it," Captain Hannay ordered. He stepped around in back of young Kessler and pressed a pistol muzzle into the base of his prisoner's skull. "Down to your stateroom, boy," he ordered softly. "I have a plan that conflicts with yours."

Mr. Pettibone followed them down to the owners' suite. Here the husky mate plastered a two-inch band of adhesive tape across young Kessler's mouth and handcuffed him, slipped a bracelet around his ankle and chained him to the steam radiator. Then he and Captain Hannay went out, and young Kessler heard the key turn in the lock.

Down on the after well deck a cargo boom had been swung out late the previous afternoon and steel cargo whips, with hooks on the ends of them, had been slipped into the stout bronze ring bolts at bow and stern of the speedboat. A winch commenced to chatter presently and in the darkness the boat rose from her cradle and was swung out and dropped gently into the sea. From her forward cockpit the old chief petty officer crawled forward and cast off the cargo hook; from her rear cockpit Mr. Pettibone cast off the after hook. The chief petty officer then got behind the steering wheel, started the motor and moved slowly away from the side of the steamer; once clear of her he threw the clutch into neutral and stepped up the revolutions; after ten minutes he threw on the electric light switch on the instrument board. "Hot enough, sir," he called to Captain Hannay in the rear cockpit with Mr. Pettibone. "A hundred and sixty degrees. She'll step at forty now, sir."

"CARRY on," came the terse order, and the boat purred softly away, rounded the steamer's bow and waited until the blinker signal came again from the submarine, in response to a repetition, by the second mate, of Kessler's private code as observed by Captain Hannay. Then the speedboat moved ahead briskly at right angles to the apparent position of the sub, which suddenly threw a powerful searchlight on them, having heard the purr of their motor. It was switched off a moment later, but while it was on Captain Hannay stood up and waved young Kessler's uniform cap.

"Murder most foul," Mr. Pettibone murmured approvingly. "They think we're bringing the young feller, as per orders." The boat picked up speed as she headed toward the submarine in the Stygian darkness; her eight-cylinder motor was roaring now and that was the signal the second mate had been waiting for. The powerful navy searchlight with which the Lancashire Maid had been equipped blazed a broad finger of light across the sea and picked out the submarine; not more than two hundred yards from the speedboat now, and that maritime hornet roared down upon her at forty miles an hour, her bows high, her stern squatting. As she slid past the sub's bow not five feet out from the hull Mr. Pettibone rolled a one-hundred-and-fifty-pound depth bomb out of the shallow, concave hardwood cradle on the little afterdeck, to which he and Captain Hannay had hoisted it from the after cockpit while the motor was warming up. Over the stern it went . . . eighty feet from the sub's stern Captain Hannay pushed another depth bomb over . . . then they were past the sub and the second mate lifted the searchlight from them and swung it back to their victim.

Captain Hannay and Mr. Pettibone, glancing back, saw the sub's bow rise high under the pressure of a monstrous waterspout that rose a couple of hundred feet above her; as a hundred tons of water came crashing on her decks another waterspout rose aft. . . . The speedboat was thrown into the air, settled with a tooth-jarring crash, rose, crashed again and fled on a terrific wave with her motor dead.

"We got out of the way of those explosions as I figured we would, Mr. Pettibone," said Captain Hannay coolly, "but they've shaken this frail craft to pieces. I feel water coming up. It's over my ankles."

Mr. Pettibone, who was, on occasion,

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an amusing devil and fond of extemporizing doggerel, which he fondly believed to be poetry, stood up and recited:

"Rule, Britannia, rule the wyves,
Britons never shall be slyves,
While we'll reach our loved ones yet,
Here's where we get our backsides wet."

They went down with their ship—as far as their waists, for they were wearing kapok life jackets. As they paddled around calling to one another the steamer's searchlight picked them up and presently they heard the measured put-put of the motor lifeboat coming over to pick them up. En route back they looked for Germans to pick up—but in vain.

Ten minutes later they were back aboard the Lancashire Maid; the moment the second mate, looking down from the end of the flying bridge, heard the cry from the motorboat, "Heave-ho," he stepped into the pilothouse and sent the steamer on her way. . . . When Captain Hannay, in dry clothing, came out on the bridge Mr. Pettibone was singing the chorus of an old song of the wind-ship era:

"Rollin' 'ome, rollin' 'ome,
Rollin' 'ome acrost the sea,
Rollin' 'ome to Merry Hingland,
Rollin' 'ome dear land to thee."

"Look, mister," Captain Hannay said to him softly, and pointed. "The purple hills of Scotland, lad—and by sunset, if our luck holds, we'll be passing the green hills of Ireland—with England just over the Irish Sea. Oh, Mr. Pettibone, I love our dear land. I could die ten thousand deaths for it."

"Aye, sir," Mr. Pettibone murmured —and looked, but could not see. Something had gotten in his eyes!

THE Lancashire Maid was in the dock at Liverpool by ten o'clock that night and Captain Hannay had young Kessler up in his quarters for a nightcap of whisky and soda and stated with genuine regret that in the morning they must part. "But I'll write Hitler about you," he promised. "And I'll write your father too. I'll arrange to have the British Broadcasting Company broadcast my letters."

"You're a rare good sport, sir. Thank you more than I can say. What happened to that submarine?" he asked. "I heard two muffled explosions that shook the Lancashire Maid."

"Oh, we sank her with all hands, Frederich."

"How? There was no gun fire."

"Blew her wide open with two big depth bombs rolled off the stern of a forty-mile speedboat I purchased especially for the job in Buenos Aires. You thought I was freighting it home for somebody, I dare say."

"But—where did you get the depth bombs?"

"The British consul in Buenos Aires communicated with the commanding officer of the British fleet waiting off the mouth of the river for the Graf Spee to come out. So when we came out of the river one of our destroyers kindly gave me two large depth bombs set to explode at twenty feet. I dropped them within six feet of the sub's plates . . . she went up and she went down."

"But—how did you know you'd have an opportunity to use them?"

"I didn't. I just guessed. Something told me you'd break your parole given me that you'd be a perfect guest; that you'd telephone your father from Buenos Aires and he'd make the ball and let you fire it. I had you shadowed in Buenos Aires. You were seen to buy that electric torch. You hid it in an empty bucket in the fire-bucket locker on top of the house. While the ship proceeded without lights you were up on the house all night flashing signals for that sub. . . . You see, son, I wanted you to know our position, so I gave you the liberty of the bridge and chartroom. I suspected you'd watch our track and figure out how close we were to the rendezvous . . . after all, you know aerial navigation . . . I was pretty certain you'd arrange it to give us time to get into the boats and to be delivered to the sub. . . . They thought I was delivering you in that speedboat when I was, in fact, delivering death certificates."

Young Kessler commenced to weep and the captain left him alone.

Captain Hannay felt no sense of elation, of pride in his destruction of an enemy submarine; he was only sensible of a sense of gratitude to whatever gods there were that he, an old navy crock, had been granted the privilege of service again. He was a cog in the machine that was feeding his people. Nobody knew him, nobody knew that responsibility for the life of England and for victory depended upon him and his kind quite as heavily as upon the men at arms.

Thank God he could accept responsibility and, no matter how heavy it might be, never shrink beneath the burden of it.

He loathed war because he had seen war; he never would forget the blood on the deck at Jutland, the white-faced quick carrying on beside the dead; and depression settled over him as he thought of young German boys floating around in a shattered steel hull down in Fiddler's Green. For the sake of the empire he had sent them there—and he wished he hadn't had that job to do. Well, one mustn't think of such things. . . .

Old Baugh came scuttling up the gangplank. "My dear Captain Hannay," he shrilled, "I had to come down, late as it is, to congratulate you on your successful passage and the sinking of that German sub. Bully work! 'Pon my soul, glorious. Damned dirty Huns. I hate them."

"You haven't any soul to speak of, Mr. Baugh," the shipmaster replied evenly, "so how can you know what is glorious and what is dastardly?"

BUT old Baugh was the type that can swallow an insult from one who is valuable to him. He laughed a short and brittle laugh. "Will have your little joke, Captain, I see." He slapped Hannay on the back and began pawing him. "You're at once the highest-paid and cheapest skipper Kendall, Baugh Co., Ltd., ever had," he cackled, "and the job's yours as long as you go to sea and the ship stays on the surface."

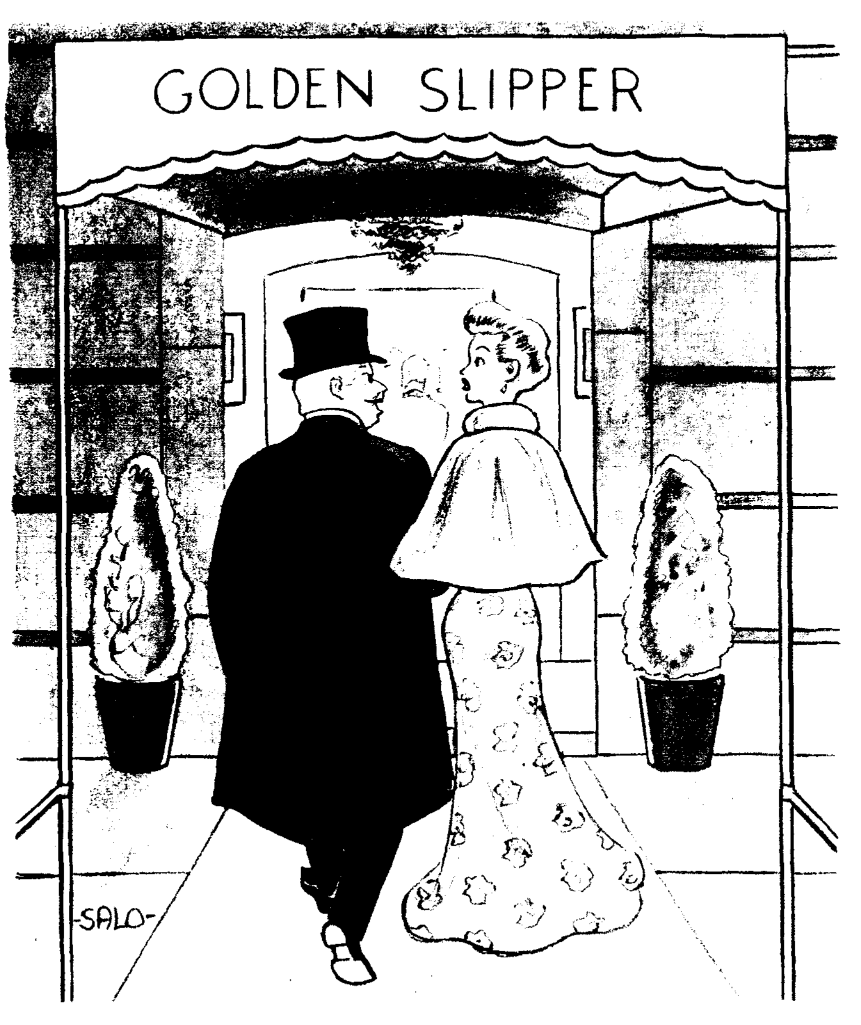
"Take your hands off me," Jasper Hannay cried sharply. "You and I have nothing in common. This morning I slew seventy-five brave men—and you're glad of it, not for England's sake but because of your damned filthy ducats. Get off England's ship!"

He had a sudden yearning to trade the society of the moneygrubber for that of the boy warrior who had given all, even unto his honor, to serve the land to which he owed fealty. Jasper Hannay wondered if *he* would break *his* parole to betray his enemy for England's sake. It was something gentlemen didn't do, but perhaps a new code for gentlemen was being gestated in this war.

He wondered and, wondering, forgot he had left Frederich Arthur Kessler alone in his stateroom to empty his full heart without being stared at in the emptying. So he opened the door and Frederich Arthur Kessler said:

"I have an apology to make to you, sir. I said you were a softie. You're not!"

"We live and learn," Jasper Hannay replied. "Once, a long time ago, I was young, too!"



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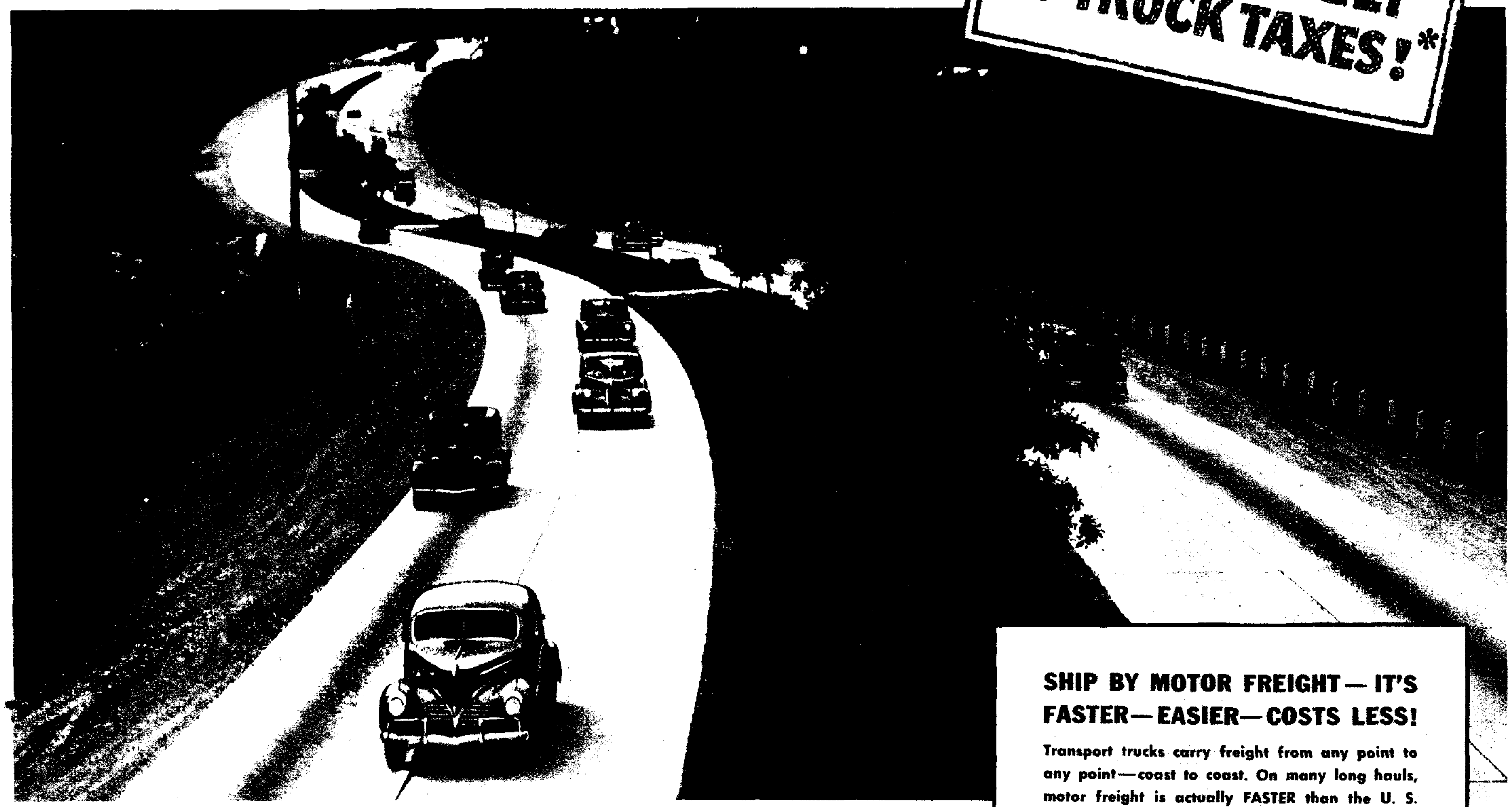

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RUM 89 PROOF—Schenley Import Corp., N. Y. Copr. 1940

Kid Tinsel

Continued from page 10

him up in Pittsburgh more than two years ago when Eddie had been boxing a semifinal. Immediately Pop had made a special trip to New York to tell Pat all about it.

There was plenty to tell. In the first place, Eddie Gordon had color. It wasn't often that a man with a college degree had genuine ability as a fighter. Usually the pugilistic heights have to be scaled the hard way, up from the back streets. Eddie was different.

He had been an outstanding high-school athlete, Pop explained. Because of that he had won an athletic scholarship at a big Middle Western university. He'd held up his end of the bargain, playing brilliant football throughout the four years of his college course. But he had also studied, and he had come through with a degree. He had also emerged from college with the intercollegiate middleweight boxing championship, and the title. And so, when they made him offers, he took up boxing as a profession.

Pop was excited. "First of all, he's a grand kid," he told Pat. "You'll like him, personally. Secondly, he's the answer to any manager's dream. Unless I'm all wrong, and I'm not, he's a second Stanley Ketchel. You've never seen such a wallop. Trouble with him now is that he's green as grass. It'll take a year to iron out all his faults, let alone to teach him what really to do. But once he learns . . . well, he's got what Ketchel had; what made Terry McGovern the greatest of featherweights—and all the punch and color of a Dempsey. Honey, I'm taking him on, and I'm making him world's champion."

IT ALL came back to Pat now . . . especially from the time when Pop's health had started to fail and she had joined him. She knew that Eddie had resented her from the first; she knew that Pop had worried about that a good deal. She knew that tonight they had to discuss something that might not prove pleasant, and so she eased into it. She said, "You're not quite ready."

He started to protest, but was too honest. He knew she was right. It seemed odd that a girl so feminine as this one should have so accurate a grasp of the fight game. Pop's influence, he realized; but it still seemed grotesque.

"I'm going to New York," he said, "and get myself a manager. He won't be as smart as Pop, and I know I'll have to keep my guard up. But I'll go places."

She said, "I'm not sure about that."

"About what?"

"Whether you should try it quite yet. Pop was building you for the title. We both knew how he was planning to do it. You'll have to do it his way."

"Now, listen . . ." His face was stained by a dark flush. She could affect him that way: make him mad when he really didn't want to get mad. "Now, look, Pat—let's don't step on each other's toes. I'd have let a train run over me if Pop had thought it was a good idea. But now that he's gone, I've got to play 'em as I see 'em."

"Not if it isn't the right thing."

"Who's going to judge that?"

She said, calmly: "I am."

He gripped the arms of his chair, and tried to choke back the angry words that came to his lips. He was only partly successful. He said, "I'm doing what I think best, Pat. I'm my own boss now."

"No." She shook her head. "You're not your own boss."

"Who says—?"

"I do." Her voice was flat. "We may as well face facts, and straight, Eddie. When Pop took you on right after my twenty-first birthday, we were all afraid of what he might do some time when he had been drinking too heavily. To guard against that the contracts were drawn up in my name." She drew a deep breath and plunged on:

"Pop had great hopes for you, Eddie. The finest thing I can do for him is to carry those hopes through. So understand this: I'm your manager. I control you—absolutely. And, from now on, Eddie—you're going to do exactly what I say."

Pat sat tensely, waiting for the explosion that she knew was inevitable.

The meager flames of the soft-coal fire were kind to her. They erased a few of the lines that had appeared during Pop's illness, they caught the slim figure of a girl who was young and rather beautiful. Her chestnut hair was soft. Her brown eyes were soft, too, and big. Her mouth was generous, and sensitive. Seated there before the fire, she looked smaller than she actually was, which was quite small indeed.

She presented a lovely picture, but Eddie Gordon was not aware of that. He wasn't aware of anything save an emotion that transcended anger. He felt shocked—and outraged. He said angrily, "That's a rotten thing to do."

She braced herself and asked, "Why?"

"Because Pop never meant it that way. The contracts were drawn in your name only to protect Pop and me."

"Yes." He could see the firelight glinting in her hair as she nodded. "But Pop didn't suspect what was going to happen. He wanted to see you get to the top. I'm simply taking over the job he started."

Eddie rose and walked the length of the room. He said, "I'm trying to make myself believe you're serious."

"I'm serious, Eddie."

"But it's impossible."

"No, it isn't. The contracts are drawn that way, and they're good contracts."

He shook his head. "If I thought—" he started, and she interrupted.

"If you thought, Eddie—you'd know it was the best thing for you." Her voice was steadier now. "Let's look at things straight. You're a good fighter, but you're not good enough, yet. Pop knew it, and you know it. If I let you go to New York alone, some smart manager will get hold of you and burn you out so he can make a quick cleanup. You'll be finished before you ever start. I'm not going to allow it."

There was violent dislike in the glance he bestowed on her. "I never could figure where Pop got a daughter like you, Pat Mallory. I still don't. But why not be decent enough to come out with your real reasons."

"All right—why not? Have you any suggestions?"

"Yes." His words were bitter. "You figure I spell easy dough and plenty of it."

HE SAID something sharp and profane under his breath. Then: "You've been reading the wrong book, Pat. I'm not being managed by any woman—and especially not by you."

She shrugged. "Okay—if that's the way you want it."

"Well, it is."

"And suppose I ask again what your plans are—now that you've decided to retire from the ring?"

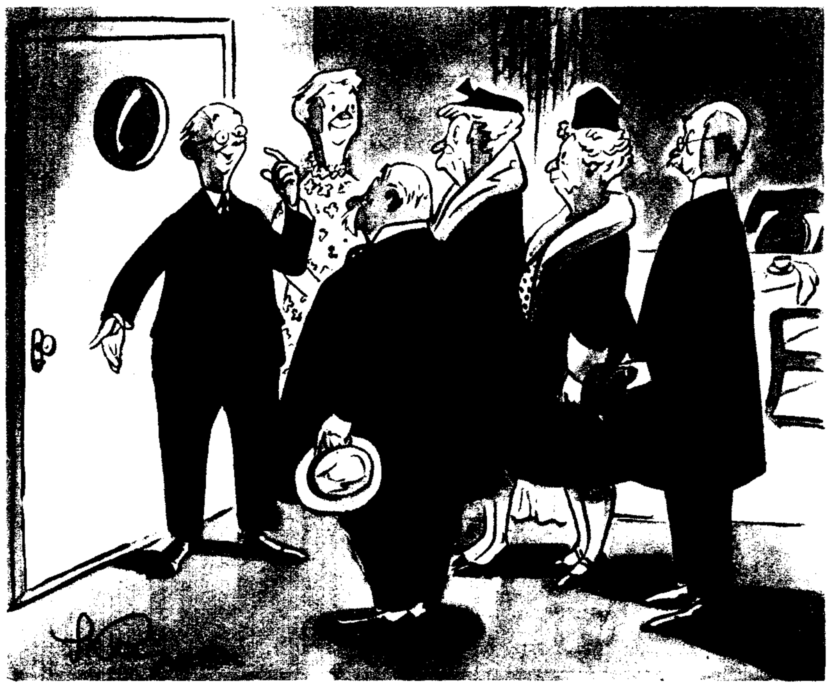
For an instant he stood over her, his oddly attractive and homely face working with anger. "There are a lot of names I'd like to call you," he said. "You've always hidden behind someone. Why the hell don't you get out? You know I don't like you. What's the idea of messing up my life now?"

She said quietly, "I can do a pretty good job of managing you, Eddie. I'll lay out your training routine, and if you don't play ball you'll get trimmed by some second-rater and then you'll really be through. You can—"

"I told you the whole thing is out."

"That's all right with me, too. I have a hunch I'm pretty good at this fashion designing I gave up two years ago. And you're a very nice boy, in spite of the fact that you're a mug. You've got all the trimmings, including a college degree. Chances are you'll be a heap better off out of the ring. Not as famous, perhaps, or as rich—but it ought to work out in the long run."

He passed a big, powerful hand across his chin. "You're trying to act tough, aren't you?"



"Now my idea is beautiful in its simplicity; we all say good night once, then I open the door and you walk out, then I close the door"

LAURENCE REYNOLDS

"Wish I had his Warm-up!"

Mobilgas
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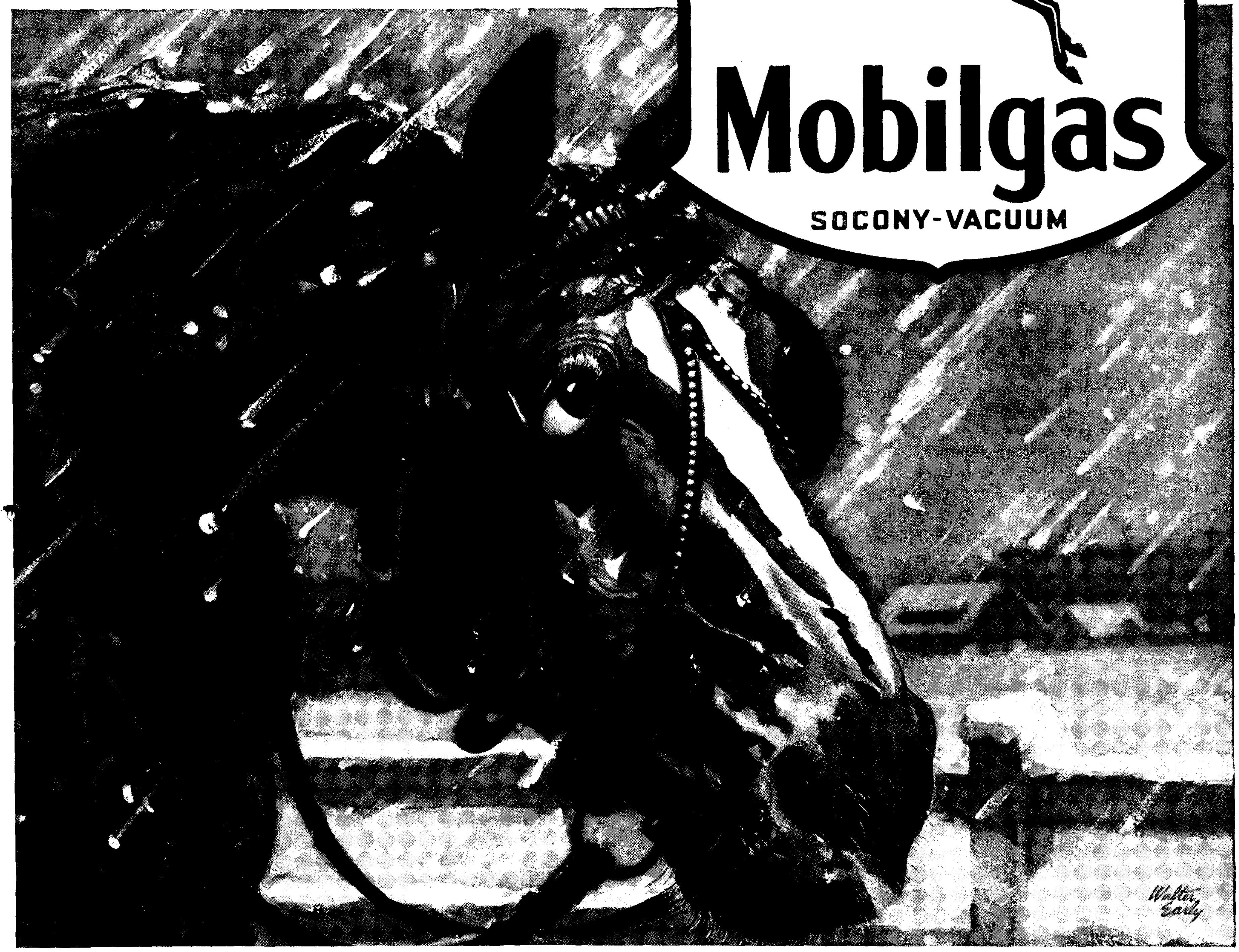

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That man who made the eagle scream, on the opposite page ——> knows that the

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General Manager

More for your money at
Hotel Pennsylvania
The STATLER Hotel in New York
James H. McCabe, General Manager

DON'T MISS OPPOSITE PAGE!

"That seems to be the best way to handle you."

He was silent for a long time. Then, abruptly, he seated himself opposite her and his voice gentled—so that for an instant she lowered her guard. "Look," he said, "this isn't your racket, Pat. You're a different sort—you don't belong—that's all. You'd get your fingers burned—but bad. So let's say it's dough you're after. Well, lay off me and I'll cut you in on my earnings."

Her face was pale, and she felt an anger that almost matched his. She said, "You're really selling yourself a bill of goods, aren't you?"

"Aw, don't get sore, Pat. I'm talking cold turkey—so why can't you? And don't pull any more of that malarkey about Pop. Sure, we were both nuts about him—which is all we've ever had in common. But Pop's gone—worse luck. So I'm on my own, and I'm fixing to stay just that way. I'm offering you a slice. If you say No, why, I'm quitting—and there won't be anything to cut the slice from. What do you say?"

She answered slowly: "You've got a funny way of figuring, Eddie."

"So I figure funny. But that's the way it adds up to me."

"Well, it adds wrong. And the answer is No."

THE kitchen door opened and Feets Johnson tiptoed into the room. His chocolate-brown face showed the strain that he, too, had been under: his powerful, muscular body moved with the grace and ease of a man who once had been an athlete. Feets said, " 'Scusin' me, Miss Patricia," and walked over to the dying fire. He stirred it up with the poker, put on two additional lumps of coal, and looked down at them reprovingly. "You-all sho don't care how cold you git," he said. " 'Tain't fitten fo' you not to have no good fire on a night like this'n."

Eddie Gordon said, "Thanks, Feets. I hadn't noticed."

"You never did notice much, Mistuh Eddie. Nor neither you, Miss Patricia. Reckon what you bofe needs is a good nurse . . . like me."

Pat smiled. "Thanks," she said. Then she caught sight of the big Negro's eyes, and a wave of pity engulfed her. "You mustn't take it too hard, Feets."

"I know, Miss Patricia, I know. But it don't hahdly seem right that Mistuh Pop ain't heah no mo'. Seems like the good Lawd should have spared a man that's needed so much by you an' Mistuh Eddie . . . an' me."

Pat said softly, "We have each other."

"Yas'm, we got each other. But it ain't never gwine be the same. No'm, no matter how you contemplate it, it's diff'ent." He sighed. "But I wasn't aimin' to make you feel bad, Miss Patricia. I just come in to see wasn't there somethin' you-all wanted. Somethin' to make you sleep, p'raps?"

"Thanks, no. You run along, Feets. You're all in."

"You all right, Mistuh Eddie?"

The boy nodded. "Yes, I'm all right."

Feets looked from one to the other. Instinct told him that all was not well. There were many things he wanted to say and so few words with which he could say them. So all he did say was " 'Night" and shouldered his big frame through the kitchen door and thence to his meager room over the garage.

Somehow, the Negro's brief visit had projected Pop into that room again. Instead of fortifying Pat, Feets had unnerved her. Eddie caught it and said, "You're all unstrung tonight, kid. Maybe we'd better pick this up again in the morning."

"Maybe." Then she changed her mind. "No, I don't think so, Eddie. What's the use of repeating? It had to be done once, but once is enough."

"You're not thinking straight."

"Yes, I am. Straighter than you know."

"I don't believe it. You've been through a lot recently. You're punch-drunk. You'll see things differently tomorrow."

"Don't count on that, Eddie. It won't work out that way."

Again that dark flush stained his cheeks, again ridges stood out along the sides of his jaw. He said, "When a smart fighter is being hit below the belt, Pat—he does something about it."

"What?"

"He fights the same kind of way."

She shook her head. "You won't," she said.

"Don't bank on that," he answered grimly. "I'm just telling you."

"Thanks . . ." Her slim body sagged. "Must we always quarrel, Eddie?"

"No." He didn't notice the quick, eager look in her eyes as he went on: "We won't quarrel any more for the simple reason that we're all washed up. If it's you or nothing, Pat—I'll take nothing."

"That's how it is, Eddie. I'm sorry."

"Then you can figure me through—starting now."

"No-o-o. . . . Now, wait a minute, Eddie. I'm not trying to get you all peeved up; honest, I'm not. I'm just saying that I don't believe you'll quit the ring." She scribbled something on the back of an old envelope and handed it to him. "I'm not suggesting anything, Eddie—or asking anything. Chances are I'll be on my way to New York before you get over your mad. So that's where you'll find me."

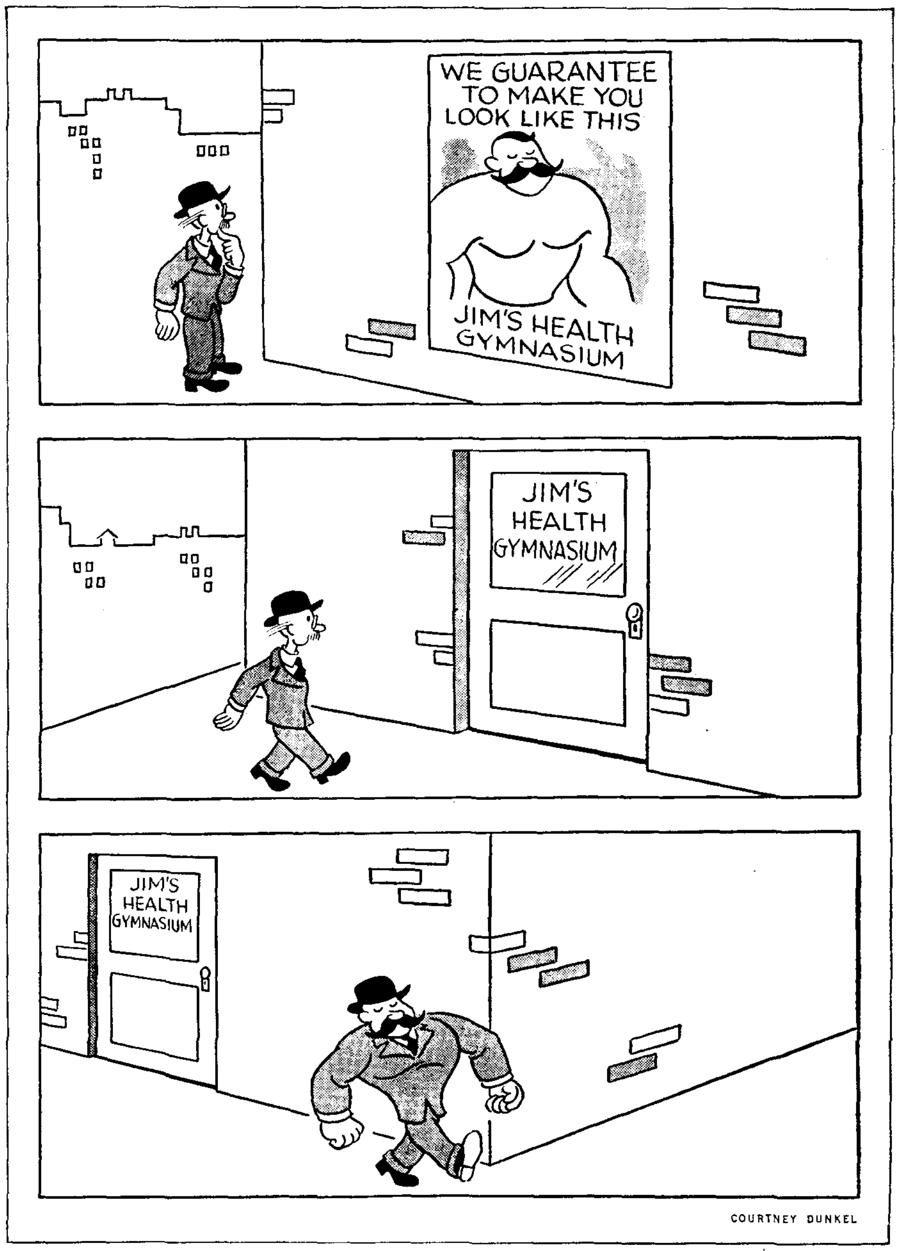
"I've spoken my piece," he said coldly. "Good night."

He walked out of the room and she heard him mounting the stairs. For a long time she stared at the poorly furnished room of the second-rate boardinghouse: an overstuffed chair, a horsehair sofa, an old-fashioned rocker that creaked, an ancient center table with a cracked marble top on which was a cheap vase filled with dusty, artificial flowers. Two faded lithographs on the wall and a crayon portrait of the late Mr. Ross, resplendent in mustache and slicked-down hair. An archaic melodeon in the corner. The iron grate in which the soft-coal fire flickered. It was a tawdry room and rather uncomfortable, yet somehow homey. It was a room Patricia would never forget. Here she had sat and talked to Pop when she knew that his health was getting pretty bad, from here they had carried him upstairs when the bad attack struck him, and here—tonight—she had taken a stand that she felt that she must take, and had been hurt—"Though," she confessed honestly, "I did stick my chin out."

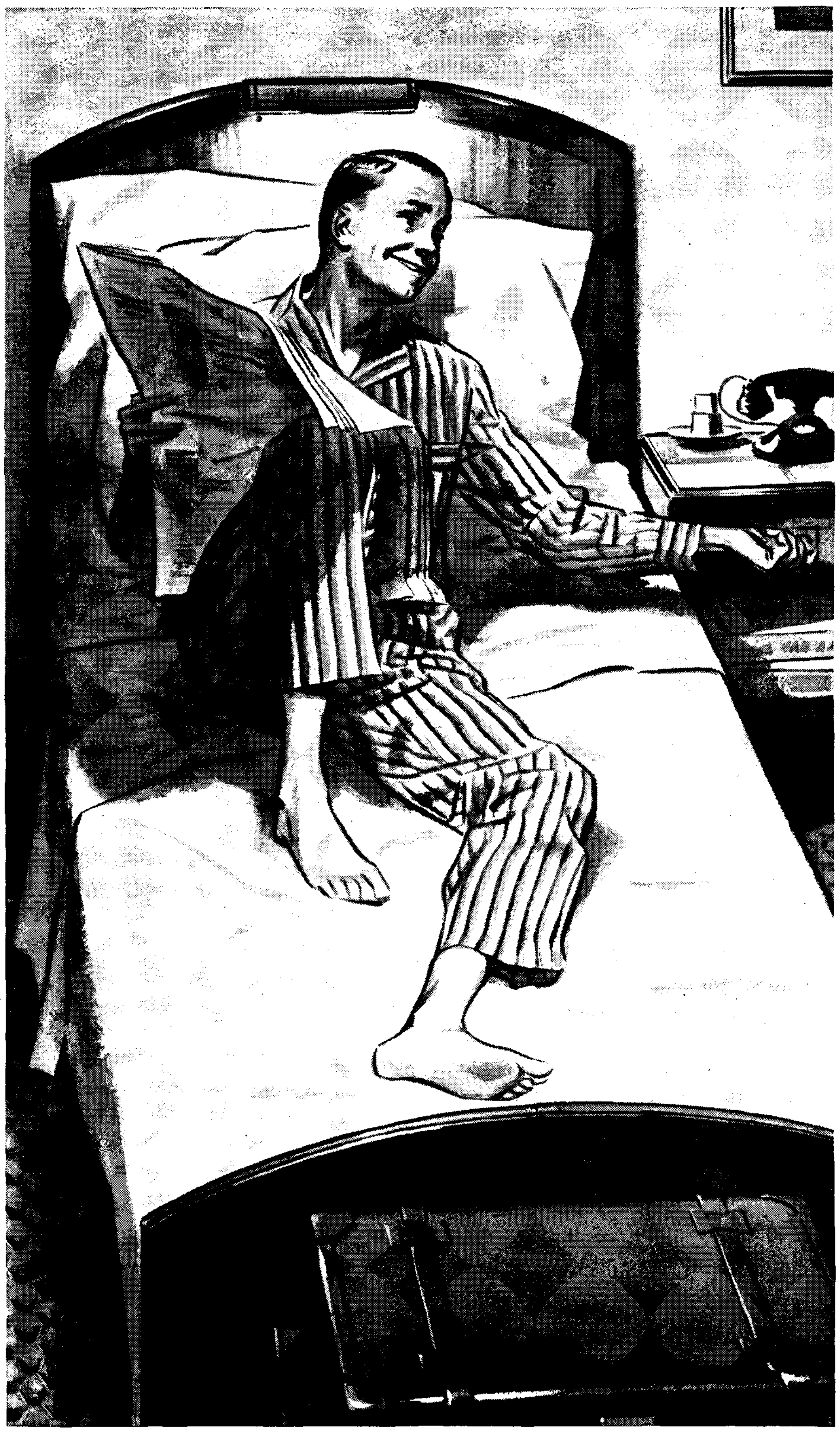
SHE could hear Eddie moving restlessly about his room upstairs. She didn't want to think . . . but that was something she couldn't control.

She was thinking of the might-have-beens. She was thinking how different things could have been had Eddie not disliked her. She had never quite understood his resentment. There were times when she thought he had resented her closeness to Pop . . . though perhaps it was that Eddie just didn't like girls . . . perhaps that he resented anything soft and gentle.

It didn't do any good to admit that she cared for Eddie. But even in this moment, she was honest enough to confess that there was a motive for what she



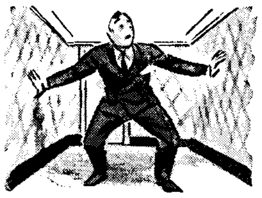
The man who made the eagle scream



"YOU BET I STAY at the places that give me the most good living for my money," he said. "That's why I stay at your Statler hotels.

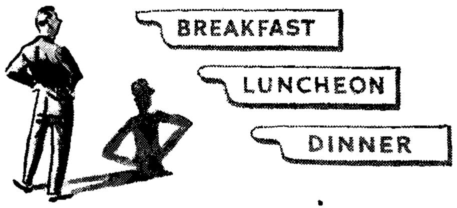
"Take that room I just checked out of. Not your highest-priced room by any means, yet a *big, beautifully furnished* room. Bed's just as comfortable as my pet bed at home. The lighting's *better* than we have at home.

"And," he continued, almost as though he were putting something over on us, "I'm not overlooking the free newspaper you slip under my door—nor the dozens of other little services that are 'on the house!' "



(Even a minimum-rate room at Statler hotels is spacious and utterly comfortable —not a mere cubbyhole. Beds are custom-made wonders, for the "*rest*" of your life!)

"Then," continued the man who squeezed real value from his money, "that circulating ice water saves me calling a boy several times a day. And I get my cigarettes and magazines at *street* prices. Those savings add up!"



(Tempting meals are also *value*-priced at Statlers. No need to eat in ordinary places —choose from *several* Statler dining rooms, to fit your budget.)

"Say!" he exclaimed as he turned to leave, "I almost forgot to ask you to wire a reservation to my next Statler stop. *That's* 'on the house', too!"

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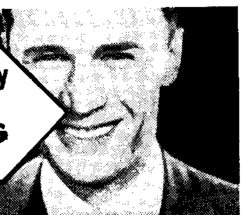

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had just done—a motive as compelling as all the reasons she had given him. She loved this boy. She loved him and wanted to help him . . . yes, and to protect him, too.

That seemed a silly idea at first blush; but she knew it wasn't silly. He was a kid for all his physical power, for all his fighting ability. Pop had known that always, and had discussed it with her many times. Eddie was too soft, too good-natured. But Pat knew the answers. She knew how hard this game was because Pop had taught her. Eddie needed her and he was going to have her, whether he wished it or not.

She heard him descending the stairway and looked up in surprise.

He was moving toward the front door, carrying two heavy suitcases. She rose quickly—feeling a sudden sense of panic and of impending loss. She said, “Where are you going. . . ?”

His voice was flat and cold. “You called it, Pat. I'm checking out. I'll be at the Athletic Club if you decide to change your mind.”

She crossed the room and stood before him. She held out her hand and said, “Can't we part friends?”

He looked down at her and shook his head.

“No,” he said quietly, “we can't. I just don't like the way you play.”

And then he was gone, and the closing of the door reminded Pat again—so poignantly that it hurt—that Pop was gone, too.

A SLEEK, expensive car whirled out of traffic toward the hotel entrance, and the slim young man at the wheel honked impatiently at a group of college youngsters who were blocking the curb. They were laughing and discussing the good time they'd had at the dance, and the girls seemed anxious to protect their evening gowns against the biting winter rain.

The stranger in the gray car continued to honk, and one of the college boys said, in a slow, good-natured southern drawl: “Okay, Bud, okay. Just keep yo' shirt on.”

Eventually the youngsters rolled off into the night, and the stranger shoved his car violently into the space they had vacated, jumped out of the car and snapped at the colored doorman, “What the hell kind of service is this? Get those bags out. And garage the car for me.”

He passed through the revolving doors into the ornate lobby. The doorman looked after him and shook his head, “Sho is riled up: that feller. Reckon he's all tuckered out fum drivin'.”

The newcomer swung across the lobby toward the desk. He was young, slim and blond. The clerk looked up into a pair of eyes that were youthful and hard, and at an expressionless face that forbade any gesture of cordiality. The clerk watched as the stranger registered: JOE BARTON, New York.

“Yes, sir. . . .” The room clerk was professionally suave. “What sort of room . . . ?”

“Best you've got.” The voice was impatient.

“Something about six dollars?”

“I said the best.”

“Yes, sir . . . certainly.” The clerk's face had flushed under the other's rudeness. He made one last effort to be friendly. “Driving through?”

Joe Barton's cold, gray eyes looked straight into those of the room clerk, and held for an instant. The stare made the clerk uncomfortable. Barton said, “Make it snappy,” and turned to follow the bellboy who had his key and his expensive luggage.

The bellhop, too, was wary. When he came downstairs again a few minutes later, the clerk called him over. He asked, “What's eating that guy?”

“Durned if I know.” The bellboy was bewildered. “I thought he was goin' to take a sock at me. And then he tipped me a buck.” He shook his head. “An' I still don't like him.”

“Driving through, isn't he?”

“Yeh. From Miami, I reckon. Baggage is all covered with labels. He's a tough little egg.”

“Tired, maybe,” stated the clerk philosophically. “Driving on a night like this isn't any fun.”

Joe Barton *was* tired. He flung himself on the bed, lighted a cigarette, and relaxed for the first time that day. The driving had been difficult, the roads wet and winding and none too good. “I'd do it for Max Ellison,” he announced to the ceiling, “but for nobody else.” He shook his head petulantly: “Four hundred miles out of my way to see a pug.”

One o'clock, and he was too tired to do anything more than shed his flashy clothes and crawl into bed. There was work to be done, but this was no time to think about it. He snapped off the light, and slept. It was almost noon when he awoke and called Room Service. Over his breakfast tray he glanced at the newspaper.

There wasn't much that interested *him*. The war was raging in Europe, but that was of no concern to Joe Barton. Nothing interested that twenty-three-year-old gentleman except himself. He turned the pages idly, sliding past the tidings of grim world events, and coming eventually to the sports page. There an item caught his eye.

It wasn't much of an item. Just a simple, unadorned little story that informed those who might be interested that on the previous day Pop Mallory, manager of the sensational young middleweight, Eddie Gordon, had been interred in Elmwood Cemetery. His demise, stated the newspaper, had followed a long illness, and he was survived by his daughter, Patricia. Joe Barton said aloud, “Now, ain't that a hell of a note.”

Pop Mallory dead—and he'd come all this distance just to see Pop. Then he thought of something else. Maybe this would simplify things. He'd come to talk to Pop about buying Eddie Gordon's contract for Max Ellison, so maybe it'd be simpler now that Eddie was a free agent. Yeh . . . maybe so. Max'd be pleased if he could show up in New York with Eddie, or at least with the contract. And Joe Barton was anxious to stand strong with Max. There were reasons.

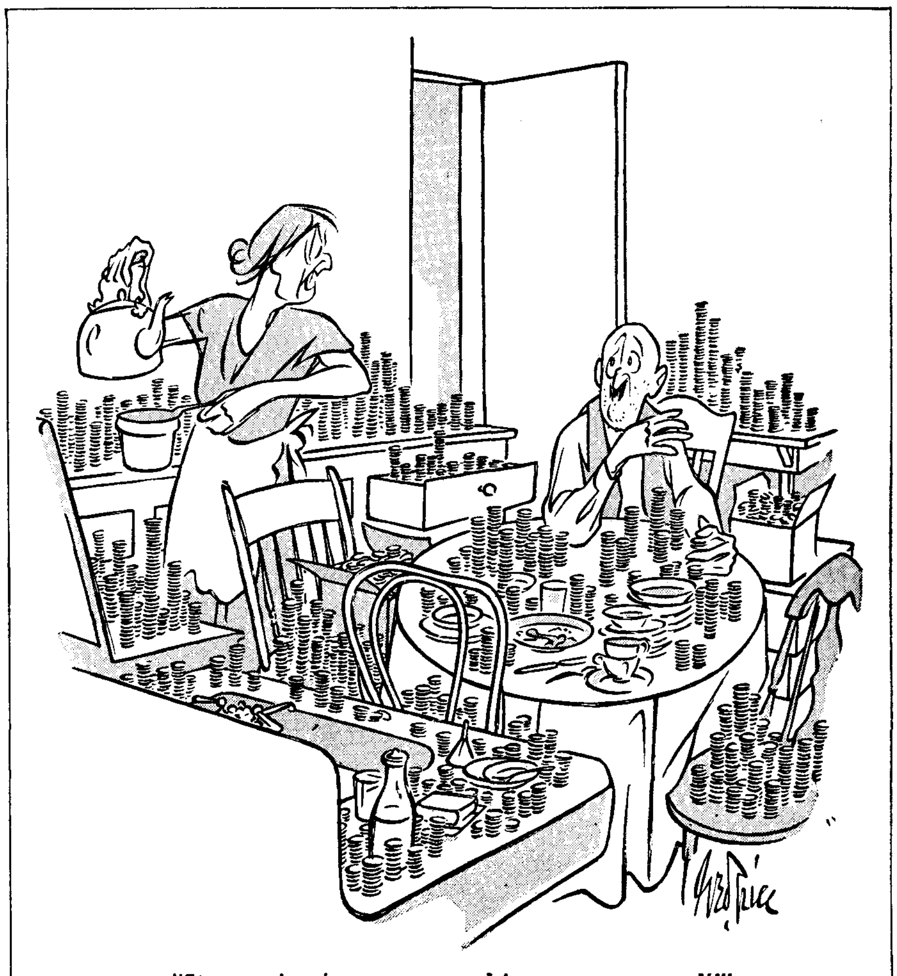
He doffed bathrobe and pajamas and turned on the shower. He was small and slender, but wiry. His body looked young. Only in the eyes was age discernible. Looking at those eyes, you'd get the impression that there was nothing they hadn't seen. Pale gray and expressionless; they were hard, cruel, emotionless eyes. They blended with the sandy, colorless hair; with the pasty complexion. Sure, he'd had a winter in Miami Beach; but sun tan had been no part of the benefits he'd derived. He was accustomed to sleeping when the sun was out, and of spending his time and his money in the clubhouse at the race track, at the dog tracks, and—most particularly—at the numerous night clubs and gambling establishments.

THAT was the way Joe Barton lived. As the only child of the famous Lew Barton, fantastically powerful factor in the political life of New York, Joe had little to worry about except the problem of enjoying the next moment.

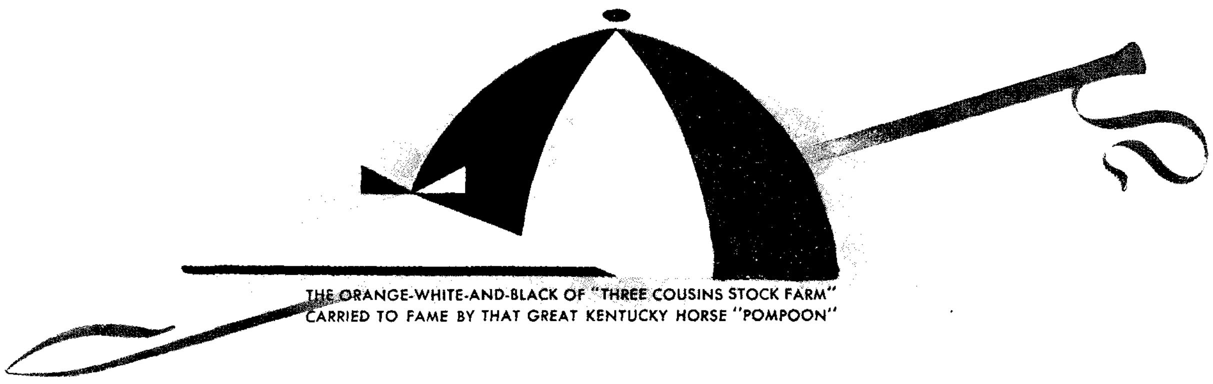
He combined breakfast and lunch. He consulted a notebook for Pop Mallory's address and said to himself, “I'll go see this palooka myself. . . .” He called a taxi.

It was a long drive out to West End. The modest little suburb looked rather pretty this morning, now that the brilliant Alabama sunshine had succeeded in dispersing the last of the rain clouds. Cool, but pleasantly so. The cottage before which the taxi stopped wasn't very impressive. Joe Barton told the driver to wait. He walked toward the front door with an easy, light tread and his pressure on the bell was too long and too insistent.

The door opened, and he found him-



"Stop saying 'a penny saved is a penny earned'!" GEO. PRICE



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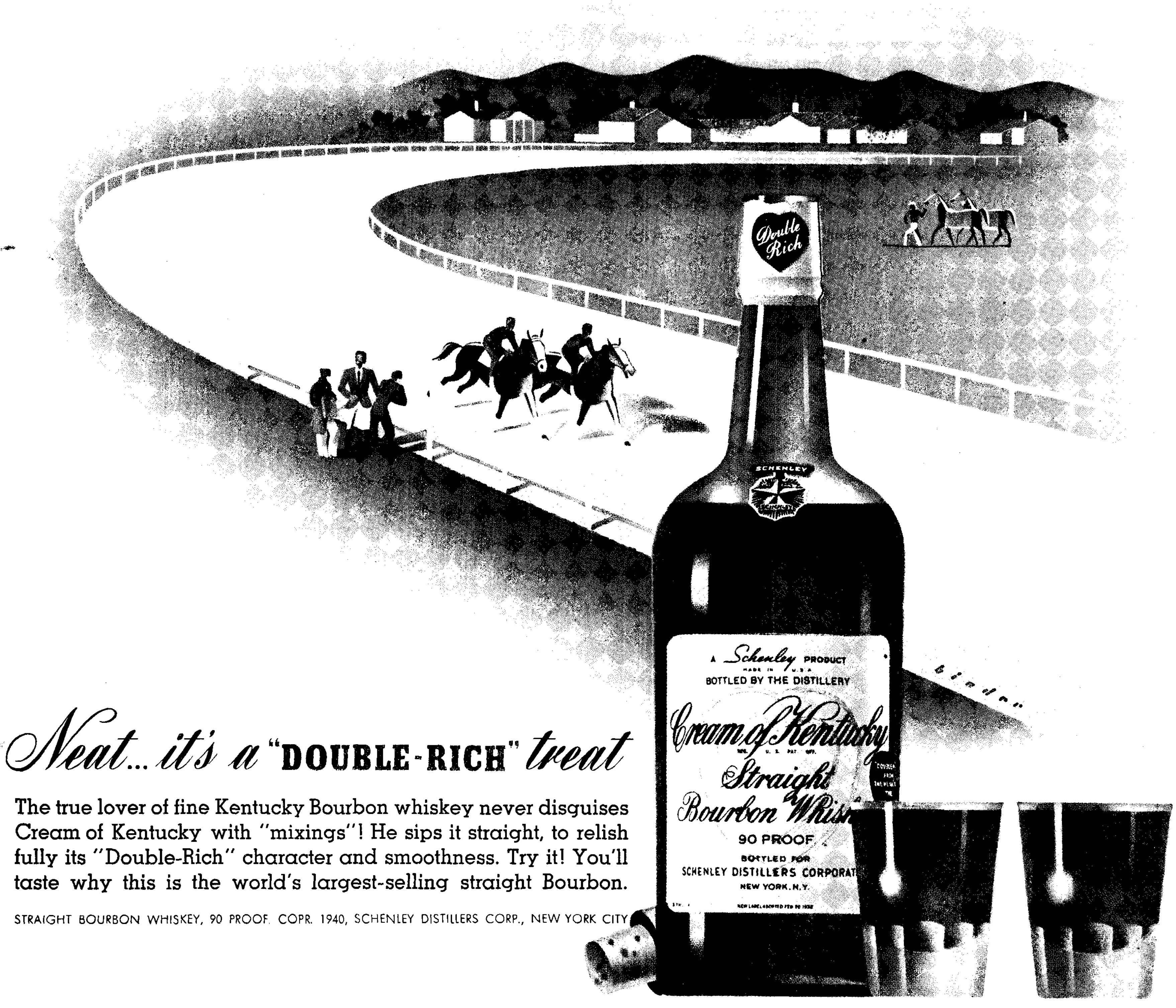
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BALLANTINE'S PURITY BODY FLAVOR ALE

America's largest selling Ale

self looking at a girl of about his own height. The height was inadequate for a man, and nice for a girl—but it made her look tall. He looked her over insolently, and decided that she was unusually pretty. "Nice eyes," he thought. "Pretty hair. And a swell shape." So that was that. Whoever she was, she was a break. He even had the grace to take off his hat as he asked, "Does Eddie Gordon live here?"

The girl met his eyes levelly. He noticed those eyes again. They didn't seem very happy, but he figured that they could brighten up at the right time. Yeh, quite a dame, considering. And he always considered. She spoke in a voice that was low and a bit husky. She said, "He did live here."

"You mean he's gone?"

"No-o. Not exactly." She held the door open. "Would you care to come in?"

"It's all right by me." He followed her into the living room. He said, "I've come a long way to see this Gordon guy."

She hesitated. "I believe I know where you can find him. . . ."

"The bird I wanted to see was Pop Mallory, but I just read in the paper he cashed in."

"Yes." Her voice was a shade lower. "He was buried yesterday. Pop was my father."

Joe said, "Oh . . ." and then, feeling that something more was called for, he said, "I'm sorry about your old man."

SHE motioned him to a chair, and he noticed the grace of her, and her quiet assurance. He figured she was about his age, and he didn't like that. He resented his own youth and tried always to act older. Usually, he succeeded in creating the impression he wanted. He heard her saying, "I'm Patricia Mallory. Maybe you can tell me why you wanted to see Pop."

"Yeh. . . ." He introduced himself abruptly. "Maybe you've heard of Lew Barton of New York."

"I'm afraid I haven't."

"He's a political big shot. What I mean, big. I'm Joe Barton, his son."

She nodded, and waited.

"Ever heard of Max Ellison?" he asked.

"The fight manager? Surely."

"Smart girl. Well, I guess being Pop Mallory's kid. . . . Sure, you couldn't help hearing about him."

She said, "I suppose everybody who knows anything about fighting has heard of Max Ellison."

"He's the top manager. And he and my old man are buddies. Grew up together. That's why I'm here. Max asked me to come through Birmingham and talk turkey to Pop."

"About what?"

"This guy, Gordon. We been getting reports on him. Max seems to think he's got what it takes."

She nodded. "Yes . . . Eddie's good."

"How good?"

"Good enough."

The faintest shadow of a smile crossed his thin lips. "You talk wise, sister. Pop must have taught you something."

"He did." She raised her eyes to his. "You mean you came here because Max Ellison wanted to buy Eddie Gordon's contract?"

"That's about the size of it."

She shook her head. "I'm sorry, Mr. Barton, but Eddie's contract isn't for sale."

"Huh?" Barton was surprised at her sureness. "The guy's a free agent now, ain't he? Why can't he talk for himself?"

"Eddie's not a free agent," she explained quietly. "I'm his manager."

Joe Barton leaned forward. "Listen, you wouldn't be trying to put the rib on me, would you?"

"No. I'm simply telling you what's what."

"But you're a girl. . . ."

"I believe so. I'm also Eddie Gordon's manager."

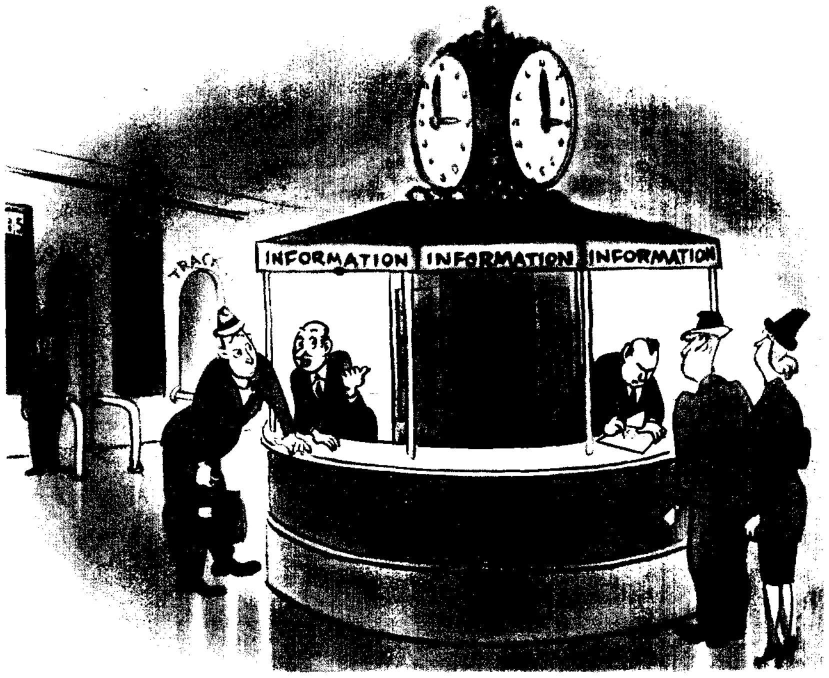
He lighted a cigarette, leaned back in his chair, and laughed. "How come?" he inquired.

She hesitated, but only for a moment. "Pop wanted it that way," she explained. "The contracts were drawn in my name as soon as I became twenty-one years of age."

"But you aren't figuring to handle him yourself. That doesn't make sense."

"Maybe not. But it's the way things are."

Joe whistled. "Look," he argued, "why not be sensible? You can't get anywhere handling this Gordon—no matter how good he is. Max Ellison can do things for him. It's a break for Gordon, and it'll be a break for you. Max pays for what he wants, but good."



"He saves all the questions, and then sells them to radio quiz programs!"

ADOLPH SCHUS

"Sorry, Mr. Barton—but the contract simply isn't on the market."

"But if Eddie knew Max wanted him. . . ."

"Eddie hasn't anything to do with it."

"Well, I'll be . . ." Joe laughed. "I like you, Miss Mallory. You seem to know what the score is. So can I ask a favor?"

"Yes."

"Got any objection to letting me see the contract?"

"Not a bit." She went to an ancient desk in the corner and handed him a legal document. "That's the copy," she said. "I've got the original in my box at the bank."

"You would have." He read intently, then tossed it back at her. "The guy that drew that thing up knew his tomatoes. Looks tight as a drum."

"It is. Pop was careful about things like that."

"So you won't play ball?"

"No. I'm sorry you had your trip for nothing, but that's how it is."

THERE was a hint of admiration in his cold, gray eyes. "You handle yourself nicely, sister. But don't you realize you're bucking a racket that's bigger than you are?"

"Yes."

"Having a gal manager will do Eddie lots of no good."

"Maybe."

"Max can slide him into the good spots. Breaking into New York isn't any part of a cinch."

"I figure Eddie can fight his way in."

"Oh, yeah? It'd take a Stanley Ketchel to do that."

She said calmly, "He's another Ketchel. Maybe more so."

Barton's eyes narrowed. "You've got it bad, haven't you?"

"Got what?"

"Don't play cagey with me. You like this Gordon."

Her cheeks turned crimson, and he leaned forward quickly. "Take it easy, sister. So I was out of line. But I didn't mean it that way."

"That's all right. . . ." She rose. "I appreciate your coming here. I appreciate Mr. Ellison's interest in Eddie. I'm sorry it isn't going to work out that way."

"I'm not arguing. When a dame makes up her mind to something, she makes it up." He smiled. "How does Gordon like the idea of you handling him?"

She didn't evade. "He doesn't like it very much."

"You could be a break for any man." Barton's insolence was apparent again. "But not in the fight racket."

"Perhaps. Is there anything else?"

"No-o. . . ." He also rose. "Got any objections if I speak to Gordon myself?"

"No. But it won't get you anywhere."

"Maybe not. And it won't hurt, either. Know where I can find him?"

"Probably at the Athletic Club. He said he was taking a room there."

Once again his keen eyes bored into hers. He thought of something to say, but decided against it. He was shrewd, this Joe Barton . . . he saw things. He said, "I'll look him up. Meanwhile, if you change your mind, you know where to find Max Ellison."

"Yes, I know. But I'm not changing my mind."

"You might." He held out his hand. "'By."

"Goodby, Mr. Barton."

At the front door he looked straight into her eyes.

"You're making a mistake, sister."

"I hope not."

"You've taken on a tough job."

And this time even Joe Barton didn't catch the significance of her words.

She said, "Yes. I know I have."

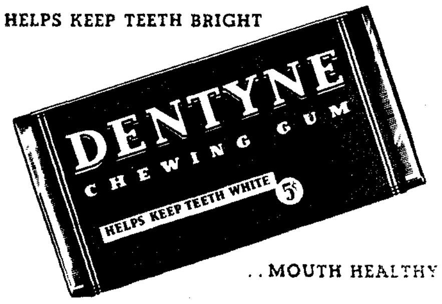
(To be continued next week)

I'VE paid my dentist but I'm still in debt to him. You see he told me how to have a lovely smile.

"I clean your teeth," he said, "but you must help keep them bright. Try chewing Dentyne every day. Its extra firmness helps polish your teeth, eliminate food particles, make them really gleam. Dentyne is good for mouth health too. Vitalizes gums and tissues, exercises teeth and jaw muscles." Then he gave me some to try.

I've never tasted anything nicer. That zesty cinnamon flavor freshened up my mouth in no time and was so delicious. Of course I bought some Dentyne right away. Its flat handy package slips conveniently into my purse. I carry it everywhere and everyone is congratulating me on my sparkling teeth. Do try Dentyne yourself — Buy Dentyne today

HELPS KEEP TEETH BRIGHT



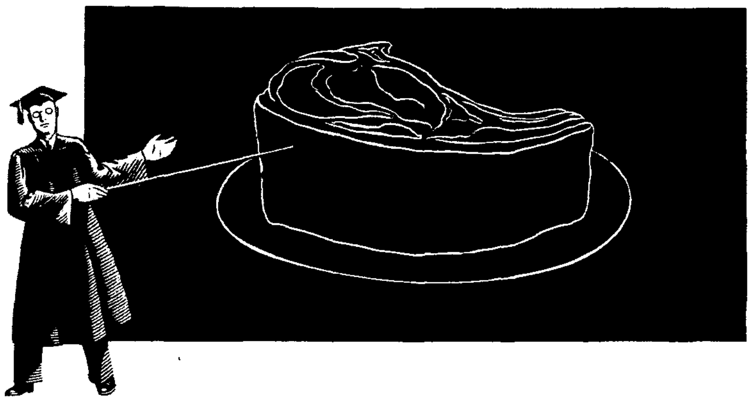
. . MOUTH HEALTHY

DENTYNE

How Smart Are You About

MEAT?

A modern health quiz about a modern food



1. What big health news about meat was recently discovered by scientists?

2. If you were picking the most digestible meat to serve a family with growing children, which of the following would you choose? Beef ☐ Pork ☐ Lamb ☐ Veal ☐

3. Has any civilized person ever lived exclusively on meat? Why?

4. Why is it now less of a hardship to go on a reducing diet?

5. When is a protein complete?

6. In which of the following conditions do you think meat could be included as an important part of the diet? Bright's disease ☐ High blood pressure ☐ Tuberculosis ☐ Arthritis ☐ Anemia ☐

7. This is easy for mothers. How old are babies ordinarily before they get meat in the diet?

8. A porterhouse steak contains more health elements than stewing beef. Is this statement True ☐ False ☐

Now look at the answers

1. The big health news is the discovery that meat is especially rich in certain vitamins—particularly the Vitamin B group, including Vitamin B-1 (thiamine).

2. You could choose any one of them and not go wrong—because, as tests prove, all meats are easily and equally well digested.

3. Yes—the explorer-scientist, Stefansson and his colleague, Anderson, lived exclusively and healthfully on meat for *one* year under strict scientific observation. Their purpose was to disprove once and for all the old wives' tale of the harmful effect of "too much meat".

4. Because the modern reducing diets prescribed by physicians allow a liberal amount of lean meat, you can lose weight without developing that haggard look and "always-hungry" feeling. Lean meat helps keep up your strength and satisfies you.

5. Scientists call a protein "complete" when it contains the ten essential amino acids. Meat is one of the foods that contains in liberal amounts all of these body building essentials which truly make proteins the "building blocks of the body."

6. If you guessed for only anemia, you are only one-fifth right. Diets liberal in meat are now recommended by modern physicians for patients with, not one, but any of these ailments.

7. Oftentimes meat soup is prescribed by child specialists as early as the fifth month and the baby gets bacon and other meats before the end of the first year.

8. The statement is false..It is a fallacy among many housewives that the expensive cuts are more nourishing. The fact is that the less known cuts, not only of beef, but of lamb, pork and veal are just as nutritious as the fancier ones, often even richer in flavor.

AMERICAN MEAT INSTITUTE, Chicago

Good News About Stews

Nothing stretches the flavor of meat so much as stew, whether it's beef, lamb or veal. Here are some of the secrets:

1. Cut meat in cubes of uniform thickness. 2. Keep it colorful, rather than "pale," by browning the meat in a skillet beforehand. 3. Cook gently and keep closed while cooking. 4. Give it new color and flavor interest by using vegetables other than carrots, potatoes and onions—for example, green beans, limas and celery. For added interest, slice the vegetables in strips. 5. Season it properly. For example, add a few whole cloves or a bay leaf. *Your meat man will help you select the proper "stew meat."*

So Beautiful with Furs

Continued from page 13

same letting-out like mink, to make it supple and accent the longer-haired center line. But the coloring of the fur, especially that of the stronger northern muskrat, isn't very flattering, so the furriers get out their paint brushes and feathers again, take a look at the deep rich brown of sable, and reproduce it pronto; or maybe it's mink brown you prefer or baum marten.

They call this art work blending, and it's the same thing that is done on mink coats made of unmatched skins. It is different from dyeing because the hide is not touched—blow on the hairs and you'll see the white skin exposed. For this reason, since it would not be necessary to dip the whole coat in dye, it is possible to do a retouching job whenever necessary—which may be after the second season. This will cost you about $6.50 for muskrat, up to $25.00 for the actual reblending job of a mink coat. Remember that even natural furs turn color and you won't be dismayed if your blended coat should eventually do the same thing. So skilled have the furriers become at this laying on of beauty that our whole attitude about dyed furs has changed from raised eyebrows to cheers.

You are also acquainted with muskrat as Hudson seal. But maybe you don't know that it goes through seventy-odd different stages to get there, and four weeks of being plucked and sheared for a smooth, even pelt, tossed in a drum for suppleness, treated with oils for sheen and pliability, swished through dye vats for a ground color, brushed for the final rich black.

Beaver is a third hardy fur that has come up in the fashion world. It has always been a good and valuable fur. But its bulk never allowed it to cut a very graceful figure, and its hair used to mat and curl with dampness in a very untidy fashion. Now it's been sheared fore and aft. First they trimmed its hair, thus lessening its bulk and matting possibilities, and uncovering quite by accident the lovely toning of blue-brown color that you see in fine sheared beaver. Delighted with this well-groomed beaver, the furriers sharpened their knives and attacked its thick hide, aiming to shave it to thinness. They did, but the hair dropped out. Now they've found a way. They inflate the skin by a very secret process, and then shave away with all the ease of working under a magnifying glass, seeing that they are harming not a hair. Depressed by reverse magic, the skin is light and supple.

A Romantic Business

Go into the fur market in New York where all this beauty is accomplished, and you'll gasp at the contrast. Here is bleak loft after bleak loft, little hole in the wall after little hole in the wall. A few pieces of dusty golden-oak office furniture, no fancy trimmings. But the doors are heavy metal with strong locks, and some dealers shut themselves in with their furs behind cagelike wire partitions besides. Cold-storage rooms are giant vaults, for $160,000,000 worth of furs pass through these drab rooms each year.

You see bales from China, Argentina, Africa; hundreds of stacks of skins being sorted for color and quality. Damp basements strong with the odor of dye vats, men in rubber boots and rubber gloves and torn, old clothes, sloshing skins in dye. In a loft, rods hung with the dripping skins being hoisted to the ceiling to dry. Men, some of them old and from all over the world, standing at tables blending furs. One old man, his beard almost to his waist, blending a white fox into a lynx, with a feather. Two men beating a fox skin with rattan rods, to fluff it up. Men at machines, floor after floor, shearing skins, stitching le[illegible]out skins together. Nailers, tacking wet, sewed coat bodies to boards, smoothed to a pattern, eased without strain to the shape in which they are to dry.

Fleshers sit astride their work-benches, drawing skins across razor-sharp, stationary knives anchored in front of them. They are working the back of the skin down to its soft, suède-like hide, with quick, strong pulls that look easy. But try it yourself, and you'd have the skin in ribbons on that razor edge. Then you'll know why these men are well paid.

Persian-lamb skins are pulled in the same fashion across duller knives, to make them pliable as cloth. For Persian is another fur that has rapidly changed, thanks to the furrier's skill, from stiff, clumsy stuff to such supple material that even suits are being made of it.

Lamb is Versatile

You can pay anywhere from $250 to $1,500 for a Persian-lamb coat, depending on quality of skin and workmanship. The finest Persian has a medium-sized tight curl and a high sheen, with light-weight but strong leather . . . and we've known it to wear for ten and even twenty years, with occasional revampings, and still look like new. Avoid tiny, kinky curls with no sheen; also loose, dull curls.

The lamb family is a large and versatile one guaranteed to meet your budget. There's mouton, which is Merino sheep from South America, shaved and dyed brown, to give you a hard-wearing, young-looking sports coat for under $100. There are Persian and caracul paw coats. The paw skins are stitched together into oblong pieces called plates, some of this done by hand in China, more of it by machine here. Reinforced if necessary by taping or by cloth backing, these plates are made into coats that look remarkably like caracul, and give you good wear for a little over $100. The best caracul coats are made of whole skins, carefully matched for pattern just as Persian skins are matched. The hair should be silky, the moiré pattern small in character and flat. You'll pay around $400 for a good caracul coat. You can get a fine Persian for between $400 and $500. Russian broadtail is a perishable luxury fur, but American broadtail (Argentine lamb, sheared and dyed) gives you a flat moiré marking and good wear for under $200.

There's white fox, turned into lynx by the blender's art, full of flattery at $100 a jacket. There are your old friends, the skunks (let out like raccoon and muskrat), the leopard cats and the rabbits and the kids, supplying warmth and dash at a price. Many of them do a complete job of jacket with matching hat and muff for around $100 and up, giving you these extra items that can dress up your cloth coat when you want a change-off.

High-priced furs are on their way down, too, because of fur farming. You know what's happened to silver fox already. And mink is now beginning to hobnob with more of us because mink ranches are breeding them true to color and in quantities. Persian-lamb farming is well under way in Africa, though it will be a while before we see the results; and here in this country Persians are grazing, too. Nutria from South

American farms will be on its way north any time now. So the choices for your money are steadily growing in number.

Ten years ago one woman in four hundred was lucky enough to own a fur coat. Two years ago it was one in eleven. Now, with all the variety of furs and prices, the furriers have lost track—but they do know fur wardrobes are on the gain, and needn't mean extravagance. Maybe an Alaska sealskin coat for all-day, long-time wear; a fluffy guanaco (South American for llama) jacket, dyed blue-fox color, for evening; a leopard-cat muff and hat for your furless coat, now that spotted furs are so popular.

But the principles of buying fur haven't changed. Unless you're interested only in first appearances, buy the best you can find for your money. Better a top-quality raccoon coat that will wear well and keep its full-bodied beauty than a mediocre Persian with loose, dull curl. Better, if your allowance reaches toward the mink prices, lustrous natural black muskrat, let out like mink, than the lower reaches of mink with its coarser hair and thinner undercoat.

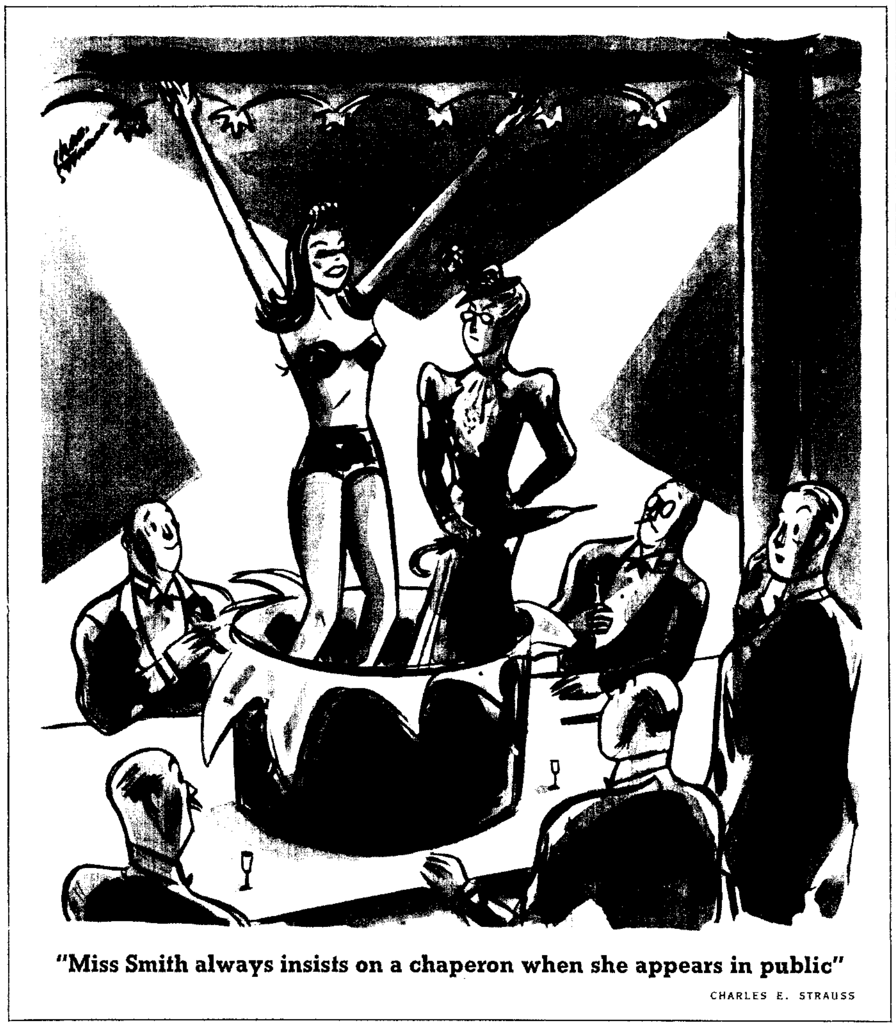
They're Eager to Help You

Buy only from a reliable furrier. Many things enter into the price of your coat such as the source of the skins and their curing and working. Important also is the quality of dye and the skill with which it is applied, and the way the skins are put together to enhance their natural beauty and make a supple coat. Some of these things you can't see for yourself. You have to depend on your furrier for the quality that justifies a little extra cost.

So eager is the industry for you to know better what you are buying when you buy a fur coat that they have just held a clinic in New York to train fur consultants. It's their aim that when you go into a store to buy a coat you can sit there in an easy chair and talk it over—price, type of fur, why this costs more than that, what's best for your size, coloring and pocketbook. Then, if you want to look at coats to buy, it will be soon enough to call a salesperson.

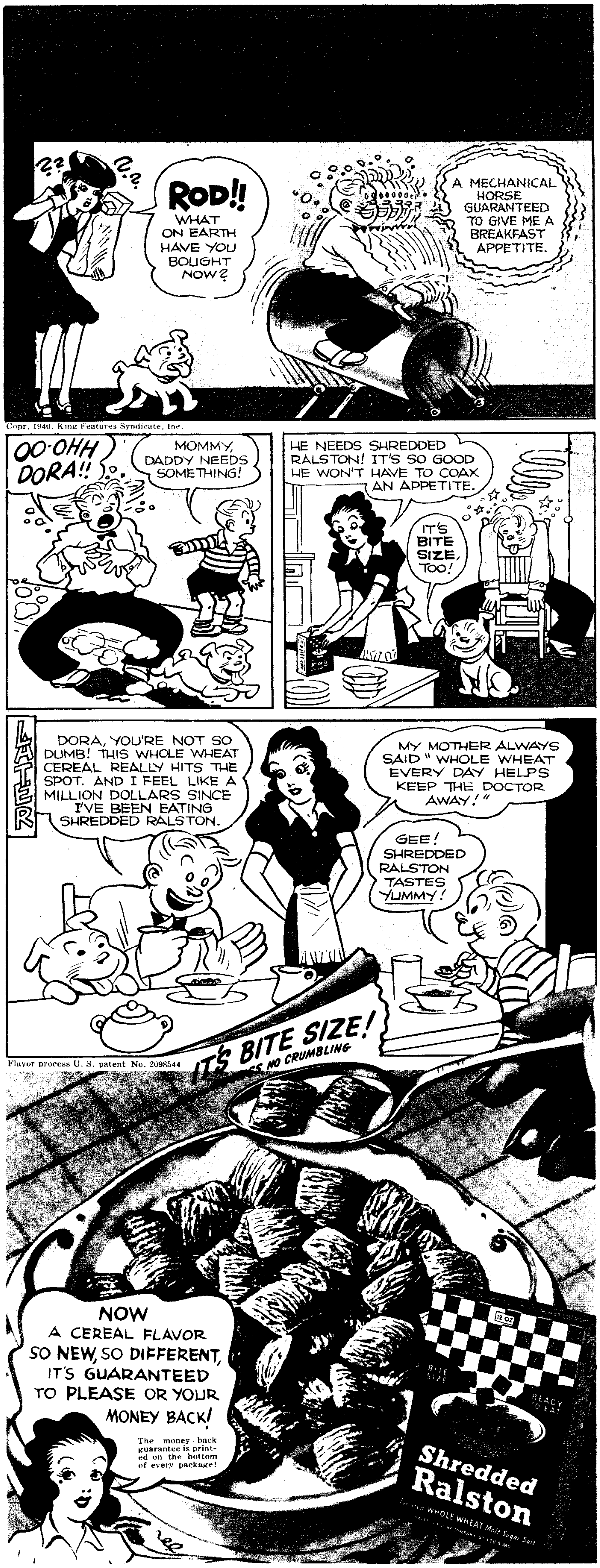
But after they have done their best for you, they implore you please to make a little effort, too, for it's the care you give it that finally decides the looks and life of your coat. If it should get wet, shake it and hang it in a cool, well-ventilated spot to dry—*never* near heat, or it will dry and crack beyond recall. In heated busses and taxis, give it all the radiator clearance you can. Don't hang it in a closet that also harbors a steampipe. Keep dyed fur away from camphor, which may cause a reddish tinge. When you sit down, shrug your shoulders up a bit to create a little slack so that your coat won't be strained and become baggy. Admire your Persian coat all you want, but don't stroke its curls or you'll tend to loosen them. Any fur, if you must pet it, should be stroked with the grain of the hair. After a season's wear, send your coat to be cleaned by a furrier, with the approved sawdust drumming method, and put into cold storage. Its longer, better-looking life will be well worth the price.

One more thing for better coat value: Style. Fur coats this year are easy in fit and are simply cut. There's a swagger swing to the front in some. To the back in others. Shoulders are like those in a man's coat—long in line from neck to top of shoulder, inconspicuously padded. Armholes are deep, to slip on easily over a suit. Favorite new sleeve is the full bishop, worn long to the wrist or pushed up to the elbow. Collars are small, sometimes just a little ripple or choux of fur at the front. Thirty-two inches is the most popular length. Pick such a coat, simple enough and easy-fitting and your daytime fur can carry on over evening clothes. Silver-fox blended raccoon goes to parties as suave as sable, and sheared beaver has been made up in loose-sleeved evening boleros, as stunning over black at night as it is in the daytime. So, with a field full of becoming furs at agreeable prices, it's easy to pick your winner.



"Miss Smith always insists on a chaperon when she appears in public"

CHARLES E. STRAUSS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The Drifter

Continued from page 22

go. Everything moved off into nothing; she couldn't look ahead. "I'll see you again, Jim?" She wanted to ask him to stay in this hide-out, but she knew his mind was already alive with his plans. He was the kind of man who would hate a woman's interference. He was thoroughly independent and she loved him for it, yet it was hard not to have him need her.

"Yes," he said.

"Be careful, won't you?" she asked him. Later, because she could not check her feelings, she added something she really wished she could have held back: "You know, Jim, it would be tough for me if anything happened to you."

She went to her horse and got in the saddle. He followed her and took her hand. She saw the cheerful glint of his eyes, the half-rash confidence in him. He had a heavy, strong hand and its pressure passed physically through her. "I'll see you tonight or tomorrow. Don't come back here, though. I'm moving out."

"Where?"

HE SHRUGGED his shoulders. "Just moving around. That's the way this thing goes. You'd better go to bed. You're just able to keep your eyes open."

"All right," she said obediently, and had a thought then that made her secretly embarrassed at herself. She let her hand remain within his solid grasp, wistfully wishing this moment could be more than it was and wondering if there ever could be more for her. Then he pulled his arm away and she rode down the creek. At home she went upstairs and pulled a quilt over her and slept soundly until the middle of the afternoon. Her father was somewhere in the hills and most of the crew was gone; but, eating a quick lunch in the kitchen, she heard the story of DePard's raid on the homesteaders from the cook. The news had traveled fast. At once she saddled a fresh horse and started for Cleve Stewart's ranch; she found him in the middle of the valley.

He had been beyond the pass, he told her, and had found nothing and now was headed for Aurora's. "She ought to know something about him."

"Ah, Cleve," she said, "I'm the one you should ask," and told him where she had been.

"What's he going to do now?"

"I don't know."

He shook his head. "He'll never get out of this alive. I wish I knew what I could do to help him."

"I guess we both wish that, Cleve. I guess I wish it more than you." Then she added the news of the Silver Bow raid. Cleve Stewart's instant reaction was to throw his horse into a gallop. "I've got to get Aurora out of that store. DePard will watch it. He'll expect Keene to go there."

"I told Keene you'd already taken Aurora to your place," she confessed. When he looked at her in surprise, she added defensively: "I know it was a lie. But that's why I said it—so he wouldn't come back into the valley."

They ran down the valley underneath a cold, silver-misted sunlight. Stewart, she thought, was one of those men who had never been born to be tough. He had too much sentiment in him, too much honesty, he wore his feelings on his sleeve. Even though he tried to play the hard game of the country he lacked that iron core and temper which, in self-defense, could be thoroughly cruel.

She said: "You like her a lot, don't you, Cleve?"

"Yes," he said. "A lot."

"I wish you luck," she sighed. In another few moments they were in Aurora's yard.

Aurora had seen them coming and now stood waiting in the yard. Portia, prying into this girl's every reaction, saw her black worry, her shadowed fear. Still, it was odd to Portia that with all this strain on her Aurora could stand so composed and keep her voice so calm.

"Do you know anything about him? I heard about the fire and the fight. But do you know—"

"He's over in the Short Hills," said Portia, close to being blunt. "I found a hide-out for him. I took him breakfast this morning. He's all right."

Aurora's eyes clung to Portia; they were gray and they held everything she felt away from Portia and Stewart. She showed no relief, she showed nothing. All she said was, "I'm glad." It was a coldness or a repression Portia could not, from her own warm heart, possibly understand. It built up her resentment; from that moment onward she disliked Aurora Brant.

Cleve said: "Now, Aurora, you've got to leave here. You've got to move to my place. You know what's happened across the river."

"I know," said Aurora. Portia, absorbing every shred of sentiment on the other girl's cheeks, saw the arrival of stubbornness. "But I'm not leaving," Aurora added.

Stewart spoke with concerned irritation: "I can't protect you here."

"That's all right, Cleve."

Portia, who had a will and a tongue of her own, used it now.

"Look," she said. "This is the first place Jim will ride for. Because you're here. DePard knows that and he'll watch this place. You better go with Cleve."

Aurora gave Portia a half-angered look. "Why didn't you say so? If that's the way it is, I'll go. But how can you tell Jim I'm not here? How can you tell him to stay away?"

"I can find him."

Cleve Stewart blurted out, "I thought you already told Jim that Aurora was at my place, Portia?"

Portia murmured, "Oh, you fool, Cleve." She faced Aurora. "Now you won't go."

"No," said Aurora coolly, "it isn't necessary now."

Stewart realized his error too late. He flung up his arms and turned off. "All right," he said, "if you won't, you won't. Come on, Portia."

Aurora called after the other girl. "Would you mind staying a minute?"

Portia swung around. "That," she said with some degree of venom, "is exactly what I'd like to do. Go on, Cleve. I'll see you later."

CLEVE cast one puzzled backward glance at the two women and struck out toward Skull Ridge. Portia stepped from her horse. She moved around it, ready for a quarrel and half disposed to make one.

"Why did you tell Jim that?" asked Aurora.

"To keep him from riding down here and getting shot."

Aurora said, briefly polite: "Thoughtful of you to warn him. But what made you think he'd be so anxious to get back here? After all, I think he would see the trap and not walk into it."

"The smartest of men are betrayed by their weaknesses."

"What does that mean?" murmured Aurora.

"He'd come back to you."

"Is that a weakness?"

"Why," said Portia, "love is everything and anything. To Cleve Stewart it would be a strength, making him do things he'd never otherwise have the courage to do. But to Jim it would be a weakness because, knowing better, he would still come here."

"We were not talking about love," said Aurora, softly speaking across a distance growing greater and greater between them.

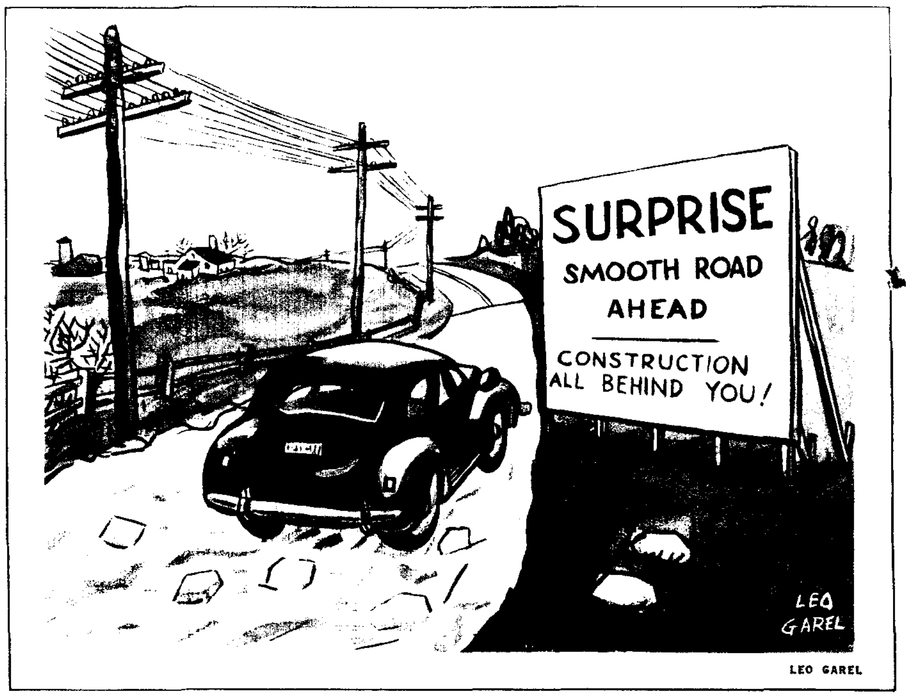
Portia watched this girl whose reserve was like a wall. Her own impetuous and outgiving nature was increasingly challenged by Aurora Brant's consistent refusal to reveal what she really felt.

"He worried about you," she said. "It was the first thing he wanted to know—if you were safe. You mean something to him. A man never stops halfway. If Keene wants you a little he'll soon want you a lot."

"Where is he now?"

"I don't know. He's gone from the hide-out by now." Then, wanting to break Aurora Brant's reserve, she added: "I brought him his breakfast. I cooked it for him."

She saw that it went home. Aurora Brant held herself straight. Her pride,



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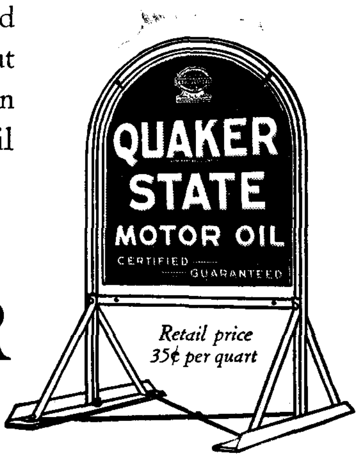

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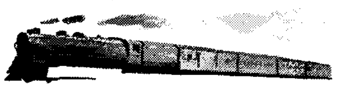

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her willful self-containment grew more obvious. All she said was: "It is nice to know he wasn't badly hurt."

"He ought to leave the country entirely," pointed out Portia.

"Yes, that's what he ought to do."

"If you loved him and he wanted you to ride away with him, would you go?"

"We were not talking of love," repeated Aurora.

"Would you?"

"Why should you keep on talking of that?"

"I'd go, if he asked," said Portia.

SHE had not expected this to rouse Aurora. It was only something she had to say. But the dark girl's broad lips forgot their pressed-in firmness and her eyes showed the release of a temper long confined. A real feeling showed through her; it quickened her words. "If you can give up everything you believe in and everything you have ever wanted to follow a man wherever he wants to go—and if that man's star is his star and never yours—go ahead. I can't. A man should find contentment in a woman. She should be enough to hold him still. If she isn't enough, all talk of love is foolish."

"A man like Jim Keene has his ways. You can't change them."

"And I have mine and will not change."

"Then," said Portia in a swift break of voice, "why don't you let him go?"

An expression of astonishment showed on Aurora's face. "I'm not holding him."

"Yes, you are!" cried Portia. "A woman can smile at a man and make him believe anything. You want him but you won't give up your own wishes. You look at him and he sees a promise there, and that holds him. But you never mean to keep it. If you're so proud of yourself, don't cheat by letting him expect something you don't intend to give. If he's not worth following then you're not worth having."

"Is that all?" said Aurora.

"You want a hired hand for a husband," retorted Portia. "A man to fill the woodbox and haul water and sleep in the barn. You're afraid to be human—and you don't deserve a man." She turned to her horse and stepped to the saddle. Her cheeks were richly red; she was angry clear through. Anger heightened the restless, gambling spirit she lived by; it made her beautiful.

Aurora said: "I wish you luck, Portia."

"Luck for what?"

"For what you so clearly want," said Aurora, and watched Portia Crews leave the yard at a sudden run. She kept her eyes on the ranch girl until the latter had rejoined Cleve Stewart in the valley. The two of them quartered toward Skull Ridge and at last disappeared.

Aurora moved slowly across the yard. She picked up an empty bucket and carried it to the washstand in front of the store; she stood by the stand, her energy taken out of her by Portia Crews' flaming honesty. The little world she had so painfully built up since her father's death, the small hopes she had nourished, the scattered pieces of courage she had collected, all lay strewn around her.

Portia had done that.

Suddenly the sun, all day obscured by a sparkling argent mist, dropped over the western ridge. Darkness moved in. She cooked her dinner and ate it without appetite and was again uneasy, thinking of Keene and worried about him. There was nothing for her to do and not much to plan for as long as the desert remained a battleground.

The temptation was strong on her to ride to Spackman's. She was that unbearably lonely. But by now the reaction set in from her crying and she pulled herself together, rebuilding her resolution. She would not cry again, she would never ask for help; and when she saw Keene she would not mislead him with her smile or with her words. When this affair was done, and if he was alive, the old spirit would make him restless and he would move down the trail. She would not follow.

There was the high, sighing sound of a developing east wind in the sky. On the wings of the wind came a fine, chill rain. Suddenly all around her the smell of wet dust rose, cloying and wet-pungent after the long summer's dry spell. The prairie was lost in a smothering darkness and she had to grope her way across the cabin to the lamp. She lighted the lamp and filled the stove. The fire was a comfort, the beat of the rain on the cabin broke the terrible suspense of the desert silence.

She remembered she had not brought her washing in from the line by the shed. Taking up a coat, she threw it over her head and opened the door. She closed the door behind her and for a moment was motionless, adjusting herself to the intense darkness of the night. Turning, she moved forward—into the sudden closing arms of a man.

She screamed out her shock, hearing the man grit his teeth. He said—and it was DePard's voice—"Woman, cut that out!" She fought him, kicking his legs with her feet and twisting in his grip. She could not get free. DePard called: "Get her horse, Red. Get her gun from the house."

She threw her weight against him and carried him across the yard. He tripped himself on the chopping block and went down, pulling her with him. "Len," he yelled, "come help me! She's wilder'n hell!"

She struck his face with her head time and again; she threw her knees into his stomach. A man ran out of the blackness and seized her around the waist and throat and hauled her upright. She was half strangled by the pressure of his arm. DePard spoke to her with an irritated reasonableness:

"Stop it—stop it. You're safe enough. Not doing a thing to you—not going to. Just moving you out of here. Red—got that horse?"

Red John moved up with the horse. DePard called: "Len—upset the chair and table in there. Make it look like she had a fight. Keene will see that when he comes along. What I want is for him to follow us." Then he said to Aurora: "He'll hunt for you, won't he, sister? He likes you that much, don't he?"

She didn't answer. Rain came beating down against her face and a man's arms held her tight-caught. It was Red John who drawled: "Sure, he'll follow."

"That's what I want," said DePard coolly. "Now, sister, you want to take anything? You got a heavy coat?"

There were five or six shadows moving around the yard. Another man came up, grumbling: "She dropped this," and handed her coat to DePard.

She said: "Where do you want me to go?"

"Don't bother yourself about it. We'll take you. It's a line cabin up on Lost Man. Look now. You going to get on the horse?"

"All right."

"Let her go, Snap."

THE wind came down from the sky in one boisterous, chilling sweep; great balls of tumbleweed were rolling shadows in the yard. The darkness was a solid wall all around. When Snap's arms dropped away she had one wild impulse to run but other riders came in and surrounded her and she realized they were waiting for just such a thing. She took the coat from DePard and slid into it. She breathed, "All right," and went to her pony, climbing to the saddle. De-

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Pard said again: "I'm telling you—you're as safe with me as in church."

She pulled the coat collar around her neck, wishing for a hat. Water began to drip through her hair and the wind, striking that wetness, set up a quick, cold ache in her head. Broken Bit's men had mounted. DePard moved beside her; they rode out of the yard, heading east. She heard him say in his close, satisfied voice: "You're the honey which draws the bear, sister."

They crossed the flat and rose to the timber. She was in a darkness that had no outer limit, Broken Bit riding a trail that wound and lifted and seemed to swing north. She tried to keep her sense of direction sharpened but presently it was as if she had been whirled around in a lightless chamber, the four quarters of the world blurring.

It was perhaps an hour later when they made a last turn and stopped. DePard said: "Get down," and took her arm. A door hinge squeaked and, under DePard's guidance, she stepped into the cold, close air of a cabin. She stood still, hearing men move around her. DePard spoke through the darkness to one of those men: "Get the fire going. You stay with the girl. I'll be back by early morning. Keene won't pick up the trail until then—but keep your eyes peeled."

HE WENT out and presently Aurora heard horses move away and the dying murmur of voices. When those sounds fell off there was nothing left but the gusty rattle of rain on the cabin roof and the steady slash of wind in the trees. For a moment she thought she was alone, and then she heard a man's boots scuff around the room and stop. A match bloomed in the black, traveling down toward a table and a lantern on it. She watched that man's hands close around the lantern, she saw the pack of cards on the table, the cribbage board and an empty tobacco can. Light swelled from the lantern wick and afterward she saw Red John.

He stood by the table, tall and redheaded, and silently watched her. Wind poured through the open doorway. He moved around her, kicking the door shut with his boot. He said: "Starting to sleet already. I'll get that fire goin'.'

Young Joe Spackman that night reached the end of his painful thoughts and knew there would never be any rest for him until he met Red John. He was at supper when this occurred to him. He finished his meal and left the table and the room. Night had come to the Silver Bow and rain moved out of the crystal mists, turning from fine dew to solid buckshot pellets driven slantwise by the rising wind. He saddled his horse and got his rifle from the porch rack; and was in the saddle when his father came to the shed.

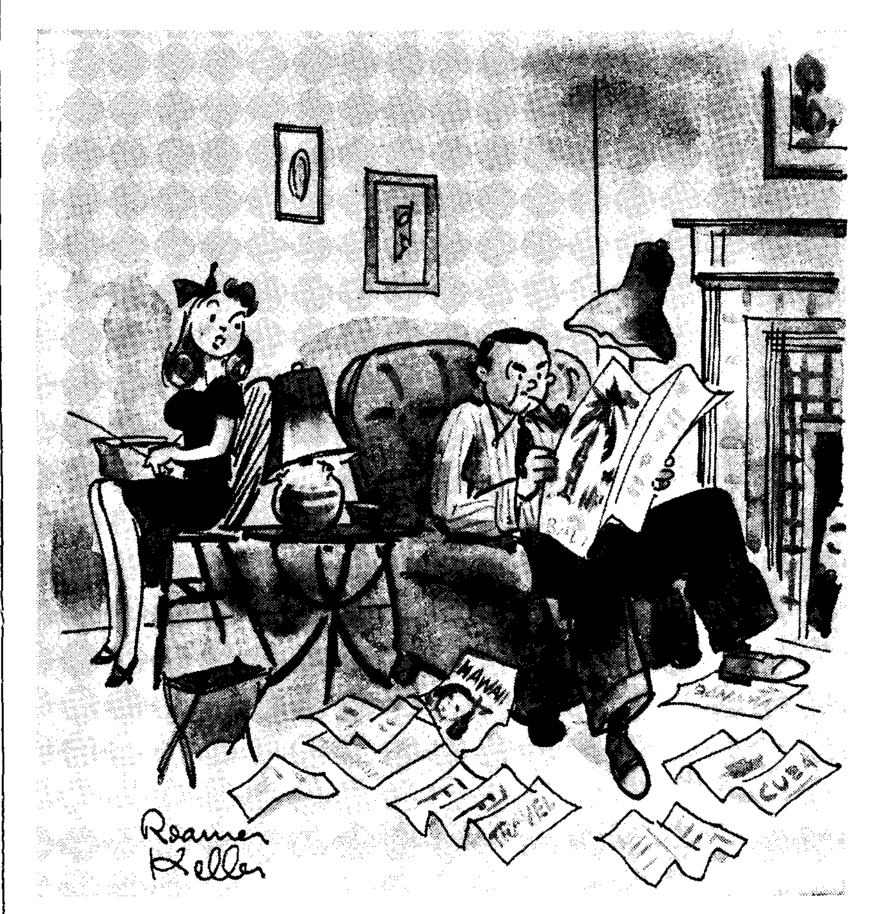
His father was in some respects a stranger to Joe—as every man is to his son—and young Joe remained silent, not knowing how to explain his intentions. But he needed no explanations. Old Spackman had followed his boy's misery through the week and perfectly read his mind. It was, for the elder, a hard moment. This was his only son, still immature in many ways and now riding into actual danger. Yet if he kept the boy back it would be as bad, for then young Joe would always have the sense of his own failure in his mind. So Spackman only said: "Riding?"

"Yes," said young Joe.

"Ride careful then."

"All right," said young Joe, and went away. Wind beat out of the south and east. At the pitch-dark ford he heard the slash of the rain on the river's surface and the slap of small, wind-driven waves against the bank. He took his way over the ford very carefully, using Aurora Brant's cabin light as a beacon. He was not more than two hundred feet from the store when he heard her scream.

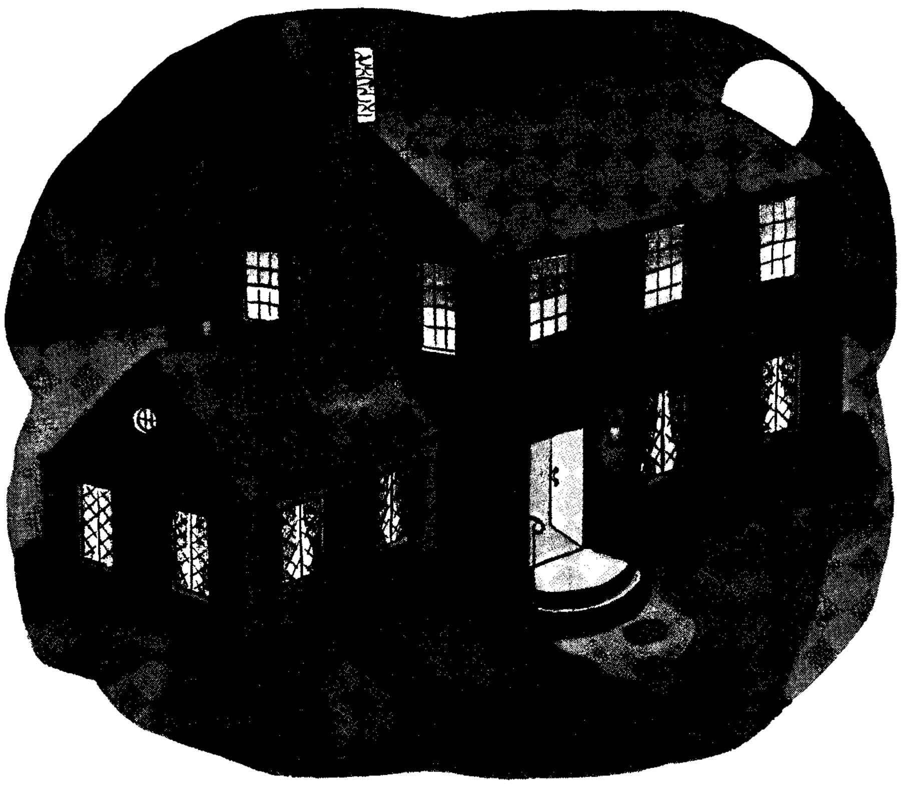
His first impulse was to race in, but young as he was Joe Spackman had absorbed much of the sly, sharp reasoning of the country, much of the instinctive caution. So he moved quietly forward and saw the vague shapes in the yard and—arriving at the back of the store—he heard men talking. Stationed



"I don't know what you're worrying about! I told you I'd go anywhere with you as long as it's agreeable with me"

REAMER KELLER

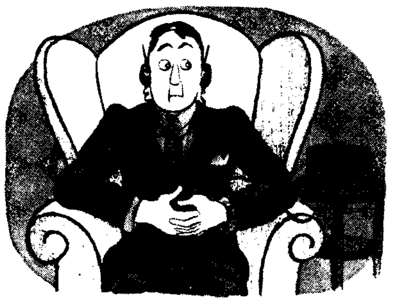
Why we no longer turn out the lights at 7:30



PEOPLE liked us.

So they were always dropping around after supper and having a drink. This was okay by me, but *expensive*—for I didn't know then about Mattingly & Moore.

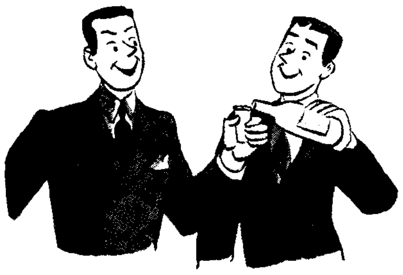
Then the new liquor tax came along, making the price of my whiskey even higher.



We decided to make believe we weren't home in the evening.

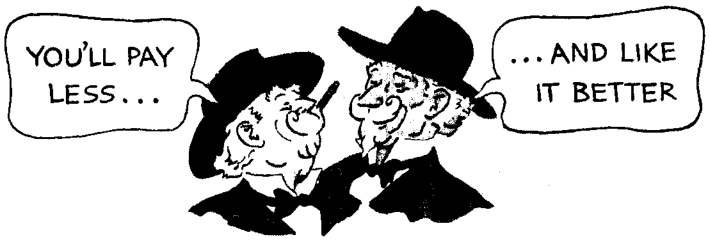
Every night at 7:30, we turned out the lights and listened to the radio with earphones.

It worked. But it made life kind of monotonous.



I was very glad when a friend told me about M & M whiskey. I found out M & M cost enough less than my former whiskey to more than cover the tax. It tasted even better. I started serving liquor again.

Life is wonderful.



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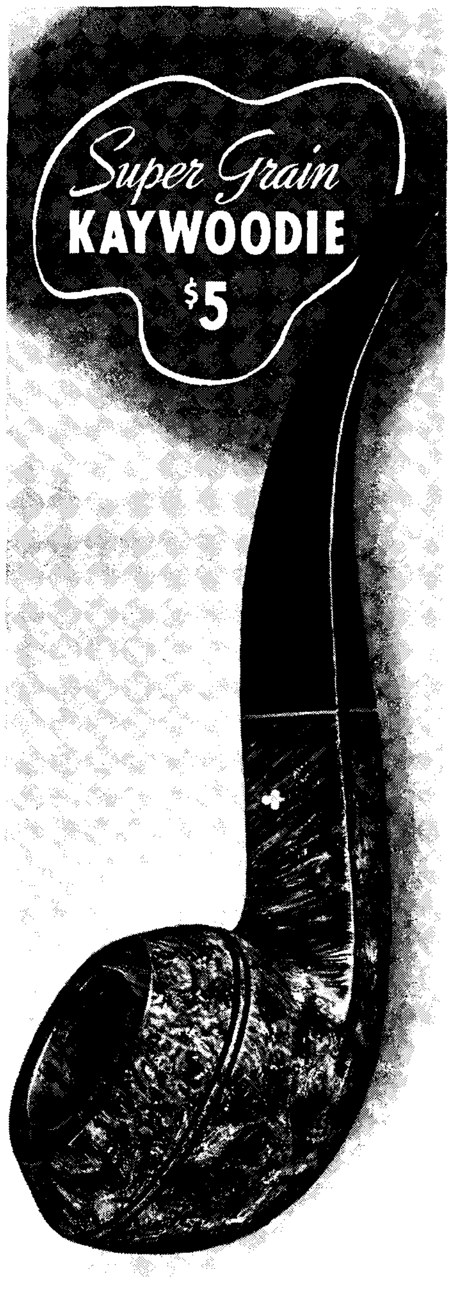

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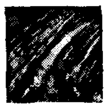

SUPER-GRAIN

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Left: Compare the beautiful marks of the Super-Grain briar with the markings of the usual (good) briar. Briar experts selected it.

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here he guessed what was happening and suppressed the impulse to use his gun.

Turning about, he retraced his path to the flats and headed for the ford. He knew his people. He would tell them that Aurora was gone—and they would help. He would ride to Comrie's first and work back until he reached his father. At this moment the rain was hardening into sleet.

AFTER Portia Crews left the hide-out Keene saddled the pony, watching its warm breath turn to steam in the raw air. He crouched by the fire, soaking in the heat against the cold ride to come; and at last mounted and followed the creek downgrade. As soon as he left the canyon behind he turned back against the ridge and climbed toward its crest. Beyond the timber he came out upon an open summit and from this point caught incomplete glimpses of the land around him.

Sunlight still seemed to shine upon the Silver Bow, twenty miles southward. Elsewhere and all through these hills stormy clouds steadily moved and a misting rain began to close in like silver-gray wool. Below him the broken ravines had turned to rivers of pale fog. To the north stood the main mountain chain; to the west lay Broken Bit somewhere. In that direction he made out the Broken Bit wagon road and now saw three riders roving along it, small-figured by the darkness and the distance.

He slid into the brush, descending the ridge until he struck a trail that seemed not to have been recently used. This he used, aiming at the Thunderheads before him, his purpose now being to reach the highest possible ground and put pursuit below him. DePard would have his riders out in this sullen day, blocking trails and watching all the gaps.

This was Morspeare's horse, and Morspeare's slicker was rolled behind the cantle. He untied the slicker and worked into it. Rain made crystal bubbles against it; rain dripped off his hat.

Around the middle of the morning he came upon the Broken Bit road and stopped a long while to watch it; and then ran across rapidly.

The massive shoulder of the Thunderheads faced him, too rough and abrupt to be traveled except by the existing trails. He reached a trail and saw upon it the clear-cut prints of a horse's hoofs, so recently made that rain had not yet dulled the crisp edges. That traveler was not more than ten minutes ahead of him, somewhere beyond the short and constantly turning bends.

At each bend, Keene hugged the inner edge and drifted cautiously around. Pines crowded him right and left and in the deeper heart of the hills was a rain-glittering semidarkness. Five hundred feet upward he shoved himself into the brush and looked down upon the Broken Bit road; and saw a pair of riders coming out of the east, along the road. They went on rapidly toward DePard's ranch and were soon lost to sight, but it occurred to Keene then that his own recent passage of that road would have been spotted by any Broken Bit man posted on the higher hill points.

He turned into the trail again, rapidly climbing, more and more alert to the side timber. Beyond another bend he saw a long, straightaway climb before him; coming to the summit of this straightaway he found a hillside meadow before him, covered by gray waving grass. There was a cabin in the meadow; to the far side of the meadow the mountain slope rose again.

The trail ran across the meadow. Keene refused it, turned right and skirted the meadow. The timber sheltered him until he reached the meadow's far end. At that point he faced a short alley of grass lying between him and yonder trees; this was no more than ten feet wide and Keene went immediately across.

As he did so Jesse Morspeare, doggedly stationed at the far edge of the meadow, caught that one fugitive glimpse of Keene. Morspeare reached for his Winchester and flung it to his shoulder. Before he got his sites leveled on Keene the latter was out of sight. Morspeare lowered the gun across his saddle. He wiped the back of a wet hand against a wet face, swearing at himself; and he sat still, his slow mind picturing the country into which Keene had faded, the trails Keene would have to follow, and at last he moved westward as fast as the timber would permit him. Reaching a trail, he went along it at a gallop, traveling abreast Keene and intending to get ahead of him.

It was nearing noon. This bench continued west, the higher peaks to Keene's left, the lower canyon in which lay Broken Bit to his right. Wherever trails crossed he made a wide circle through the trees, stopped to watch the timber around him, and went across the trail at a fast trot. Above him the sky was a silver-and-black overcast out of which a thickening rain continued to fall, not far from sleet. The day's edge grew rougher and sharper and wind slashed through the pines, drowning out lesser sounds. Beyond noon Keene sighted Broken Bit below him. Now descending the slope to a pine thicket, he left his horse, crawled forward to a screen of brush and made a peephole in it.

There was only the barn, a corral, and the blackened square of the burned houses in the Broken Bit yard. A cookstove sat in the open area, smoke wheeling crazily around the Chinaman who stolidly crouched by it. Four riders showed themselves at the barn door; one more rider came in from the timber a little later, ate dinner and rode out again. Cramped and uncomfortable and made hungry by the sight of men eating, Keene waited out the gray, fitful day. Beyond four o'clock DePard arrived with five of his crew.

They clustered around the stove while they ate. Afterward DePard moved his arms in a slow circle, pointing at the hills. Red John came up, talking to DePard, and presently Keene saw men mount and ride separately into the timber. DePard, with Red John and four other Broken Bit hands, swung down the gap toward the open valley. They reached the valley floor and turned to the south, growing vague in the rain mists.

CROUCHED in the dripping brush, Keene was thinking of what next should be done. Since early morning he had known how the ending to all this would be. Hunted by DePard, he had himself turned hunter. It was the old game again—its pattern thoroughly familiar to him. He proposed to keep DePard in sight, to feint and run through the timber and show himself when necessary, thereby shifting pursuit until at last he had pulled DePard apart from the rest of the Broken Bit outfit. Somewhere and sometime in these hills he would catch DePard on even terms. That was the way the play went. Cool and without illusions, he foresaw that meeting—and had foreseen it since his first meeting with DePard. The course of his life ran like this; he was this kind of man, born to trouble. Peace for him, he reflected, was a dream of gold, beautiful and unreachable; for he knew himself at last. Wherever he saw women crying and little men troubled, there he would be. Some fire in him always flared hot at the sight of cruelty.

He rose to stamp out the stiffness of his legs. The trail from Broken Bit was

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twenty yards distant in the timber and now he heard a pair of riders come upgrade, their horses grunting at the climb and one man grumbling. In a little while the wind carried these sounds away. Keene stood by his horse, watching the premature shadows of night sift through the trees. He was thinking close and swift of DePard's latest journeying, trying to fathom its reason. In the direction DePard now traveled would be the homesteaders on the Silver Bow and Aurora's store. And, he also remembered, Cleve Stewart's ranch was across that valley in Skull Ridge. DePard would be thinking of one of those things.

DePard's group, meanwhile, had vanished beyond the rain mists. It was still too light to follow DePard directly; but by backtracking to the head of the valley he could cross the pass and reach timber again and sweep down on the west edge of the valley under the cover of darkness, parallel to DePard. It was important to keep on DePard's trail. Climbing to the saddle, he turned upgrade through the trees and around five o'clock came to the pass.

He was at the edge of the pass trough, sheltered by timber and looking down at the hundred-yard open strip. Somewhere, along one edge or another of the pass, Broken Bit men would be watching; it was one place they could reasonably expect him to show himself. Yet now the sleetlike rain and the heavier clouds had brought along a false night and the trees across the pass were nothing more than a dark blur; if men were watching they could not see far. With that in mind he touched a spur to his horse and drove it out of the timber.

The slope carried him down to the floor of the pass and now for the first time he felt the tension of his long day; it pulled at his nerves and made him look behind with the full expectancy of seeing riders break out of the darkness after him. But he saw nothing and, squaring himself in the saddle, he ran up the farther incline and rushed into the trees.

THERE was some kind of a path before him and this he used for a short distance until the falling darkness made travel too slow; swinging to the right, he came out of the timber at the head of the valley and saw full night close down. When he dropped into the valley one round, soft snowflake struck his cheek. He was at a steady run, with the shadow of the Skull Ridge close to his left elbow, and presently he recognized a road in the darkness and turned on it, entering the ridge. Half a mile along that road he picked up the lights of a ranch house—Stewart's, he believed—and drifted into the yard. Dogs came out of the yard in full cry and presently a door opened and he saw Stewart blocked against the light. Stewart said: "Who's that?"

"Get out of that light," said Keene, and dropped from the horse.

"Keene—*come in here!*"

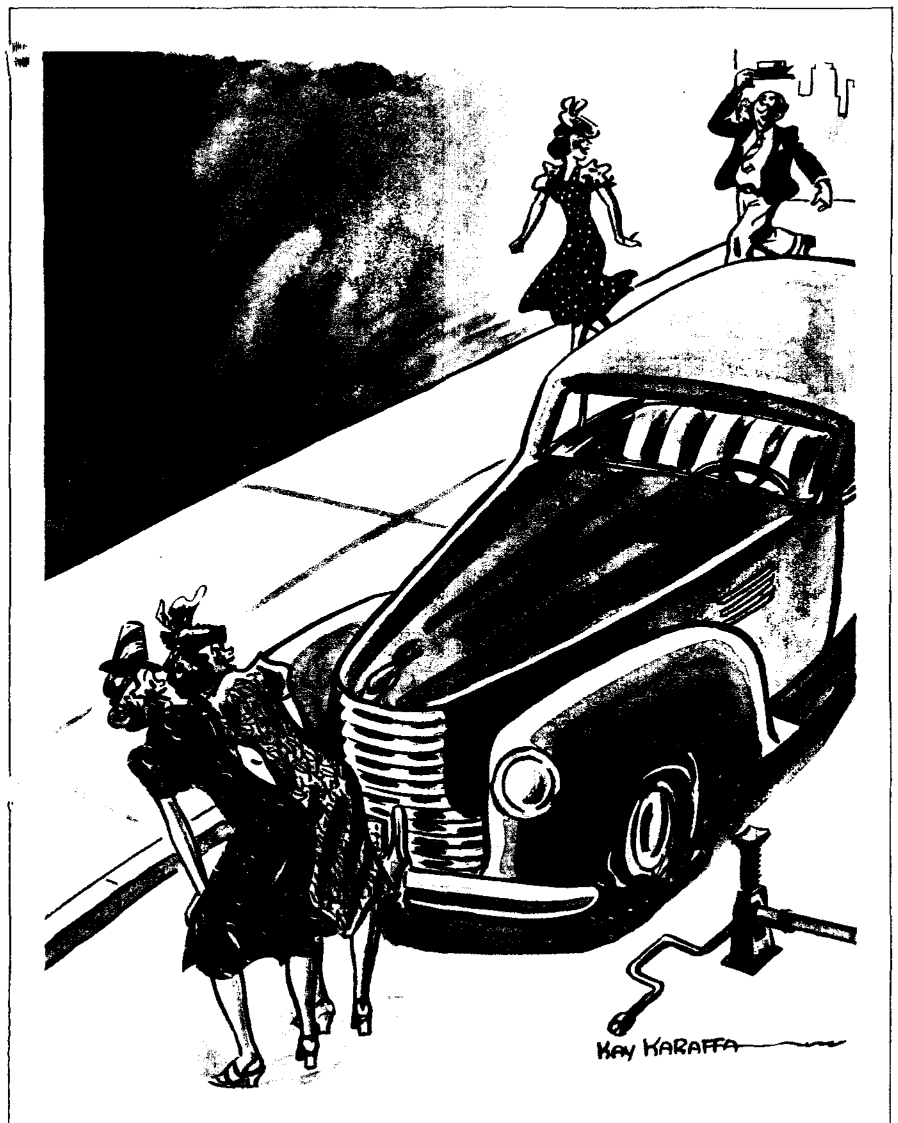
Keene passed through the doorway and heard Stewart slam it behind him. He had been cold since morning and now the warmth of the room began to burn on his ears and cheekpoints. The light struck him full in the face, its brightness blinding him. He heard the gathering storm shoulder against the house.

Stewart said: "You're all right?"

"Sure. Where's Aurora?"

He waited for an answer. Not hearing it he turned about and discovered the odd look on Stewart's face. Stewart said with the greatest reluctance, "Down at the store."

(To be continued next week)



"Here she comes with one" KAY KARAFFA

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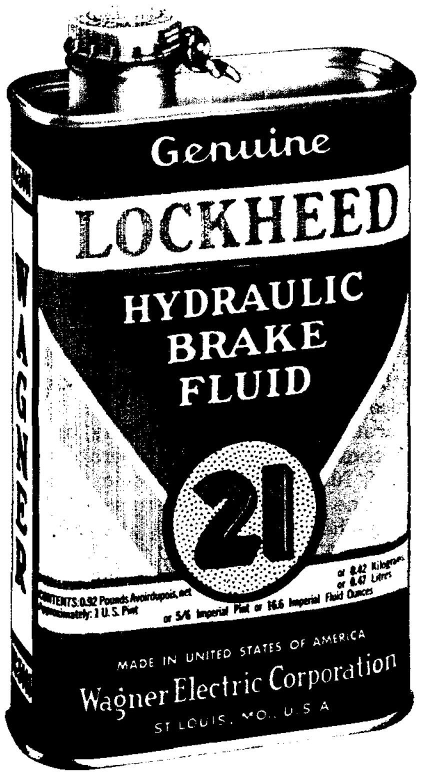

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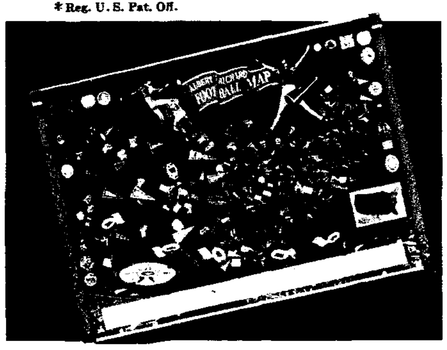


Dynamic Dorothy

Continued from page 21

Stickney, he hell on fits." He was a cousin of Calvin Coolidge, and Teddy Roosevelt was one of his patients. When he died the whole town closed up for his funeral and the New York Times printed his obituary.

His wife, from prim Vermont, rode side-saddle in a proper riding habit as a lady should, even on the prairie, but when there was an operation to be performed she held the lamp for her husband, and not until he was finished did she go out on the back porch and faint quietly away.

First Marjorie was born, and then chubby, towheaded Dorothy. Dorothy went blind with corneal ulcers at the age of three. The Stickneys did everything, even to seven separate operations, one by a famous eye surgeon in Boston, and nothing was any good.

When, at brief intervals, Dorothy's eyes were better, she went to school. But mostly she sat on the floor playing with toys in a room with blankets pinned over the dark shades to keep out the light. Riding in her pram behind her dark glasses, she would hear neighbor women ask, half pitying, half prying, "Is she blind?" and her mother indignantly retort, "Certainly not!"

The net result of her education is that she can play the mandolin and is a whiz at typewriting by the touch system, but her handwriting is still like a ten-year-old's. She was taught elocution, too, and dancing because those didn't need eyes.

Heading for Broadway

When her eyes miraculously healed at the age of twenty she made tracks for a school of dramatic art and began to learn about the theater.

Before she knew it she was one of four Southern Belles who sang, danced and did dramatic skits, sitting on their trunks in an open truck from tank town to whistle stop, until there came a performance attended by one ticket-taker and one usher, and nobody else. The Southern Belles brought their tour to a close right there.

Dorothy headed for Broadway, on the way cooking up a superbiography of herself, full of leading roles in famous plays she had never even seen. She copied the names of all the casting agents in New York out of the classified directory, and made the rounds. Her first job was in a vaudeville act, which rehearsed eleven weeks without pay, opened in Greenpoint, Brooklyn, and closed three nights later, on Christmas Eve. There were about five years of this sort of thing.

She had played a year in stock, her first chance at legitimate stage roles, when Howard Lindsay first laid eyes on her. That was in Skowhegan, Maine, where the Lakewood Theater was beginning to lead the way in cow-barn drama, and he was the dynamo that supplied the company of summer exiles from Broadway with their theatrical energy.

To the handsome, booming Howard she was just a wisp of a blonde with a determination to act. In time she became a good deal more, became, in fact, Mrs. Lindsay. Meanwhile, she had cornered her first good role on Broadway and life for her had really begun.

Sam Harris, that hard-cooked theater man, may still remember the small person who snatched his sleeve in the lobby of the Music Box Theater one day and wouldn't be brushed off. Sorry, he said, Chicago was all cast, but she could slip into the theater and watch the rehearsal.

When the entrance cue for Crazy Lil was given, Crazy Lil wasn't there. Sam Harris peered around for the little blonde and found her at his elbow. He gave her a script and told her to study it a bit, down in the lounge of the theater. She spent fifteen minutes whipping up her courage and then gave a performance that had Mr. Harris' iron-gray hairs standing severally on end. He never found out that she had spent her nights at Skowhegan for two months learning that very role.

From then on she was in. Crazy Lil, the scrubwoman in the first gangster melodrama, was followed by Mad Molly Malloy, the streetwalker in the first newspaper play, The Front Page. Good parts in all kinds of plays followed right along, down to On Borrowed Time.

Not that it was all smooth sailing. There was the time a producer promised her a part and the author overruled him —said she wasn't the type. She could do the ingénue role, he said consolingly, but she wanted no ingénue roles. So they let her understudy. Came the chance to play the part, and she was so afire with the necessity of showing them all she could do it that she ran a temperature, lost her voice, and couldn't be heard beyond the second row. She was fired out of hand.

That taught her a lesson. She remembered how Otto Kruger had gone on once with a fever of 103 and the audience never guessed he was in anything but the pink. She set about developing such a technique, working by herself night and day whether she had a job or not. Her husband has lost count now of the times she has played right through an illness that would have kept anybody else—himself included—in bed.

Life With Father nearly put her to bed after the first three weeks. In this comedy of the quarrelsome, lovable Day family of New York in the 1880's, Father, Mother and the four bounding boys are all redheaded and act like it, and every time Father emits a bellow of rage or pain Mother comes running. Frequently Mother comes running from upstairs, so that she dashes up and down that flight of stairs twenty-seven times in each performance, fifty-four on matinee days.

After three weeks of this—twenty-four performances, 648 flights of stairs—she was limp if not limping, but the sell-out audiences never noticed. Now, after carrying on since the opening a year ago her eyes shine, she is gaining weight and swears she never felt better in her life.

Nice things have been happening to her for some time now. First her husband bought her the house off lower Fifth Avenue, very old New York, with a front parlor and a back parlor and a serenity a thousand miles away from Broadway. Then came the country place, a little stone house in New Jersey dating from 1741 and famous among connoisseurs of colonial architecture. It has fireplaces big enough for both Lindsays and their St. Bernard dog, Barney, to go to bed in.

The Million-Dollar Idea

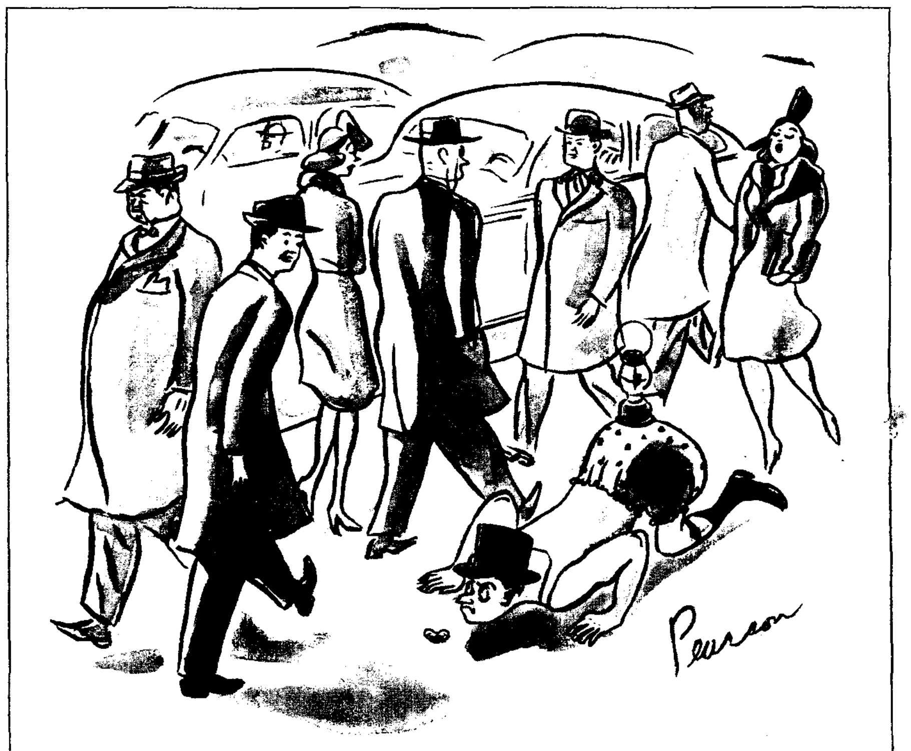
Life With Father began to be born about three years ago when Howard was reading to his wife one evening out of one of the three Day books. Suddenly he leaped out of his chair shouting, "It's a play!" He seized the phone and called up Crouse, who had read the witty essays but not aloud—and hadn't thought of a play. He was willing to try, though. The two sought out Peggy Day, Clarence's widow and literary administrator, found that Oscar Serlin, the producer, had had the same idea and was looking for a script, so they all went to work.

She and Howard stopped off to visit the family in Vermont last fall, on their way down from Maine for the New York production. Stickney relatives swarm around Ludlow, Tyson and Plymouth, which was Coolidge's town. They all drove to Uncle Mose's to see Dorothy.

Uncle Mose, smoothing his white beard down to the third button on his vest, said, "Child, I never thought you'd live to grow up."

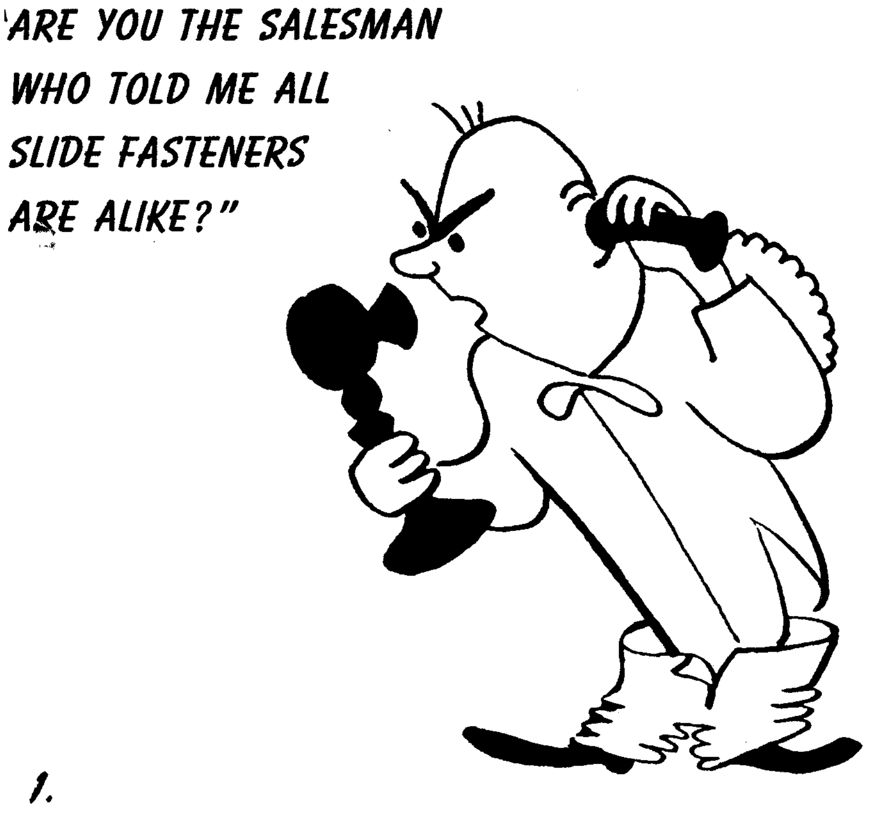
The clan, concurring, laughed at that. They also laughed when somebody remembered how she was always stumbling after the rest of the barefoot, overalled tribe, shouting, "Wait for me!"

Nobody has to wait for Dorothy any more.



"Hello, Hank, how did you make out with your election bets?"

CHAS. PEARSON



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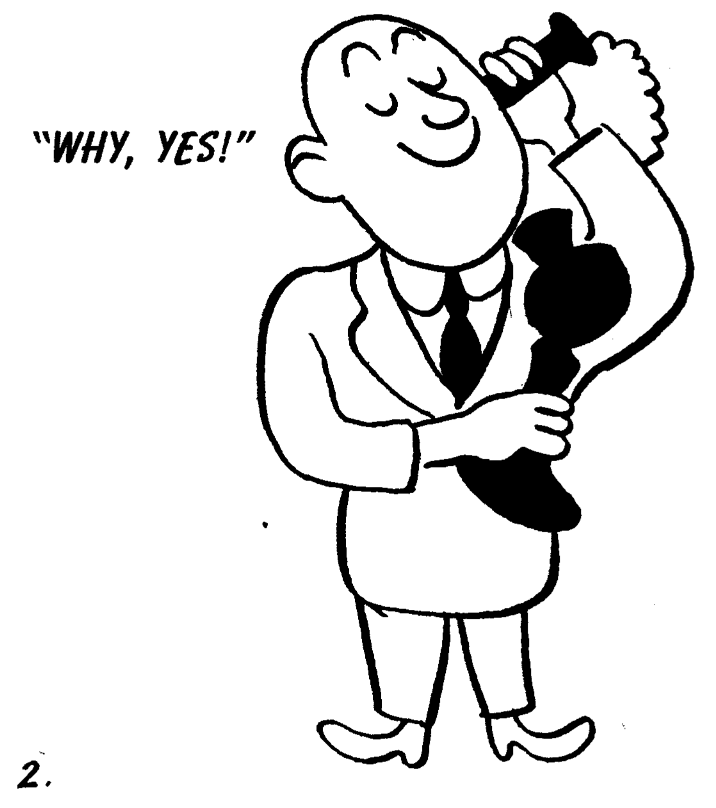

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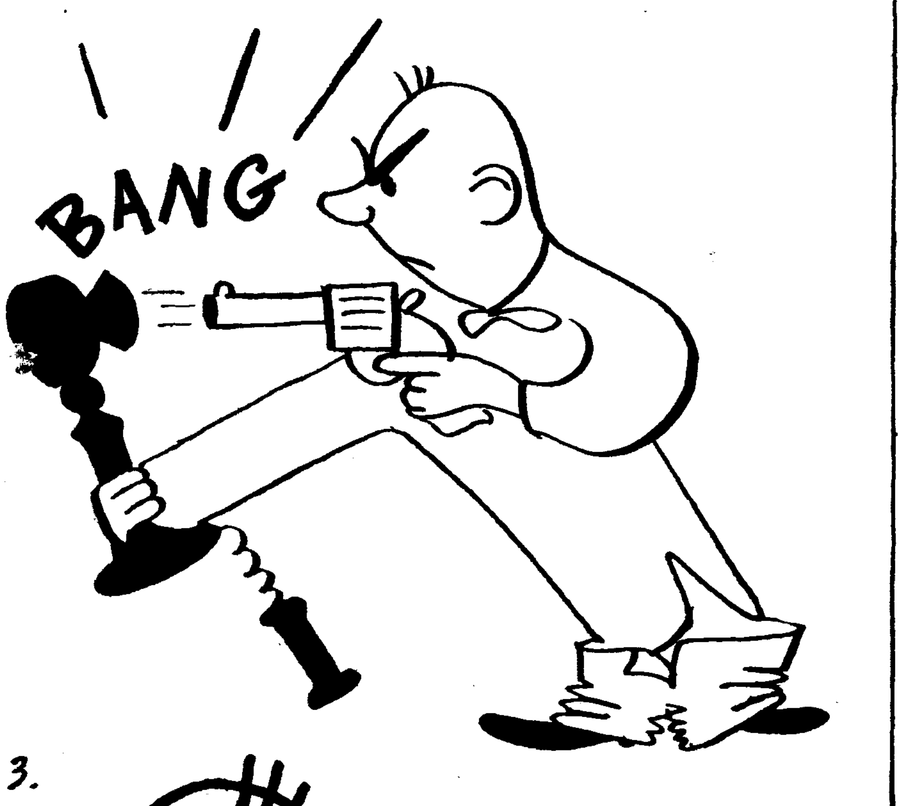

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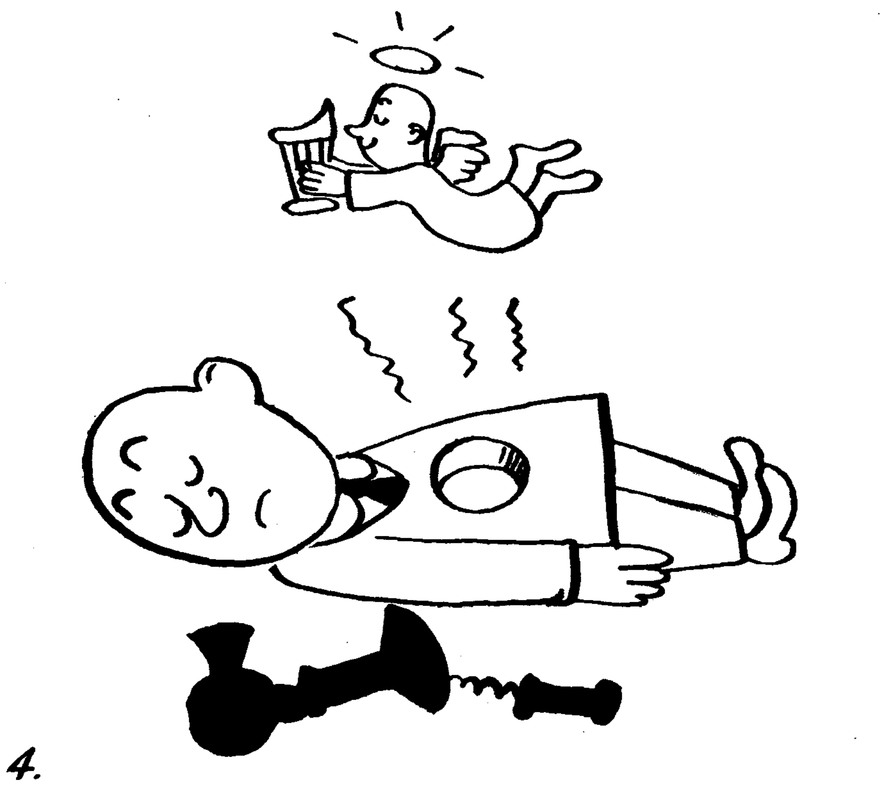

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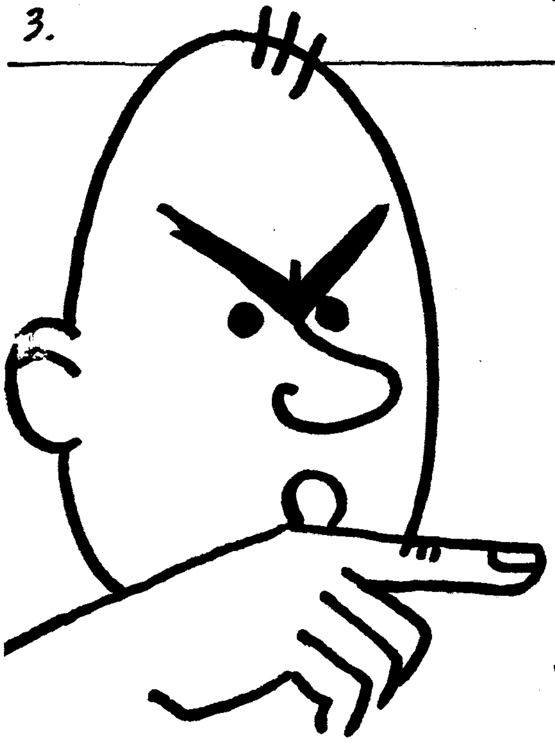

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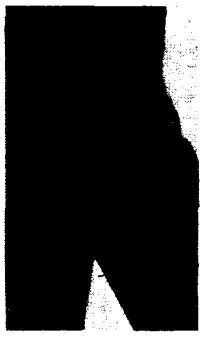

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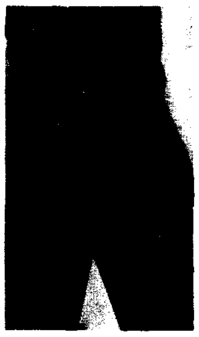

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London, City of Caves

Continued from page 15

Londoners are quick to adapt themselves to a new environment. Today more than half of London sleeps underground in public shelters, in subways, in cellars. Every office building has its own shelter, and thousands of workers remain in them all night.

I got on a subway train. I stopped at each station and always it was the same. These people were adapting themselves to a new way of life. Many of the women wore heavy slacks. Stores now advertise "shelter slacks" or "siren suits." I went to another subway station. Before I could step onto the platform, a woman had to move her sleeping child. I picked my way over a thousand sleeping forms before getting to the stairs. I chatted with one family.

"You get used to it," the woman said. "Of course the air is bad but at least we know that we're safe. I wish Millie would hurry home, though."

Wherever she and her family slept was "home" to her. Millie, a slim, bright-eyed girl, finally came. With her was a young man in army uniform.

"This is my fiancé," she introduced him. "It's his first day of leave."

"Never thought I would spend my leave in the underground," he laughed.

The night wore on. It grew cold and sometimes people stirred uneasily. Some still read newspapers in the dim light. Those who had tea shared it with those who had none. Two policemen were on watch. They kept walking up and down through the crowd. Their chief concern was to see that restless children did not roll off the platform onto the tracks.

"What time do you turn them out?" I asked.

"Turn them out? I would like to see anyone try to turn them out. They usually leave when the 'All Clear' sounds."

It's Better Underground

All year the government has been building brick shelters. The streets and sidewalks are lined with them. They are about seven feet high. The people don't like them. They prefer to live underground. In these brick shelters you can hear the bombs screaming; you hear them exploding; you hear the constant roar of the guns. Since the nightly blitz began we have learned one thing—if you don't hear them they don't exist. In even a shallow underground shelter, which probably wouldn't help at all if a bomb fell close, the sound is deadened and you feel a sense of security.

The brick shelters are deserted these nights. The government in the beginning disapproved strongly of using the subways as shelters. The people and the police calmly ignored the government's attitude. Herbert Morrison was made minister of home security. Morrison grows in stature each day. He gets things done. There was a new subway line under construction. On his first day in office he opened it to the public.

I came out of the stagnant atmosphere of the subway for a breath of fresh air. The streets, of course, were deserted. It is virtually impossible to get a cab at night in London, and subway trains stop running at ten o'clock. If you go out at night you walk. I walked a few blocks. It was very dark. The guns were firing at a terrific rate. Apparently most of the roofs in this section were slate roofs because when the spent shrapnel fell on them there was a sharp crack as though someone were firing a rifle. There was too much stuff going up and then coming down so I ducked into a pub.

"The shelter's down that way," a barman said. "Everyone's down there."

The basement had been converted into a shelter. At one end perhaps twenty people slept soundly. I went to the other end, where a bar had been improvised. Three men were playing darts.

"Good shelter, this," I said. "At least you can't hear the blarsted Jerry," one of the men said cheerily. "My old woman and the kids have been asleep down at the other end for two hours. We sleep here every night."

We had a glass of beer and I teamed with one of the men against the other two and we won. They had to pay for the beer.

"Getting like moles, we are," one of them laughed. "Living underground like bloody moles. But it ain't bad."

I went out in the night again. It was much quieter. London is a ghost town at night. You never meet anyone on the street. Now and then the fire engines or ambulances would roar by. You never see them because they carry only the smallest sidelights. The street intersections bother you at night. You never know when you have reached the curb. Then you constantly bump into lampposts or mailboxes. Walking around London at night hardly comes under the head of fun.

I reached the more familiar regions of Fleet Street. Went into the Daily Express building. The last edition had been put to bed, and, sixty feet below the ground, the huge presses were rolling. Reporters, desk men, rewrite men sat about, some dozing, some playing cards. They would stay here until daylight or until the "All Clear" sounded. Like everyone else, they, too, lived many hours each day underground.

Upstairs the editor, wearing a tin hat, sat at his desk looking over the last edition, which had just come from the presses. He pointed at the headline, "London Has Quiet Night."

"They set only two fires all night," he explained when I asked what had been quiet about the night. Just then a big bomb fell not too far away. The windows rattled but didn't break.

"That is a fine headline," I told him. "Oh, sure, a great headline. A quiet night, hey?"

He just looked hurt. I walked on down Fleet Street and into the Strand. I stopped at the Savoy Hotel to see how people slept there at night. The Savoy had an elaborate shelter. There is a doctor on duty twenty-four hours a day. Several members of the hotel staff took nursing courses and they stand by. They have built a miniature hospital, complete even to a small operating table. It was quiet here. People who live in the West End hotels have it a bit easier than those who sleep in the subway shelters. The cots are comfortable; there is a canteen open all night and there is always a drink within reach. The East End has to get through an air raid on pale ale. The West End can afford whisky.

But Everyone's Safe

You meet the strangest people in the shelters. I walked to Claridge's. I walked through their huge, roomy, well-heated shelter. I met a reporter whom I knew and we chatted for a while.

I walked to another expensive West End hotel. This, too, had a magnificent underground shelter, and more than two hundred people were sleeping there. Here was the lovely Lady Diana Cooper and there, shedding his ministerial cares, was Duff Cooper himself. Some of England's wealthiest and most influential people were asleep here. Beyond the actual shelter was what had been in peacetime the women's Turkish bath. Now, alas, it was tenanted only by males, the most prominent of whom was Lord Halifax. But they were all comfortable and the air conditioning was good and there was tea and whisky and sandwiches should anyone awake. There were nurses to take care of and quiet children. It was very pleasant.

At another subway station a policeman on duty said that there were nearly three thousand people asleep down below. I walked down there. There was no air conditioning here; no nurses; no hot food. The platform and the stairs were jammed with what in the dim light looked to be shapeless, untidy bundles.

I walked home. It had been a long night but I had seen something the world had not seen for thousands of years. I had seen a city asleep in caves under the ground—modern caves to be sure, but caves nonetheless. It had not been a pleasant night.

Must millions of noncombatants in Europe starve this winter because American generosity might aid the dictators?

says we can feed Europe's conquered without aiding her conquerors. He tells you how in an article of vital interest to every American

IN NEXT WEEK'S COLLIER'S

The Girl with the Blonde

Continued from page 17

Mrs. Hendricksen nodded understandingly. "Sure, I know. And sometimes, well—you get lonesome."

"Yes, sometimes—" He stopped short. It was something he didn't like to talk to people about. "Well," he said, looking around and up at the sky, "I guess it looks like a nice day tomorrow."

"Cooler, I hope. This heat, my feet sure burn."

"Well," Dave said, and went upstairs.

He stood in the close summer warmth of his room jangling loose change in his pocket. He regretted the compulsion that had made him speak out that way to the girl. If he'd kept his mouth shut, perhaps Mrs. Hendricksen would have mentioned her just the same and maybe later, some evening, she would have introduced them.

It would be nice, really, to know someone in the neighborhood, some girl you could walk with on fine evenings, someone with whom to sit in the park and listen to the band, or go to a movie, or maybe dance at the beach in the pavilion over the water. You got tired of doing things by yourself. The days were all right, because you worked and you liked your work, but the nights, every now and then, got you down. . . .

IN THE morning it was like a bad dream only half remembered. Dave came downstairs whistling, and Mrs. Hendricksen looked cheerful, too, because a breeze was blowing and it was cool.

"Well, you look pretty chipper this morning, Mr. Henry," she said.

Dave grinned. He couldn't help it, because he felt so fine and girls were all right, but there were other things in a man's life. What he was thinking about really was the big sixteen-cylinder job he was overhauling at the garage. The man who owned it, Mr. Tomlinson, would never let anybody else work on it. It was a man's world in the daytime, and Dave liked it.

He worked through until three in the afternoon—overtime, because it was Saturday—in order to finish up the sixteen-cylinder job. Mr. Tomlinson was very grateful, for he wanted to take his wife and children up to the mountains over the week end.

"Here, Dave," he said, holding out a dollar bill. "Get something for your girl."

"Oh, no; that's all right, Mr. Tomlinson. No, sir."

Mr. Tomlinson did not press it on him. "Well, Dave, if you get tight some time and sock a cop or somebody, come around and I'll fix it up."

"No reason why I should ever sock a cop," Dave said, "but thanks, anyhow, sir."

Lou Helm, the service manager, said, "You seem to be Tomlinson's private mechanic," and leered. "Why didn't you take the buck?"

"You would've, wouldn't you?" Dave said.

He walked home with his hat on the back of his head and his coat slung over his arm. There was a man sitting on the porch of Mrs. Hendricksen's boardinghouse, a man about thirty, with a hard straw hat slanted over one ear. He was a slender man with a thin jaw and small, deep-set eyes beneath projecting brows.

Dave nodded and was almost to the door before the man said, "Hey, you," and got up.

Dave stopped and looked at him out of candid blue eyes.

"Yes, you," the man said, sauntering over. "What's your name?"

"Henry."

"Henry what?"

"Dave Henry."

The man's eyes were like hard, shiny black buttons, and his lips hardly moved when he spoke. "You remember molesting girls on the street last night?"

"Who, me?"

"You play dumb, too, don't you? The other guys that live here are two old men, and I hear it was a young guy. You were on the porch here."

Dave shrugged. "Oh, that. Well, all I said was it was a nice evening for strolling. You know how a guy will."

"I don't know at all how a guy will, buddy, and there's a law against it." He took his hand out of his pocket and showed a bright shield in the palm of it. "Know what this is?"

"Looks like a police badge."

"You're a bright boy, too, ain't you? My name's Calhern and I'm with the Bureau and it was my sister you molested last night."

Dave's face turned red. He hadn't molested her, really, but he felt guilty nonetheless. He dropped his eyes. "Well, I'm sorry, Mr. Calhern. All I said was—"

Calhern snapped, "I heard what you said, punk. Where do you work?"

"Burger's garage."

"You'd like to keep your job, wouldn't you?"

"I sure would," Dave said slowly.

"All right. Burger's gets a lot of work on police cars, and they make money on them, and they're going to can any guy that maybe a cop thinks ought to be canned. All right?"

Out of his embarrassment and confusion Dave felt resentment, then anger, rise in him like a warm, cloudy stream. His eyes flickered, struck back at Calhern with a moment's chill fury. But he kept his mouth shut. With a jerk of his shoulder he went inside and climbed to his room. He flung his hat, then his coat, on the bed. His breath, bottled up inside him for more than a minute, burst forth as a hot, angry snarl. He could feel the wild beating in his throat. Get him kicked out of his job, would he? Dave spun around.

Calhern stopped in the doorway, his head down, his eyes gleaming darkly in the shadow of his hat brim. A bare, mirthless smile was fixed on his lips.

"Well," Dave said, "what do you want now?"

Calhern drawled tonelessly, "I was expecting an apology."

"Look," Dave said, jabbing his finger toward the floor. "If there's any apology, I'll make it to your sister."

"You'll apologize to me, sweetheart."

DAVE felt himself swim out of his depth. "To you, nuts. I'll apologize! I didn't do anything to you!" He tried to swim back in again, but he couldn't. All right, his job, his job—but no guy was going to talk to him like that. "Go ahead," he said, waving his arm, "get your sister. If she wants me to apologize—"

Calhern came into the room quick as a cat, never taking his black, piercing eyes off Dave. And like a cat he struck, and there was more in the blow than his fist. Dave caught just a fleeting glimpse of the blackjack; then he was blinded by a million flashes of lightning.

When he came to Mrs. Hendricksen was kneeling on the floor bathing his head.

"He's just like his father was, a cruel man," she was saying, "but they gave him a shield to hide behind."

Dave felt his head and then looked at his hand.

Mrs. Hendricksen said, "There's no

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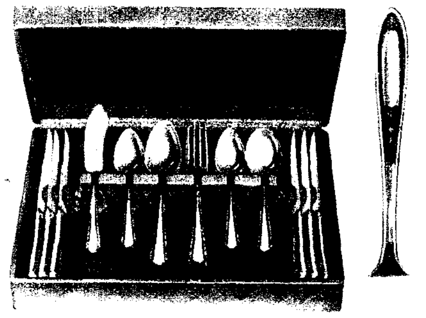

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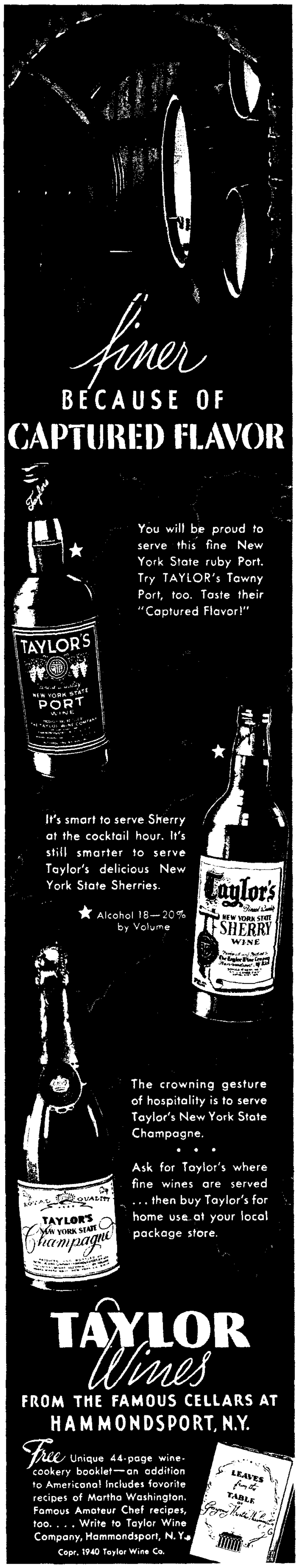
"And, as you can see, it was all I could do to maintain a ladylike calm when George Bancroft, as the Major; Jack Oakie, as Willie the Fox; and Jimmy Lydon played one of their comedy scenes."

"LITTLE MEN"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blood. Hardly any mark, even. They know how to do it, so they'll leave no mark—nothing you can show against them. I heard him goad you on. A street-corner loafer he used to be, and they gave him a shield."

"I'm all right," Dave said thickly. "Thanks. I—I'm sorry I caused this here in your place, but I couldn't—the way he kept talking—he threatened to get my job away from me. And I could see the meanness in his face." He got up and looked bitterly at Mrs. Hendricksen. "What did she want to say I insulted her for? All I said was—"

"I heard you, sure," Mrs. Hendricksen said. "Well, lay down a little, and keep these cold cloths on your head." She bustled out, her lower lip thrust forward and a wicked glint in her eyes.

Dave was sitting on the porch Sunday morning, worrying about his job, almost dead certain that Calhern would keep his word. It frightened him. Because he couldn't go back home, he couldn't live on his folks, and he knew from experience how hard it was to get a job.

He heard a step and looked up and there she was, standing on the porch. She wore a flowered dress and a straw hat with a tiny crown and a large brim and her face was small and oval-shaped and her eyes, brown and large, were very grave. There was no friendliness in Dave's stare.

"I'm sorry," she said, "about what Vince did."

HE WAS laconic: "Oh, that brother of yours." He looked down at the floor, squinting; and after a moment he glanced up and said, with a touch of irony, "All right. And I apologize for—for"—his lip curled—"insulting you."

She dropped her eyes and shook her head. "You didn't say anything out of the way," she said.

"Oh, I didn't? So you just sent your brother around here to beat me up for fun!"

"No," she said, quietly. "No, I didn't send him around. I wouldn't do a thing like that. I guess it was Thelma told him. The girl I was with, Thelma. I guess she told him."

"And who told you?"

"Well, Mrs. Hendricksen came around last night to see Mother and I was there and Mrs. Hendricksen told us. I—I just came around this morning to tell you I was sorry—and I didn't want you to think I told Vince to come over."

"Well, what does it matter to you what I think? I can take care of myself. And tell that brother of yours that if I lose my job I'll know whose face to cave in. Tell him that."

She sighed. "I don't see why you should get mad at me," she said.

Dave strode to the door, angry and indignant without knowing why he should be so. But he pulled up, and when he glanced over his shoulder she was going down the steps.

"Wait a minute," he said, and caught up with her. "Look, I'm not a guy that gets fresh with girls on the street. But right at that minute, that evening, it seemed like the most natural thing in the world for me to say what I did. Honest, I didn't mean anything wrong."

She looked up at him and smiled. "Mrs. Hendricksen tells me you come from the country. That's interesting."

"Well, I've been here working a year, a little over. I come from Silver Falls, the other end of the state, way over."

"It must be nice."

"It's wonderful, only nothing for a fellow to do. You got to get out, to make a living." He paused. "Look, how about a soda or something?" he asked abruptly.

They were in front of the big corner drugstore.

"Well . . ."

Dave waited, feeling that here, in this moment, something big and fateful hung in the balance.

"All right," she said suddenly, and it was the first real smile she gave him—open and frank and full of the joy of the moment. "I really am so darned dry—"

He laughed and took her by the arm. "Come on."

ALL day Monday at the garage he watched for a sign from Lou Helm, the service manager, that Vincent Calhern had been around. He'd get it, when it came, from Lou, because Mr. Autenreith, the owner, hardly ever came out back and all the time he'd been there Mr. Autenreith hadn't spoken to him more than two or three times. So Lou was the one it would come from—a hawk-nosed man with wet, sour eyes and a slurring voice. All day he waited, pausing whenever Lou came near, but nothing happened; and when he walked out at five relief dripped from him like perspiration. In his room, as he scrubbed his arms and neck and face, he whistled.

She'd be around the park, by the soldier's monument, after supper—at about seven; and with the long summer evening they'd have almost till nine before it turned dark.

Sourdoughs with Wings

We're building an army of them as America looks to her defenses in the Far North.

•

Corey Ford and Alastair MacBain write the first of three articles on our defense plans for Alaska.

IN NEXT WEEK'S COLLIER'S

Dave put on his flannel trousers and brown-and-white shoes and his brown coat with the round leather buttons. He hung around the soldier's monument, and sure enough, at a little past seven she came along.

"I almost didn't get here," she said.

"What happened?" He didn't care much, because the important thing was that he was with her again.

"Well, I had a hard time getting away from Thelma. She always comes over to the house and hangs around—especially nights when Vince is off. He wasn't in yet, when I left."

"I'll bet she said things when you told her you were going out with me."

They were idling along and she said, "I didn't tell her. After all, I don't have to tell her everything."

He peered sidewise at her. "I get it. She'd tell that brother of yours. A fine friend she must be."

"It's because she's crazy about Vince. She'll do anything to get in good with him. Mother doesn't like to have her around all the time, either, but if she says anything Thelma tells Vince and then he bawls Mother out. We have to be careful how we treat her, and Vince too. If I could only get a job. I've tried so hard."

"Some brother!"

"Well, he supports us and we've got to be careful." Suddenly she took hold of Dave's arm. "Come on, let's walk to the lake and watch the fountain. They're going to have music tonight."

When he left her at the edge of the park at nine—she didn't want him to walk home with her—he held her hand and asked her to meet him again the next night. But she said, "We'd better not, because I don't want them to get suspicious." He asked about Wednesday, and she hesitated and then squeezed his hand and nodded. . . .

It was the daytime, now, that he dreaded, because never before in his life had his job seemed so important. He saw Lena Wednesday night and again on Friday night, and each day he worked over the engines in the garage and watched for a sign from Lou Helm.

When he received his pay envelope on Saturday he didn't open it until an hour after he was back in his room, for he was afraid there might be a slip in it, dismissing him. But there was none, and he shook with relief.

Sunday afternoon they went swimming at the beach. They swam and lay in the sun and tossed a rubber ball back and forth and then, beneath the boardwalk, while they were looking for the ball, they ran into each other and Dave took her in his arms and there she was, quick as he was, eager as he was, and for a minute they stood locked in each other's arms.

"Baby, sweetheart," Dave said.

She looked bewildered but incredibly happy. "It—it just happened, didn't it?"

"I guess that's the way it happens, Lena. Did you want me to kiss you?"

"I don't know. I guess so. I didn't think about—" She broke off with a breathless laugh and clung to him and he held her close to him again and kissed her wild, wind-blown hair.

"Dearest, dearest," Lena kept on saying.

The bus in which they rode home was crowded and there were no seats, but they didn't mind, because packed in the crowd they were close to each other. When they got off the bus, a couple of squares away from where Lena lived, Dave said:

"Tomorrow night, Lena. Seven. Same place in the park."

"Yes, dear. I'll be there. We'll—" She stopped abruptly, closed her mouth, and he felt her hand turn rigid in his own. "Thelma!" she gasped, and turned and walked off swiftly.

But Thelma had seen them together. Standing in the doorway of a drugstore, she was contentedly licking at an ice-cream cone. Dave turned and walked across the square.

IT HAPPENED a little before noon on the following Saturday and it hit him especially hard because of the long, harrowing week that had gone before. For Lena had failed to show up Monday at their favorite meeting place in the park. Desperate, he had phoned her Tuesday evening and when she recognized his voice she had hung up. On Wednesday there was a letter for him, just a few lines, asking him to forgive her for being foolish Sunday at the beach, but she didn't think she wanted to see him again. Besides, she added, a boy she used to go with was back in town again, they'd made up, and she'd promised not to have dates with anyone else. She hoped he would understand.

On Saturday Lou Helm said, "Well, it looks like you can take a little rest, Dave." He handed him his pay envelope and Dave signed for it, keeping his head down, hoping his eyes wouldn't blur. "Sorry, kid," Lou added.

"Any reason?" Dave asked.

He didn't expect to receive any reason, but Lou Helm said: "Well, to tell you the truth, we're putting a new man on in your place. Your work hasn't been up to snuff."

Instantly Dave was on ground that he knew. "Who says it hasn't?"

"Well, I'm the service manager here, so I ought to. You're finished."

Dave looked right through him. "Okay, I'm finished," he said hotly. "But don't tell me I'm finished because my work's no good. I know why I'm finished. And so do you."

"So long," Lou Helm said, and turned and drifted off. But his ears were red.

DAVE washed up, packed his own tools in his tin box and was on his way out when Mr. Tomlinson drove up in the coupé he used between his home and office.

"Hello, Dave," he said, getting out. "The motor keeps stopping while I'm riding along in high. Take a look at it, will you. Probably the automatic starter."

Dave sniffed. "I smell something."

"What can we do for you, Mr. Tomlinson?" Lou Helm said.

"Dave'll look at it," Mr. Tomlinson said.

Lou shook his head. "He's not working here any more. Smells like a fan belt," he said, lifting up the hood.

Mr. Tomlinson said, "What's the matter, Dave?"

"I got fired," Dave said, with a hard look at Lou Helm. "I don't know my business. And by the way, Lou, don't waste your time monkeying around that fan belt. Take a look at the bushing down in the water pump. This model, a lot of the jobs were reamed bad. Call me up sometime when you get stuck again. Goodby, Mr. Tomlinson."

When he reached his room he slid the tin box under his bed, changed his clothes and sat down by the window. His eyes still wore the cold blue glitter that had come into them when Lou Helm signed him off.

It was almost six when he walked to South Cherokee Street and climbed to the second floor of a three-story walk-up and pressed a button alongside the name of Calhern.

Lena opened the door and Dave, looking past her, said, "I want to see your brother." His face was gray, hard, and there was little color in his lips.

She came out into the hall and closed the door behind her. Her eyes were round with wonder but her lips quivered.

"Dave, please go away."

"Tell him to come out. If you don't, I'll camp here. Because I'm—"

"Dave!" she broke in, gripping him by the arms. "Dave, what did he do?"

"What did he do! You should ask!"

A grimace drew her mouth out of shape and she whimpered, "Dave, did he—did he get you fired?"

"What else do you think he did?"

Her voice broke. "Oh, Dave, he promised—he promised—" She stopped short, swallowing, and her eyes grew wider. Her fingers dug into Dave's arms, gripped them fiercely.

At the foot of the stairway Calhern, on his way up, paused.

Dave said, "Come on up. Come on up and get it, you stinker. I'm going to take that badge away from you!"

Calhern didn't move. With one hand on the newel post, he stared up the staircase with his dark, wicked eyes.

"All right," Dave said, "then I'll come down."

"Dave, don't, don't," Lena choked. "Don't get in trouble, Dave. Dave, look—look at me. Dave, I love you. I do, I do. Thelma told him and I begged him not to get your job away and I said I'd never see you again if he didn't and he promised, he promised. Dave darling, I don't want you to get in trouble."

Dave's mouth felt dry and parched and when he looked down at her tear-streaked face his heart seemed to turn over in his breast.

She tugged at his arms. "Dave, listen. I've got a job. I just got it Wednesday in Huberman's Department Store, fifteen dollars a week—and Mamma and I can get a room—"

Dave was trying to pry her hands loose, because everything she said served only to pump his blood faster through his veins.

"Let go, Lena!" he blurted, and tore himself free and ran down the stairs. "Get out that blackjack, mister—because you're going to need it!"

Calhern didn't get anything out. He jumped back and cocked his fists and Dave saw the pallor on his face, the fear in his eyes, and he knew he had Calhern's number. It was easy, so easy that it sickened him. He hit Calhern three times, no more; heard him bleat and then saw him drop and cringe in the corner. With a bitter taste in his mouth, Dave strode to the hall door and went out.

In the street, Lena caught up with him and took hold of his arm and walked along with him.

"Go back," he muttered.

"No, Dave. I want to be with you when they come around for you. They'll come, Dave. But don't worry. I'll be there with you, so don't worry."

"Lena," he said bleakly, as they walked along, "I'm sorry. I couldn't help myself. I had to hit him."

"Don't worry, Dave. Everything will be all right."

They sat on Mrs. Hendricksen's porch and waited. They waited an hour and then it was two hours and then Mrs. Hendricksen came out and said:

"Mr. Henry, you're wanted on the phone. Oh, hello, Lena. Lovely day, isn't it, now?"

"Dave," said Mr. Tomlinson over the telephone, "this is John Tomlinson."

"Yes, Mr. Tomlinson."

"Say, Dave, I had a long talk with Mr. Autenreith about you and he called Lou Helm into the office and after a while Lou came out with the whole story. A cop named Calhern mixed up in it. Howard Autenreith's an old friend of mine and besides, as you know, I buy my cars there. Well, he got hopping mad at Lou Helm. Besides, he's a personal friend of Inspector Knight, head of the Detective Bureau, and he phoned him and wanted to know how come the cops are interfering with his business. You'll be back Monday same as usual, won't you?"

"Well—well, I don't know. I was fired—"

MR. TOMLINSON laughed. "So was Lou Helm. Only his stuck and yours didn't. There's going to be a new service manager here, Dave—and I hope you make good at it."

"Well, in that case— *What?*"

"And by the way, if you want to take a punch at that cop, go ahead. Because Knight suspended him this afternoon for thirty days, without pay, and I understand they keep all his gear—badge and gun and all—till he comes back."

When Dave hung up he put the telephone down as though it were something very precious and fragile. He walked out to the porch in a daze, took hold of Lena's hand, said, "Come on, Lena."

"So you're going for a stroll," Mrs. Hendricksen said. "Well, that's nice, two young people, on such a fine evening."

Dave looked at the sky. "Yes, it's a nice evening for strolling, all right."

"Dave," Lena said in small, anxious voice.

He squeezed her hand. "Everything's okay, Lena. I got friends in this town now."

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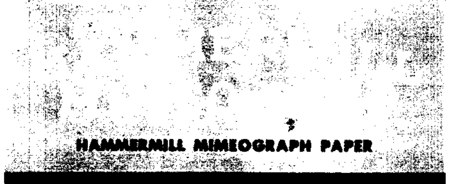

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Their Own Juice

Continued from page 11

binds the towns and co-op to employ surplus revenues "*for the reduction or elimination of surcharges to consumers, and thereafter for the reduction of rates.*"

At the end of the fiscal year then, we find this: That every one of the twenty-four municipalities participating in the purchase is in the black, with net incomes (after operating-expense deductions, including depreciation and tax replacement) ranging from Nashville's $818,498.54 and Chattanooga's $761,215.63 to $7,256 for the little town of Lexington in West Tennessee; the total net income of the municipalities for this period shouldering right at two million dollars.

As for the eleven co-ops, all but three show substantial net incomes. These associations are consumer groups organized under the general welfare laws of the state for the sole purpose of distributing electric power to themselves. Their memberships vary from 1,000 to 6,000 consumers living mostly in rural areas. Their status under state law is that of private corporations.

I found Mayor Hulan amid the good, strong smells of his harness factory a short walk from the square in Shelbyville. The power system was coming along fine, just fine—he'd heard. But I'd have to see "the board" about that.

Worry? . . . "Oh, that!" Mayor Hulan had to laugh at the reminder. Why, no, nothing to worry about at all. Hadn't I seen the balance sheet?

And No Taxes Lost

I had. I'd been gleefully taken over it by Mr. P. J. Scudder, manager of the municipal system, who before the purchase had been Shelbyville manager for T.E.P. Co., and before T.E.P. Co. for Southern Cities.

"Look," said Mr. Scudder, "here's Stone & Webster's estimate we bought on. Here's our actual. We've beat them $18,000 up to the end of the fiscal year. Here's our net, $53,041.70—twice enough to take care of the requirements of our bond contract. And we've put $30,000 into a new plant—built us a new belt line clean around town."

The Shelbyville system is setting aside this year about $5,000 as "tax equivalent," which it pays into the general fund of the city. This is an amount equal to the taxes formerly collected through the private utility operating the same system, and we may take special note of it in view of the fact that the "loss to the community in taxes" was one of the most often-heard arguments against the TVA in the early days, and is still a potent force in present-day controversies about public ownership. The system's contract with TVA allows it to take for general municipal purposes from its revenues a sum determined by application of the going city, county and state property tax rates on the value of its plant. This is a standard provision and all of the municipalities exercise the option, some paying the "in lieu of taxes" directly into the city treasury, some setting up a credit apart for the county in case the state legislature enables the systems to make payments to the county as well as to the city, which undoubtedly the next legislature will do. No city has suffered a tax loss. Actually, in most cases, the revenues recouped by the municipality are *in excess* of prior collections, since the municipal systems pay on full book valuation, where the private utility paid on the basis of assessments representing about two thirds of their real plant value.

Mr. Scudder noted this item. "Do you know what we're going to do with that? Our county is just completing a half-million-dollar school program. We need one more school here in town to round it out. It'll cost $80,000. Our new school is going to come out of that tax equivalent!"

Almost all the purchase municipalities established boards to direct their new power services. This was to be the people's bulwark against "politics," and so far the dike seems to have held rather well. In some towns appointment of the board was left to the heads of the city government; in others, as in Shelbyville, the members of the board were named by act of legislature. Shelbyville's board has three members—two bankers and an undertaker. Mr. Maupin is cashier of the People's National Bank.

"I didn't much want to go on the board," he confessed. "But I did have an idea we might help the city some."

"You mean reduce taxes?"

Mr. Maupin agreed. "That was before I'd checked closely on this power contract. Now it looks as if we're going to pile up these earnings."

"You'll have to trim your rates."

"Looks as if we'll have to sooner or later. Of course, we can use our surplus to retire the bonds—but we can't call them under five years. We'll probably pay out in ten years. We are figuring," he continued, "on buying up the water plant. T.E.P. Co. still has that—and the ice factory. The board's going to meet about that this afternoon. You see, we could operate the water and light together. Save overhead."

I expressed some amazement. Mr. Maupin previously had indicated a definite lack of enthusiasm for public ownership.

He smiled. "I know. I didn't start this thing. But it's getting along so well. It helps Shelbyville."

Most of the purchase towns, like Shelbyville, retained the T.E.P. Co. employees in the municipal plant. This patently was the sensible thing to do. An exception is Fayetteville, in lower middle Tennessee, but Fayetteville really has no place in this study. It was one of the few towns in which a bitterly competitive situation developed. With a PWA loan plus grant Fayetteville built an entirely new system, began public power service in February, 1939. It refused to share at all in the apportionment of cost made by TVA in its effort to get the prospective purchasers of T.E.P. Co. together for the August 15th deal. The company's properties in Fayetteville were supposed to be worth in the neighborhood of $100,000.

In the end, on November 15, 1939, when all but 79 of the company's customers had come over to the municipal system and TVA rates, the town picked up the old T.E.P. Co. plant for $18,000. Fayetteville, with 1,347 customers, netted $22,016 in the past fiscal year.

HERMIT
ADMISSION—10¢

Because of the feeling stirred up by the fight, and because it already had built up its own staff, Fayetteville let the old T.E.P. Co employees go. Subsequently, however, even these were given places by TVA and by the co-ops.

Another of the headaches of the Nashville Power Board is relations with appliance dealers of the city. In the old days T.E.P Co. had developed a large appliance business in the Nashville division. Immediately upon the purchase the private appliance merchants demanded discontinuance of this business. Some hard words passed. The dealers asserted their rights "as taxpayers" to a free field. They got it, save for minor appliances—percolators, toasters, etc.—which Nashville Electric Service still moves from the floor of its main business office. Right now, as the result of a "birthday" powwow brought about by the service, all is quiet and co-operation. The battle may flare anew, however, as the service is experimenting with a cheap water heater it would like to put on as a load builder.

Nashville is Fortunate

In fairness it should be noted the service continues to be the city's biggest taxpayer, turning $21,000 into the city treasury each month. Its total "in lieu of taxes" to both city and county in its first ten and one-half months was $332,989.

The Nashville Power Board has five members, by occupation a flour broker, a radio-station operator, an insurance agent, a bond dealer, a rental agent. Up until a year ago not one of these men could precisely distinguish between a kilowatt and a whatisit.

Fortunately, the service unit acquired, extending over all of densely populated Davidson County, was well organized for profitable operation. Also times were mending. Stinson and then Vultee moved in (the first aircraft manufacturing plants in the South) and the general spurt of power consumption following drastically reduced rates kept the meters humming.

An audit of the board's books at fiscal year's end, noting the electric service's net of $818,000, also calls attention to the sum of $665,916 deposited for redemption of bonds. As a matter of fact, the city already has bought in the open market $600,000 of these obligations (of $1,220,000 due in 1942) to save interest.

The Nashville Power Board pats itself for having cut operating costs from eighteen dollars per customer to twelve dollars. In a "birthday" statement, Mr. J. E. Carnes, general manager of the municipal service, informed his 55,535 customers the difference between TVA rates and rates in effect at the purchase had saved them $1,508,748 on their power bill. Residential rates were reduced from an average of 2.64 cents per kilowatt hour to an average of 1.99 and, the municipal service announced, while "residences of the U. S. as a whole use only 900 K.W.H. each year, the Nashville average in its first TVA year was 1,800 K.W.H.—twice the nation's average"; also the average American residence paid 105 per cent *more* for its electricity—4.07 cents per K.W.H.—compared with only 1.99 for fortunate Nashville.

I have taken Nashville, comparatively

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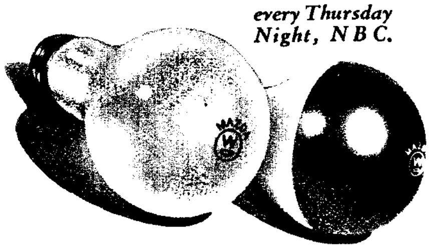

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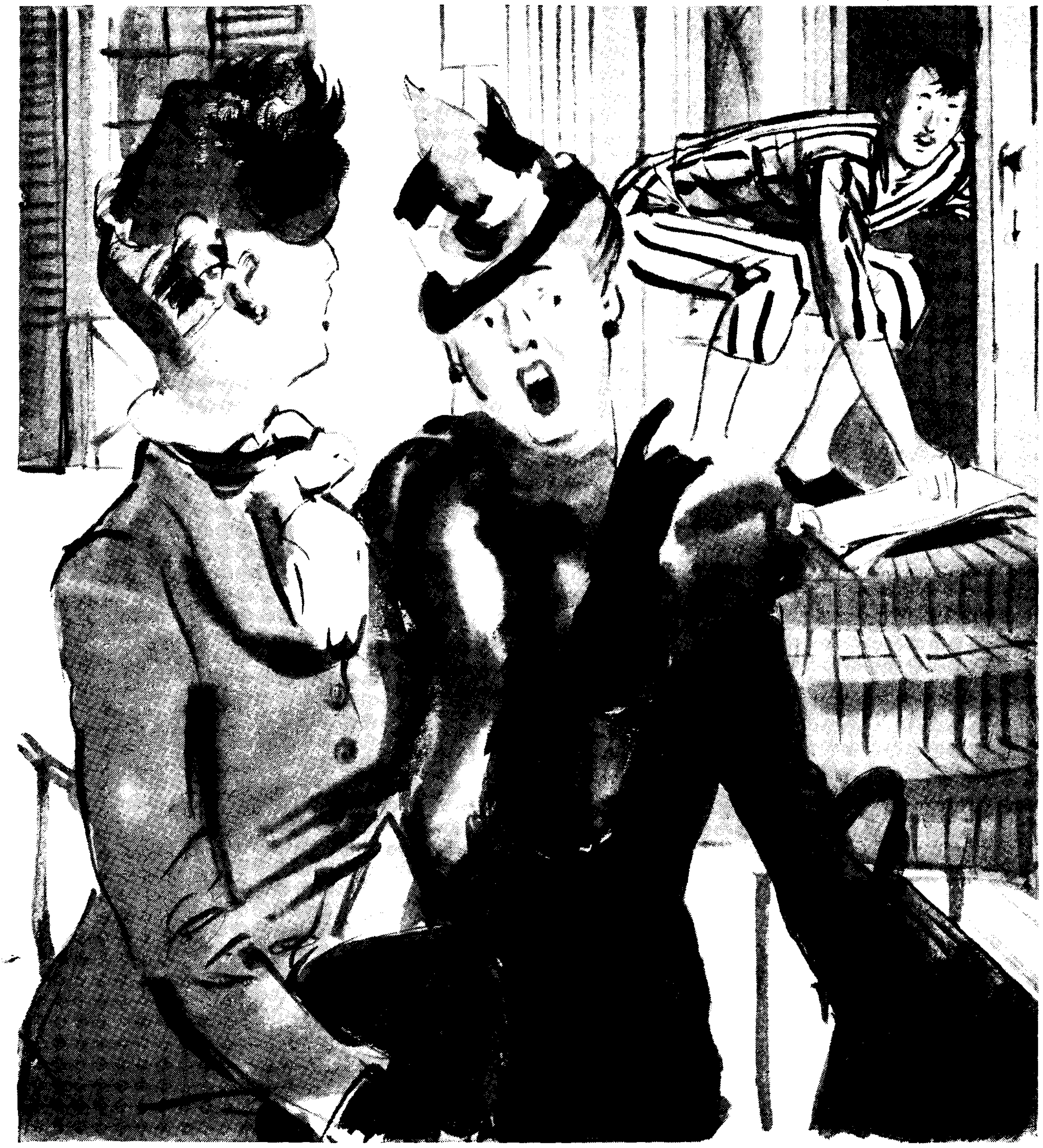


"MY LANDS—IS THAT KATE NEWELL'S HUSBAND?"

HATTIE: *Looks fit to scare the dead, doesn't he?*

MARTHA: It's probably all her fault. Did you see those pajamas of his?

HATTIE: *What there was of 'em, I saw!*

MARTHA: I'll bet that flitter-brained Kate never heard tell of Sanforized-Shrunk pajamas. Just buys him any old kind.

HATTIE: *She's mighty particular about colors. I was with her once when she shopped. But she didn't look much at labels.*

MARTHA: Hattie Johnson, you mean to tell me you stood right there and let her buy pajamas with any old kind of label, no matter what it said? Don't *you* know about *Sanforized-Shrunk?*

HATTIE: *W-well, I didn't feel I should butt in—*

MARTHA: You never said a word—knowin' how Sanforizing takes all the shrinkin' out of fabrics down to a safe 1%, by standard tests? If it's marked Sanforized-Shrunk, it can't ever shrink out of fit.

HATTIE: *Might be Kate can't afford it, Martha.*

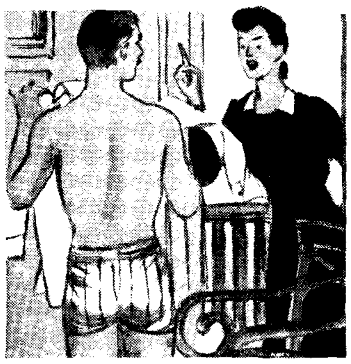
MARTHA: Fiddlesticks! Sanforized-Shrunk pajamas don't cost a penny more than those ratty things she buys him. And I'd like to tell her so.

HATTIE: (Alarmed) *Right now?*

MARTHA: Yes, right now. Let's go back and give the doorbell a push, Hattie. And if Al Newell answers, I've a big mind to go ahead and tell *him!*

"A PRETTY SPOT I WAS IN—"

AL: Caught out there in my scarecrow pajamas, just as *those* two women went by!



KATE: You might be glad they *did* go by! They stopped and told me the most wonderful thing to do about shrinking pajamas — and those shrunk-up shorts of yours, too. I should ask the stores for ones marked *Sanforized-Shrunk!*

AL: Swell! Why don't you go back downstairs and ask 'em for a cure for these choking shirts?

KATE: Darling, I did! And they say you can get Sanforized-Shrunk shirts that positively won't shrink out of fit—at your regular price, in practically any style or make!

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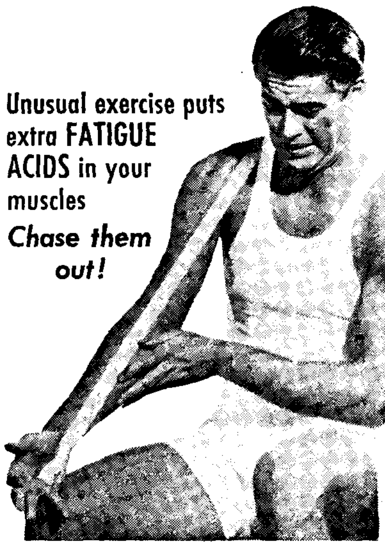

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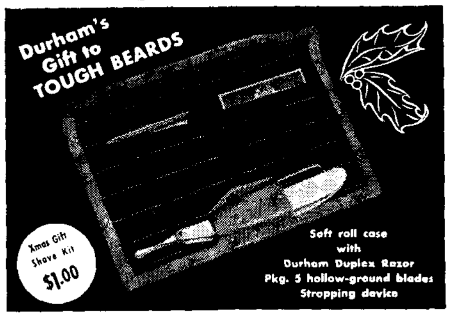
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DURHAM DUPLEX
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a large city, as a companion piece to Shelbyville, an average Tennessee town from the power-service viewpoint. As I have remarked, all the purchase municipalities are paying out thus far. The common denominator of these power businesses is the uniform TVA contract. In some ways this contract is a strait jacket, in which the several power boards (but not necessarily the *power consumers*) tend to be uncomfortable. As and if the power systems continue their going success, our boards inevitably will begin to squirm.

Since most of the board members are businessmen and outstanding citizens who have amassed some substance of their own, it is natural that they should consider using the power-system earnings to ameliorate the property tax, rough in Tennessee, which has no tax on incomes. Mr. Maupin at Shelbyville has let us see his thought on the subject. Inasmuch as the board members are friendly to their city administrations, they would like also to be able to help the mayor and the councilmen in popular esteem by turning over revenues so that the tax rate could be cut.

Rate Cuts or Profits?

However, the TVA contract interposes. When the electric service begins to make too much it must reduce power rates; it must plow back surplus earnings to the consumer. This is not going to be easy for the power boards to do, and when the time comes the contract is going to need the strong help of public opinion.

Of course, for the purchase towns the question is only in the offing. Present earnings can be channeled into plant improvements and extensions, and used to hasten bond retirement. The test will come when the systems are paid for. Of the older TVA-served systems, outside the purchase territory, one, the Alcorn County Association in north Mississippi, has paid off its loans and has cut rates even below the TVA schedule. But other TVA towns whose earnings over the past four or five years would allow rate reductions without any risk have as yet, despite pointed hints from TVA, made no move in that direction.

The co-ops are a class apart. They have come into existence to serve the ruggedest individual of them all—the Southern farmer.

The towns bought going businesses, distribution systems already in service and well supplied with customers. The towns were selfish about it, took all that was "worth having" and left the rest outside. The co-ops got the rest. The towns had only to print new letterheads, change to TVA rates and let their plants, shorn of weak suburban extensions, go ahead in their stride. The co-ops had a more arduous task. They were contracting to serve the remote countryside—the remote hamlets, the lean rural lines, the backwoods. They were contracting to go out where the need was greatest, the prospects poorest.

There was something noble about the co-ops at the beginning. And about some of them there still is.

Some of these farmer associations already had roots before the time of the purchase. Five—Meriwether Lewis, Sequatchie Valley, Plateau, Tri-County and Upper Cumberland—were formed to take over T.E.P. Co. lines as the nuclei of new service areas. The most venerable of them all is the Lincoln County Electric Membership Corporation, down near the Alabama border.

Lincoln E.M.C. was organized 'way back in 1935, the first power co-op to be set up in Tennessee. Lincoln has the smallest service area of any of the co-ops, only the one county, an area now considered an "uneconomical unit." Lincoln was financed by TVA (pays TVA 3.5 per cent for the money) and has been behind since the start. However, its operating deficit of $4,402 for 1938-39 was cut to $1,333 for 1939-40. The purchase brought Lincoln 465 customers of a present total of 1,437. Lincoln co-op now sees the light—or did until the Rural Electrification Administration's new program moved into the picture—of which more. . . .

The story of Lincoln is the story of young Manager Kenneth Metcalf, its monitor, martyr and inspiration. Metcalf knows every one of his farmer members not only by his first but by his middle name. He is all over his county every day, dreams at night of hammer mills, ensilage cutters and other load builders capable of paying for themselves. He wears an aura of kilowatts.

Each month he circularizes the members of his co-op with a mimeographed bulletin, telling them how things are going, describing some new wrinkle in appliances for the farm, urging power use—always power use. Thus he has lifted Lincoln County farmers from an average monthly residential consumption in 1936 of 39 K.W.H. to an average of 86 K.W.H. in 1940.

"However," he lectured his membership in his year-end report, "we should not take too much pride in this increase. During the same period some of our neighboring co-ops have increased their consumption per member until it is more than 100 K.W.H. per month. We must not be satisfied until we at least equal this record. You pay only approximately half as much for electricity as members of co-ops outside the Tennessee Valley. TVA rates have secured this bargain for you. Therefore, you should use for your profit and convenience *at least twice as much electricity* as co-operative members outside the Valley."

Mr. Tucker Goes into Business

Mr. Metcalf kindly and eagerly drove me eight miles out the old Boone's Hill road to see what the co-op is doing for the people—in the person of Mr. Marcus Tucker.

The Tucker home is an ancient, small log house on fifty acres of run-down farmland. Mr. Tucker was a tenant farmer all his life till recently. When the co-op's line built down Boone's Hill road in '35, he wanted to sign up for lights but the co-op couldn't afford to connect him for so little juice consumption. He made shift with the oil lamp two more years and then agreed to buy a refrigerator on the installment plan in order to get the lights. But about this time his wife's sister, Mrs. Hubert Reed, who lives in Fayetteville, offered a suggestion:

"Why don't you get a washing machine? You can do my washing and that'll help pay for it."

Mr. Tucker's home is now his place of business. ("My wife was a right neat hand at washing and ironing.") Soon another Fayetteville family let the Tuckers take their clothes. Then others. Mr. Tucker bought another washing machine, then two more, piped water from the spring across the road, put an electric pump on it, put in a steam boiler to heat the water, bought electric mangles, irons, fans to speed drying in wet weather, a radio, a vacuum cleaner.

He told me about it, leaning on the fender of his new lightweight delivery truck, lettered "Marcus Tucker Laundry." "It's a good, independent life—better'n farming. I've got eighty reg'lar customers. I hire seven girls, and a colored boy to handle the steam heater."

Young Manager Metcalf is as set up over Tucker as Tucker is over Tucker's Laundry. "You see," he said, "they don't know they can afford it. They've got to learn how to make it pay for itself,

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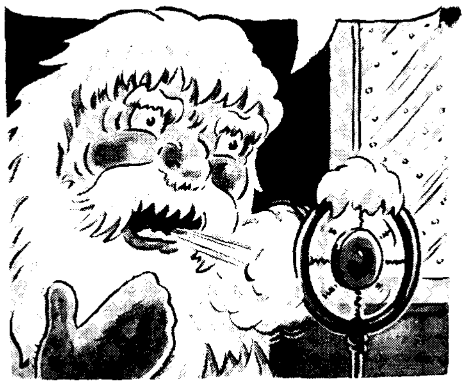

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But Mr. Metcalf for the moment had forgotten REA—the Rural Electrification Administration—and the "starry-eyed boys from Washington" and the $8.50-a-mile lines.

I first heard of the $8.50-a-mile bugaboo from Mr. E. O. McLain, president of the board of trustees of Duck River Association, third largest power co-operative in the United States. He is passionate for rural electrification. He likes to recall that in 1934 only 3.6 per cent of the 283,343 farms in Tennessee had electric service, while by 1939 the figure had risen to 10.2 per cent—an increase of 184 per cent since the establishment of TVA and REA.

Duck River's 1,192-mile system serving 6,690 consumers, mostly farmers, may be viewed as Mr. McLain's personal accomplishment. He organized the association and, perceiving the need for a substantial service area, fought for its living room. In consequence, unlike the Lincoln County co-op, Duck River's lines cross the boundaries of five counties, tapping almost the whole watershed of one of the main tributaries of the Tennessee. Duck River's membership before the purchase had reached and passed the 2,000 mark.

Mr. McLain represented his association in New York at the purchase and brought back with him 3,779 former T.E.P. Co. customers in villages and on rural lines for whom the association paid $700,000. Duck River, greatly strengthened by tying onto its original lines this additional demand, is making money and preparing to put up what Mr. McLain calls a "modern up-to-date" office and warehouse. In the past fiscal year Duck River's finances were helped by $79,295 paid in membership fees ($10 each member—the new members gained by the purchase also pay the fee) and collected through an amortization charge of one cent per K.W.H. up to 100 K.W.H. per month. Most of the co-ops sell membership in this manner and surcharge for amortization, the membership investment being returnable when and as the co-op gets on its feet.

Mr. McLain is sincerely pleased with his association's cordial collaboration with TVA and REA up to now—but he does not hide his wariness of the projected $8.50-a-mile lines, which are a new thing.

"They'll have to show us," he said grimly, "more than we've seen yet."

What they'll have to show Mr. McLain, and many another trustee of the co-ops, is that power lines strung where an outset revenue of only $8.50 a mile is visible will "come out." These people have been converted to the co-operative idea, they honestly desire "the widest possible use of electric power," but they also want to see their operations in the black.

It's All for the Farmer

The $8.50-a-mile line has come to Tennessee only this summer. The REA brought it. The $8.50 figure itself was reached by a compromise between TVA and REA. REA wanted to set even a lower minimum.

Many co-op members, TVA men and agents of the Agricultural Extension Service who are supposed to aid the farmers in working up the new lines are skeptical of the feasibility of the new minimum. One co-op manager over in the Cumberlands, though skeptical, was for the risk. "After all, we've got to get lights on these farms—that's what it's all about, isn't it?" He told me he thought TVA was being "pretty reactionary" in insisting on a close check of the new consumers' ability to pay.

To savor the quaintness of that charge you would have to recall the dubiety that prevailed when TVA approved the first rural lines where a minimum outset revenue of $12 a mile could be guaranteed. Formerly, the private companies had held out for $18 a mile and up. Up until this year even TVA's $12 a mile was considered revolutionary.

A farmer-ginner member of one of the older co-ops in West Tennessee looks at the present situation like this:

"You've read about the 'starry-eyed' boys. That's this REA outfit. Congress handed them $100,000,000 and they feel they've got to put it all out this year or be disgraced. They don't even have an office down here. They tell the county agent or some local politician to sign up a line and REA will furnish the money. When you argue TVA wouldn't approve less'n $12, they tell you what

LLOYDS
L. Reynolds

"Look! There's one of the sweaters I knitted!" LAURENCE REYNOLDS

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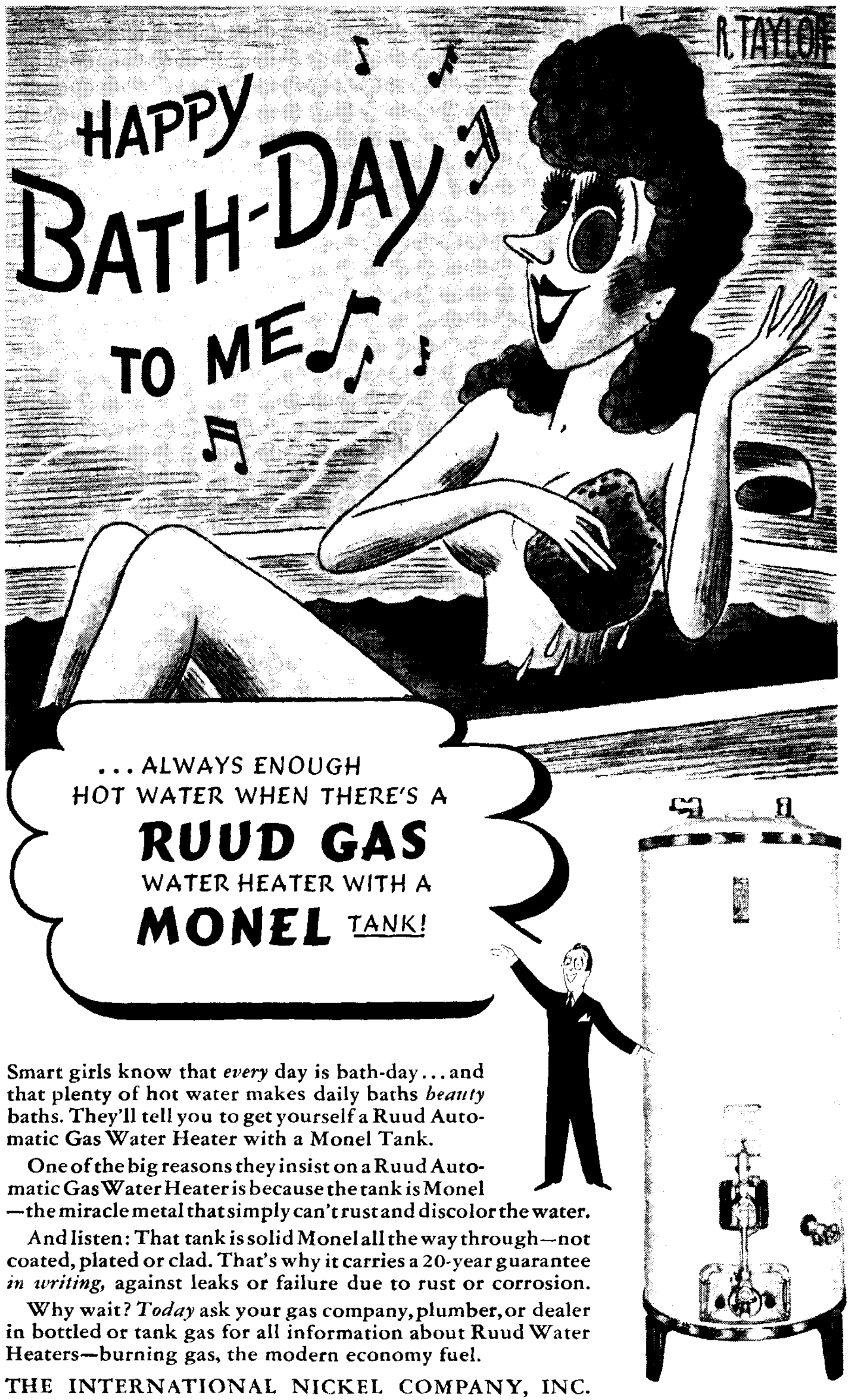

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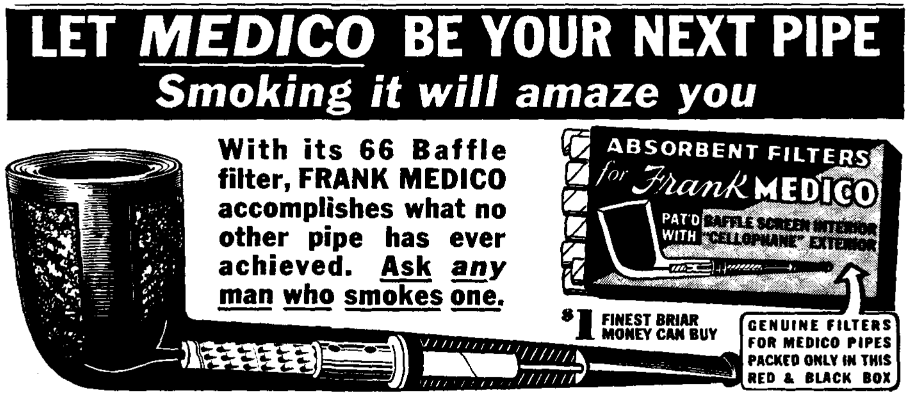

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the heck? this is REA, not TVA. Over here," my informant continued, "we're not so sure we're ready to start underwriting lines for the share-croppers. Our trustees have called four meetings so far to talk $8.50 a mile. So far they've never been able to get a quorum of the members together to pass on the proposition—somehow."

A county agent in the Cumberland Valley washed his hands of the new lines. "It's not our business to figure out how they'll pay. We tell the farmer what use he can make of the power and try to show him how to make the most of it after he's got it. Most of the county agents feel the thing's being rushed."

I talked about it with Mr. Mike Northington, manager of the Cumberland E.M.C., whose brand-new network sprawls over half a dozen counties along the Kentucky line. Cumberland bought some customers from T.E.P. Co., some from Kentucky-Tennessee Utilities (subsidiary of Associated Gas and Electric) and with REA loans has built many new lines this past year. Cumberland finished the year $12,962 in the red.

A Problem for the Future

Mr. Northington formerly was connected with the Montgomery County farm bureau. He is one of the few managers who had no training in electric-power operations. He said his co-op was getting ready to build fifty miles of new $8.50 lines right away.

"But you're losing money now."

"Yes," he said. "That's correct."

"What would you have to take in to break even?"

"About $13 a mile."

"What have you got now?"

He beckoned his bookkeeper and they looked it up. "We averaged $11.66 last month."

"You're losing at that—and you're building for $8.50. Who's going to take the loss—REA?"

"Nope. The co-op's borrowing the money."

"That means the membership. How are you going to come out?"

Mr. Northington shrugged that one off. It didn't seem to cause him much concern. His co-op has no sizable settlements to bolster its load, no industries. Mr. Northington worked up a good deal of Cumberland E.M.C. himself. He is reputed to be quite popular with the members.

Cumberland, Lincoln and the Tri-County association (centering up about Mr. Cordell Hull's home town of Carthage) are the three purchase co-ops that failed to break even the first year. Both Cumberland and Tri-County were REA-organized. TVA field men are scared to death of these two. They fear they won't come out, that REA will come back on their loans, and that they'll have to take the only course open to them—to raise rates. And then, say the field men, a lot of people will hurrah, "There goes the yardstick!" They'll see the couple of failures—and forget about all the successes. And yet it was from Mr. J. A. Krug, chief power-planning engineer for TVA, that I heard the "social" justification for the new minimum.

"It'll work out—if they watch their step," he said. "After all, this is only their first year and they started from scratch. The point isn't to make money as we usually think about it. It's to come out in the long haul—and meanwhile put earnings back into more service, better service and cheaper service. Why shouldn't the co-ops give the little fellow a break?

"And that goes for the municipal operations, too. Nobody's trying to get rich on power distribution around here any more. The whole idea is to get power to the people at cost."

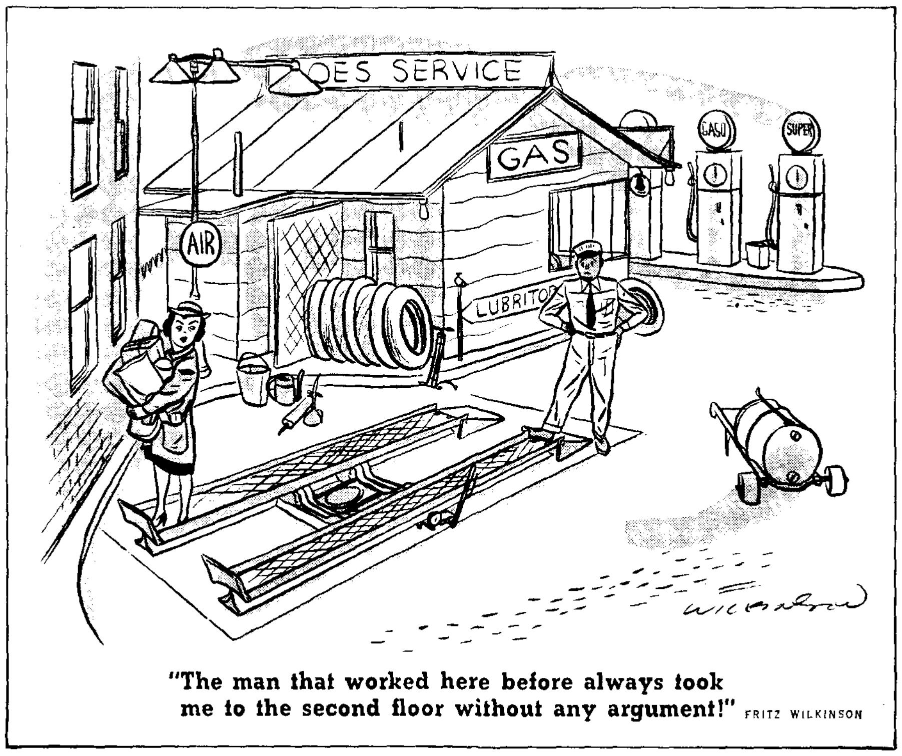
It is, of course. All for one and one for all—that's the theme wherever you find consumer co-ops. That's the reason for the surplus-earnings circuit-breaker in the TVA contract.

And when you realize that power use in the seven Valley states has doubled since 1932 (while the national increase was sixty per cent), you can't but be impressed. And when they come at you with plain figures that show that the 180,000 power consumers of the old T.E.P. Co. territory are paying $4,000,000 less for power consumed this year than they would pay if the prepurchase rates still were in effect and at the same time are buying their systems, replacing taxes and accumulating reserves, you see why the masses of these people are enthusiastic.

Yet the old feeling that to stay in the black is an end in itself dies hard. Even public power finds it difficult to resist the strong updraft of the profit motive.

At the last I called Mr. Kenneth Metcalf of Lincoln to ask him again about the new low-revenue lines. Mr. Metcalf had been talking it over with Mr. Krug, and Mr. Metcalf is a good soldier.

"Yes," he said, "Lincoln is going to place some $8.50's." Yes, it was going to push him into the red again. "But we'll come out. That's what we're here for. To get power to the people."



"The man that worked here before always took me to the second floor without any argument!" FRITZ WILKINSON

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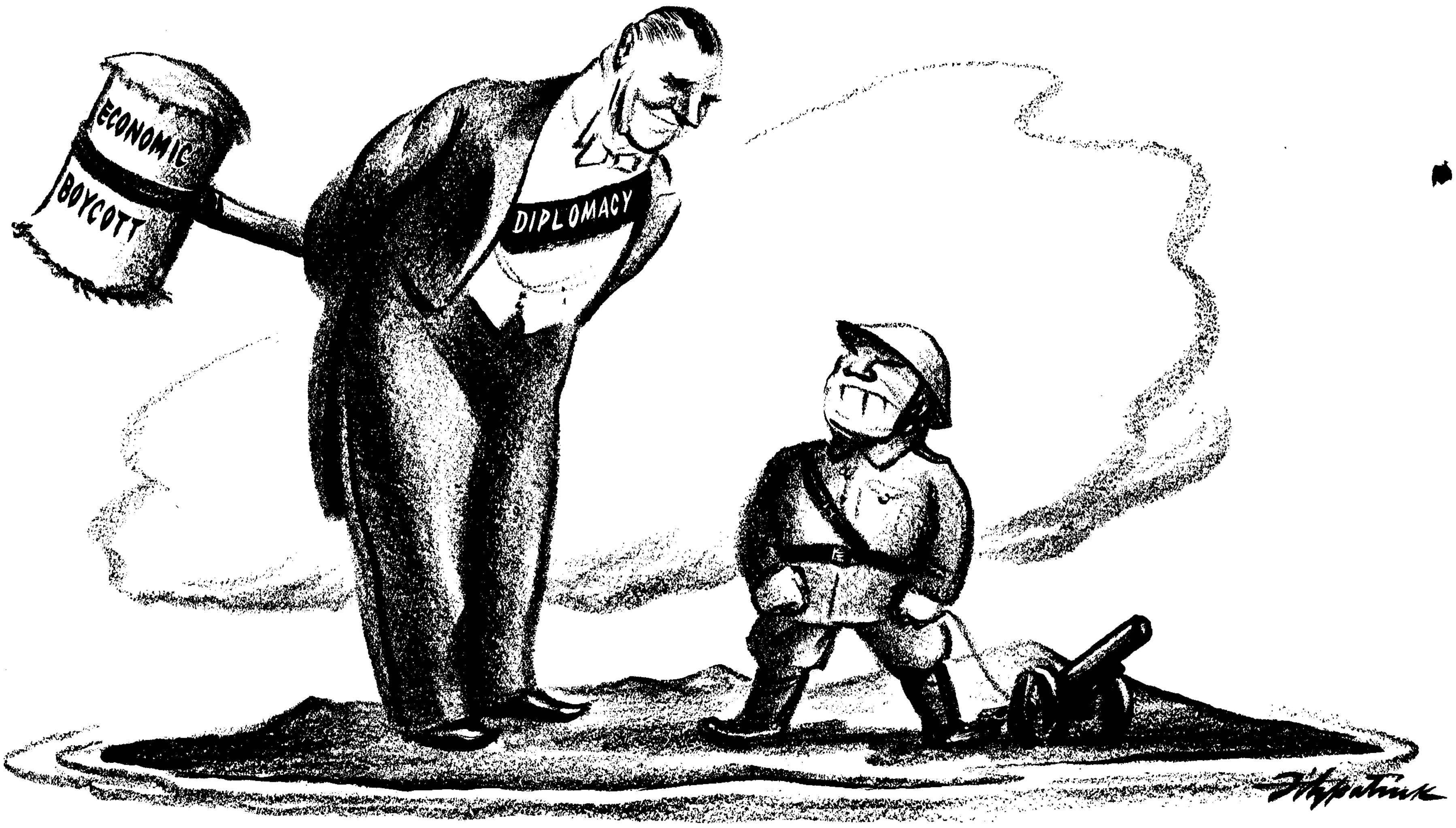

Must We Fight Japan?

WE ARE not talking appeasement of Japan. We are merely thinking out loud about some recent remarks by a couple of well-known Americans concerning Japan.

U. S. Ambassador to Tokyo, Joseph C. Grew, who ought to have some reliable information on the subject, says that "there are no questions between Japan and America which cannot be negotiated."

Cornelius Vanderbilt Whitney, coming back from a 20,000-mile Clipper tour of Australia and the Far East, suggests a Far East conference, to be held possibly at Manila on invitation of the United States. To this conference would be invited representatives of Japan, the Dutch East Indies, Australia, New Zealand, the Philippines and any other interested countries, with their economic and military advisers. Whitney (chairman of Pan American Airways, incidentally, and likely to know what he is talking about) states:

"I predict that out of such a conference would come a peace that would last for many years; because if Japan's intentions are peaceful she will have a chance to prove it, and if they are not, the other nations of the Pacific will have their chance to get together for their general welfare."

That suggestion doesn't smack of any kowtowing to Hirohito, Konoye, Matsuoka or any other Japanese high-mightiness. It sounds like a get-together at which numerous bluffs could be deflated and numerous distrusts exploded, to the benefit of all the nations concerned.

Properly approached, Japan's leaders ought to be willing to sit in at some such get-together. Japan's leaders in recent weeks have shown that they know just how strong we are with reference to Japan.

When Japan signed its treaty with Germany and Italy, Premier Prince Konoye followed up the Berlin ceremonies with a naïve imitation of Hitler's typical bulldozing lecture. Konoye told us we'd better be prepared to defend ourselves if we should try to interfere in any way with the "new order in greater East Asia."

By all the rules of totalitarian procedure, we ought to have backed down at that point and begged for mercy. We didn't. Our government notified Americans to get out of the Oriental scenes of possible unpleasantness, and started several thousand Navy men and 1,000 antiaircraft men to Hawaii. Secretary of the Navy Knox remarked:

"The military alliance of Japan, Germany and Italy is directed at us. America never has tamely submitted to intimidation. If a fight is forced upon us, we shall be ready for them. We have never lost a war yet."

Within three days the Tokyo foreign office was begging us not to worry about that treaty, with Foreign Minister Matsuoka speaking:

"The tripartite pact was not entered into with the intention of directing it 'against' the United States, but it was directed, if at all, 'for' the United States. The parties to the pact wished earnestly that such a powerful nation as the United States, in particular, would not enter by any chance into a conflict with Japan because of the China incident or otherwise."

Which showed that Japan's responsible statesmen realized the heavy odds in the United States' favor in event of a Pacific war. At this writing we haven't clamped on Japan the embargo that could subject Japan to economic and military strangulation. Japan's 1,500,000 fighting men in China have "conquered" a lot of railroads and highways, but they can't fan out from those thin lines to make their alleged victories pay dividends or support them.

Japan's allies, Germany and Italy, are a long way from Japan, and engaged in a fight with Great Britain that, as this is written, grows daily more serious for the Axis.

You can't predict the outcome of any war. But the advance dope on any early United States-Japan war is about 90 per cent in our favor, and the Japanese evidently know it.

Our point, however, is: Must there be any United States-Japan war at all? We know of no American of sense who wants such a war, and of no Japanese of sense who wants it.

The sensible viewpoint, it seems to us, is that it would be far better if the United States and Japan could avert a war, and go on doing their large and mutually profitable business with each other.

This country would have weighty bargaining advantages, only a few of which are mentioned above, in any conference that included Japan. We have some astute diplomats in circulation. Wouldn't it be feasible for us to use our bargaining advantages and some of our best diplomats in *at least one full-dress attempt to smooth out* our relations with Japan?

Couldn't some bridge, so to speak, be built between Japan and the United States, to the benefit of both?

Is it really impossible for American good will and constructiveness to detour the Japanese military and naval caste and make contact with the true wishes and hopes of the Japanese people? The Japanese warriors are still as arrogant as ever, not to mention their being as dumb as ever; but they must be pretty badly battered by this time, and a lot of Japanese John Q. Citizens, tightening their belts every other week or so, must be pretty weary of the warriors.

If the American and Japanese peoples could somehow oil away the frictions now kicking up sparks between them, it would be one of the great achievements of this tormented generation.

Convert from

HAWAII

1. "I'*m malahini* as far as Canadian Club goes," a visitor to Honolulu writes. "But don't worry, because I'll be kamaaina before long. Lest you get the wrong idea, malahini means newcomer and kamaaina oldtimer, in the liquid language of the islands, I learned the first day I arrived.

2. "I *happened to taste* Canadian Club on a bet. An island friend of mine tossed a beach party in my honor, where the main sport was rocketing in from the reefs on giant surf boards. At first I held back. 'Go ahead,' Sam taunted me. 'And if you come back alive, I'll give you a drink of the best darned whisky you ever tasted!'

3. "M*an, oh man—what a thrill!* Riding a roaring wave, we shot toward the beach so fast I felt sure we were going to sail right on up and knock the bottle out of Sam's hand. We didn't though, and was I glad! Because when Sam poured me my reward, and I took one sip, I burst out, 'Mnnn-*mnh!* Where has that flavor been all my life?' 'Right where you could have ordered it any time,' Sam replied. 'It's Canadian Club!' So—chalk up another American who's changed!"

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THE ARMCHAIR above is his cockpit — but Bill Miller flies as many as 100 planes a day. North, south, east, and west from New York's LaGuardia Field (*air view upper right*) his radio control-room directs the flying course of *American's* giant flagships.

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